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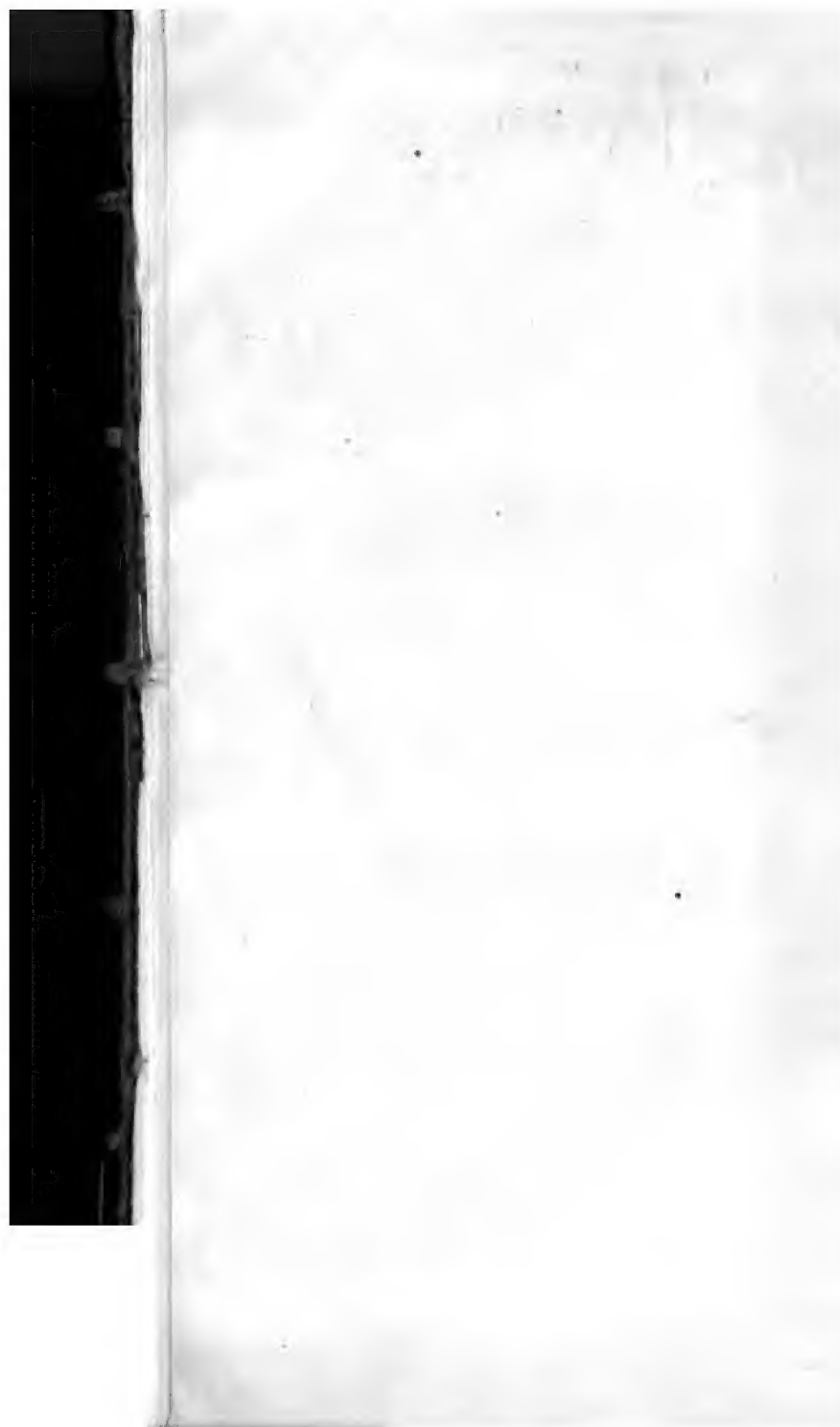
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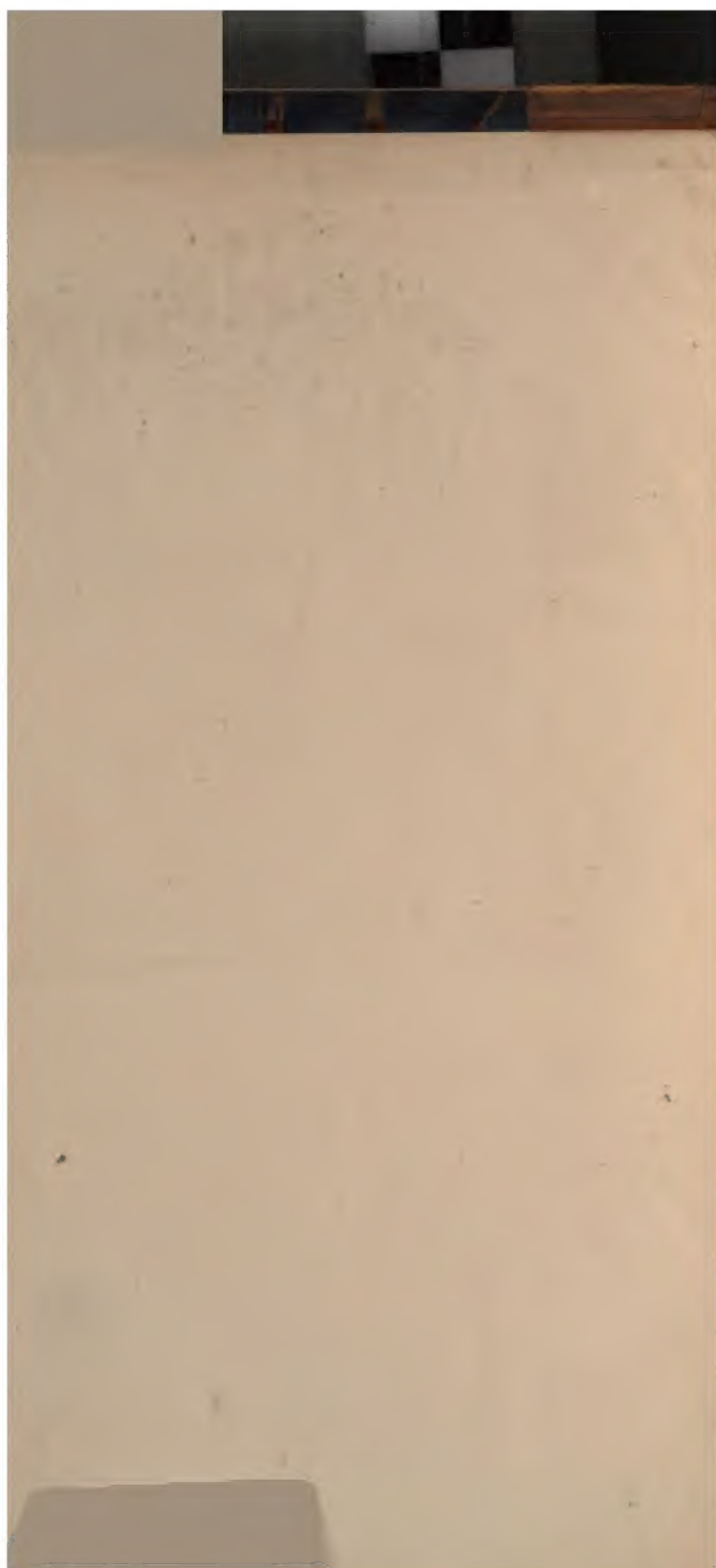
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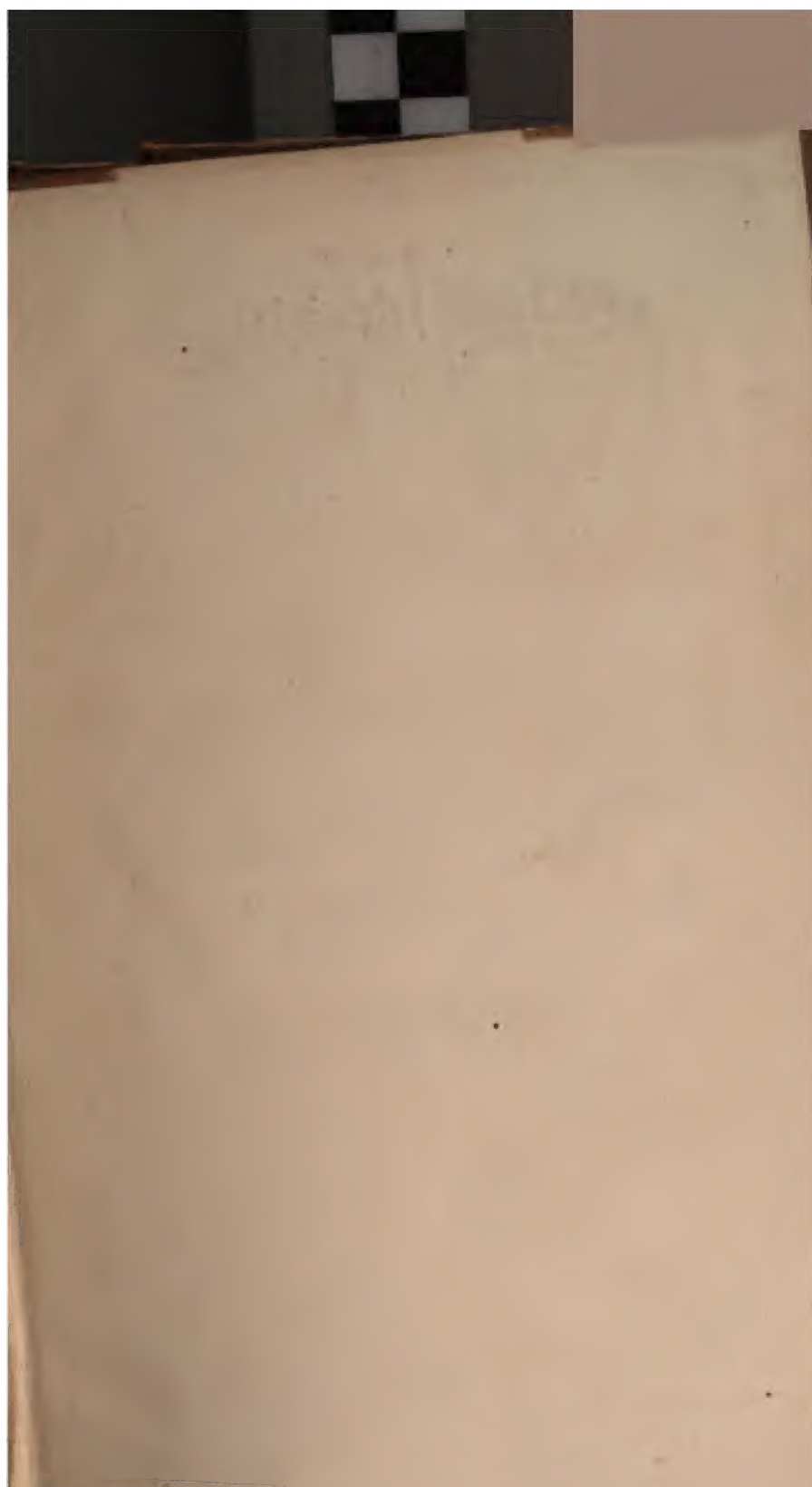


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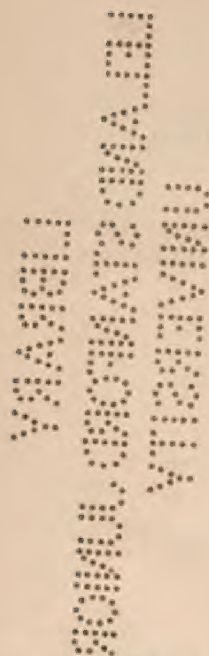


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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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1. *Records of the Cape Colony, copied for the Cape Government from the Manuscript Documents in the Public Record Office, London.* By G. McCall Theal, LL.D., Colonial Historiographer. Vols. I-V: 1795-1806. Printed for the Cape Government, 1897-1899.
2. *A History of South Africa.* By G. McCall Theal. Vols. I-IV. London: Sonnenschein, 1883-1897.
3. *Compendium of the History and Geography of South Africa.* By G. McCall Theal. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Lovedale Mission, S. A.; and London: Stanford, 1878.
4. *Paul Kruger en de Ophomst der Zuid-Afrikaansche Republiek.* By J. F. Van Oordt. Amsterdam: Dusseau, 1898.
5. *Paul Kruger and His Times.* By F. Reginald Statham. London: Fisher Unwin, 1898.
6. *The History of the Great Boer Trek.* By the late Hon. Henry Cloete, LL.D. Third edition. London: John Murray, 1899.

AMIDST the turmoil of a foreign and civil war, the veteran historiographer of our distressful colony has been at work among the London archives, preparing the authentic texts of volume upon volume of the records of old colonial history. We are reluctant to appear ungrateful for the prodigious industry to which we owe the mass of information that is now before us. To transcribe, collate, and edit, with many needful translations, and finally to epitomise and index, single-handed, nine volumes, containing nearly five thousand pages, of State Paper texts, within the space of thirty months, is a remarkable feat. It is to be regretted, however, that the results of this magnificent undertaking were not available before the publication of the last edition of Dr. Theal's great work, in which certain English writers and our Continental critics generally are

able to find a justification of their undisguised sympathy with the cause of the Dutch settlers in South Africa.

We are ready to admit that the political influence of the historian is not a circumstance for which he can be held personally accountable. Dr. Theal's historical method, his abundant references to original documents, his repudiation of the personal opinions of earlier writers, and the judicial gravity of his literary style, have naturally made his 'History' the first authority upon all questions relating to the early polity of the English and Dutch settlements in South Africa. If the conclusions which must be drawn from the historian's impartial narrative are favourable or unfavourable to the contentions of one side or the other in the latest struggle for Imperial supremacy, that, it may be argued, is no concern of his. We may grant the argument, but we must add the stipulation that this presumption of the completeness, the accuracy, and the impartiality of the historian's work shall be well founded.

It must be observed, however, that at the time when the first edition of Dr. Theal's 'History' appeared, the documentary materials from which it was derived were not the only sources available; and, more than this, that however admirable and unique their position amongst colonial archives, they did not even constitute the most complete or authentic collection, at least for the earlier history of the British occupation. It would, perhaps, be scarcely fair to ask why Dr. Theal did not from the first make use of the evidence of these London archives side by side with the muniments at Cape Town; but it is clearly necessary to distinguish between the authority of Dr. Theal's work and that of the actual records, which he apparently failed to exhaust for the purpose of that work. To quote Dr. Theal's 'History' is one thing; to cite the authority of the records, upon which it is generally supposed to be based, is possibly another matter altogether.

Dr. Theal has had an opportunity of expressing his opinion upon the evidence of these London records, of which he has not availed himself. In the last published volume of his edition of the 'Records' there appears what is described by the editor as a 'Digest of all the documents in the Public Record Office, London, and in the archives of the Cape Colony, from 1795 to 1806.' Strange to say, the reader will not find a 'digest' of any documents at all. Dr. Theal's 'digest' is in fact nothing more than a historical introduction of one hundred and fifty pages, which not only does not refer to the documents specifically, but probably does not take notice of more than a tenth part of the actual contents of these archives,

We shall by and by have occasion to note some striking examples of omission, which render the 'Digest' nearly valueless to the historical student. We can only conjecture that the editor's original intention was to expand the Tables of Contents which he has prefixed to these volumes of London 'Records' by incorporating with them a catalogue of the principal documents to be found at Cape Town. We venture to wish, for more than one reason, that this course had been adopted. For one thing, we should have been spared the uncomfortable impression that this epitome of the 'Records' is little more than a 'digest' of Dr. Theal's own 'History,' without any correction or modification of facts or statements which, as we shall presently see, are not wholly warranted by these authentic documents. In almost every paragraph we are able to recognise the actual words of the 'History,' and everywhere the conclusions of the 'History' have been closely followed, without any indication whatever that the purely personal opinions expressed in that 'History' are intended to reproduce the evidence of the Colonial records preserved at Cape Town.

We must further remark that, while an editor is entitled to found upon the records any opinion which seems to him legitimate, and to express that opinion in any form that is consistent with literary propriety, he is not entitled to read into the text of historical documents conclusions which are not found in the originals and which do not appear to be justified by the context. As an instance in point we may take the entry in Dr. Theal's index, under the heading 'Conquest of the Cape Colony by Great Britain in 1795,' which refers to the Stadtholder's letter requiring the Dutch Governor to place himself under the orders of the English commanders. Of this letter we read that it 'makes little impression, owing to its having been written in England'; but no such statement will be found in the text, although it will be found in Dr. Theal's 'History of South Africa.'

Now the use of an index, we submit, is to point to actual statements in the text, and therefore an imaginary statement interpolated in an index-entry really amounts to tampering with the text. Moreover, further examination of the 'Records' shows us that the letter in question was received with 'the greatest unconcern' by the Dutch Governor—just as he received every other communication of the English commander, 'with uncommon *sang-froid*.'

Unfortunately this uncharitable insinuation is not a solitary instance of Dr. Theal's unfair interpretation of the actual records. Elsewhere he has found space for a long and minute

description of the naval mutiny at the Cape—which inevitably followed the outbreak at the Nore in 1797, and had no sort of influence upon colonial history—in order to draw a grotesque comparison, in the manner of Dr. Leyds, between the treatment of British sailors by their officers and that of the Hottentot servants by their Boer employers. When we find page after page filled with the irrelevant details of this mutiny, introduced for no other apparent reason than to damage the British case, we may fairly ask why, if the Admiralty records are to be pressed into the service of colonial history, the War Office despatches of the same period should have been wholly neglected. Amongst the latter there may be found several remarkable papers relative to the proposed expedition from the Cape, in this same year, 1797, against the Spanish possessions in South America, including the secret instructions of the Ministry to General Craik, the acting Governor. The incident is one of no small historical interest, in connexion with the failure of the later expedition of 1806–7, and has a great deal more to do with South African history than the naval mutiny. Yet Dr. Theal, intent upon the disparagement of the British *régime* in connexion with the mutiny, has entirely neglected these important despatches, which, as the Government Historiographer, he might have been expected to notice and describe. If Dr. Theal was not prepared to modify the views expressed in his ‘History’ in consideration of the evidence of these London records, we cannot help wishing that, instead of reproducing those views in a more aggressive shape in the introduction to his official edition of those records, he had been content with making his discoveries as complete as possible. We can scarcely believe that the interests of historical truth are likely to be advanced by the omission of material facts or by spiteful suggestions of unworthy motives, even at the expense, in the cause of impartiality, of the historian’s own countrymen.

But if such methods of dealing with documents are calculated to shake our confidence in Dr. Theal’s statements, an examination of his consistency will not induce us to place much trust in his historical judgment. Few of those who have been content to base their historical and political conclusions upon the uncompromising statements which abound in Dr. Theal’s ‘History of South Africa’ are likely to be aware that in the first draft of that ‘History,’ published before the outbreak of the political disturbances which have divided the Cape Colony into two hostile camps, the same author expressed diametrically opposite opinions upon almost all the

vexed questions of South African history. Such, however, is the case. In his 'Compendium of the History and Geography of South Africa,' of which a new and revised edition was published in 1878, Dr. Theal goes far beyond the stoutest modern apologist of the British case, and surpasses in the severity of his censure the sternest critic of the Dutch *régime* in South Africa. Even the apostasy of Mr. Cronwright Schreiner is not more startling than that of Dr. Theal. We do not wish to seek, and still less to suggest, a reason for Dr. Theal's conversion to the Afrikaner cause, but we may at least insist that the opinions of a historian, who is able to read the bulk of the evidence before him in two wholly different ways within the space of a few years, should be accepted with some reserve. In the preface to the first edition of his 'Compendium' Dr. Theal assures us that 'free use has been made of any and every source of information that could be considered authentic.' It is true that since 1878 he has engaged in further researches and that he has pointed out this fact in a note upon the 'Compendium' which appears in the bibliography appended to the 'History of South Africa.' But, as we propose to show in the present article, the evidence of the colonial records and that of the still more authentic collection in the London archives do not by any means justify the author's altered conception of the history of South Africa. What, then, is the reason, we may fairly ask, for so astonishing a change of view?

The process of confronting Dr. Theal with his earlier self, and with his own original authorities, at several momentous epochs of South African history, is one earnestly to be recommended to the careful attention of those upon whom will rest in future the responsibility for the implicit acceptance of these fallacious conclusions. The modern school of writers upon South African history may be said to have been founded and maintained by Dr. Theal. It is interesting to trace the influence of his later writings, not only in the innumerable contributions to periodical literature which have recently appeared in our own country and abroad, but also in several works of a more important character. One of the best-known of these is the official 'History of the South African Republic,' recently compiled by Mr. Van Oordt. This writer follows Dr. Theal's conclusions without the slightest attempt at original investigation. He differs only from his author in the choice of a style more suitable to the taste of the ignorant and prejudiced audience to whom his book is addressed. A work on the same lines has been published still more recently in this country by Mr. Reginald Statham, with the title of 'Paul Kruger and his Times,' in the preface

to which the author 'most gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. G. M. Theal, who has kindly supplied the key to the true history of various matters connected with the South African Republic.'

We shall presently have occasion to take a glance into the store-house of historical facts which Dr. Theal has thrown open for the special consumption of writers like Mr. Statham and Mr. Reitz, who, in his '*Century of Wrong*,' furnishes, with the earnest assistance of Mr. Stead, the most recent and flagrant example of the unintelligent and partial citation of historical records to suit the purposes of political agitation.

As we should have expected, a comparatively small proportion of the voluminous texts of the colonial records prepared by Dr. Theal are found to bear directly upon the political problems which interest us to-day. Trade returns, official promotions, and the still more trivial scraps of news which Government House seems in all times to have thought necessary to transmit to Whitehall, occupy many hundred pages of this collection. Besides this routine business, however, we find a good deal of instructive and suggestive material in the Governors' despatches and their enclosures. In the first place, we can ascertain with absolute precision the character of British colonial policy during the whole period of the successive conquests and the final occupation of the Dutch settlement. Secondly, we can estimate the corresponding sentiments of the settlers towards their new protectors, and we can trace the local growth of their national disaffection. Thirdly, we may find some remarkable evidence relating to the earliest phases of the native question.

The records printed in the first volume of this collection cover the period of the British preparations for the occupation of the Cape in the year 1795. These records are by no means exhaustive; but Dr. Theal has given the texts of the most important documents which relate to the negotiations on this subject between the States-General and the English Government from 1793 to 1795.

Already the allegiance of the Dutch colonists to their mother country had begun to sit lightly on their consciences. Immediately after his arrival at the Cape, the English commander reported that 'by far the most numerous party' amongst the inhabitants was 'decidedly adverse to their present government, and, as it should seem, as little attached to the mother-country,' and that these 'Boers' have 'adopted the chimerical idea of existing by themselves as an independent State.' Nominally this party was attached to the French interest; but with the appearance of the English on the scene it was content to await

the course of events, while the merchants and officials of the Dutch East India Company were naturally anxious to maintain at least a nominal allegiance to the House of Orange, upon which their own power and privileges depended.

It was soon apparent that the English had no intention of subverting their liberties, of seizing their property, or of transporting them as convicts to New Holland. On the contrary, the settlers found themselves, for the first time, assured of absolute protection, of equal justice (so far as it could be obtained under their own laws), of religious toleration, and of free trade, in place of the misgovernment of the corrupt oligarchy which was fast completing the ruin of the country.

We do not propose to discuss the legality or justice of the British occupation of the Dutch Cape Colony in the year 1795. Such an occupation, even if it is to be regarded as a conquest, was fully justified by the relations which had been established between France and Holland. Dr. Theal sneers at this view; but he reserves the full weight of his displeasure for those who venture to believe 'that the Dutch people of South Africa were so impressed by the benefits they had received as to be more than willing to abandon their connexion with the Netherlands and become British subjects.'*

By way of controverting this monstrous proposition, Dr. Theal has summarised the results of British rule in South Africa during the first period of occupation in a characteristic passage:—

'In the colony itself the effect of the English administration was almost imperceptible. . . . To produce an effect there must be a cause. Setting aside the few individuals within the official circle, what cause had the South African colonists in 1803 for attachment to Great Britain? They had not gained under her rule in freedom of speech, in freedom of movement, or to any great extent in freedom of trade. . . . With a very large part of the country lying waste from the devastations of barbarian intruders . . . no one could say in truth that they had gained in protection. . . . A so-called senate . . . was a gain, but its power was extremely limited. That, the reform in the method of paying civil servants, relief from the irritating auction tax, . . . and the abolition of a few monopolies . . . surely did not form sufficient cause to turn the affections of the people from their own mother-country to another land where sympathy with them was entirely wanting.' ('Digest,' pp. 100-1.)

We have quoted Dr. Theal's summary of the negative

* 'Digest,' p. 100.

results of English rule at some length, because it forms a fair sample of the editor's method of interpreting historical texts. These do not admit of a sentimental interpretation: they are merely the medium of recorded facts, hard and dry, and possibly for that reason unpalatable. Let us see what these 'Records' tell us with regard to the state of the Dutch settlers under the beneficent rule of 'their own mother-country.'

'By far the greater part of the farmers and of the inhabitants of the Town are bankrupts, the rest have their property under sequester, and every individual looks forward to impending ruin.' ('Records,' i, 170.)

'Acts of violence and injustice pass every day unnoticed, and the greatest crimes are committed with impunity.' (Ibid., i, 170.)

'Laws founded and framed on justice, and promulgated as soon as possible, are what they stand in need of.' (Ibid., i, 175.)

'The inhabitants would rather never have meddled with any disturbance if the taxes were not become intolerable, and if we had been able to suffer our country, which we love as ourselves, to be reduced to a state of poverty, hunger, and of wretched widows and orphans, and to become the prey to the barbarous heathens.' (Ibid., i, 208.)

'It is a certain truth that very many of the inhabitants wear nothing but sheep-skins, as dressed by the Hottentots. This alone may suffice to give an idea of the state in which they must be.' (Ibid., i, 264.)

In striking contrast to the condition of things pictured in the above extracts appears the treatment which the colonists experienced at the hands of the nation whose 'sympathy with them was entirely wanting.' For evidence of this treatment it is enough to point to the admissions which the editor is constrained to make in other parts of his Introduction, in such terms as these:—

'The whole tone of the instructions was favourable to the colonists, and indicated a liberal and benevolent disposition towards them. Oppressive monopolies were not to be permitted, all land-rents in arrears at the date of the conquest were remitted, liberty of conscience and the free exercise of public worship by all persons, of whatever creed, were allowed, torture on trial and barbarous modes of execution were abolished, and the strictest justice in every case was to be enforced.' ('Digest,' p. 24.)

Nor must it be supposed that this single extract contains the whole of the editor's admissions of the benefits conferred upon the colony during the first English occupation. He admits in favour of British rule what it would have been impossible to deny, and then, as though fearful to offend the open and

secret enemies of that rule," he hastens to add that these admissions really amount to nothing at all.

We do not doubt that Dr. Theal framed his indictment of British policy with a strong conviction of the justice and propriety of his remarks. We fail, however, to understand why, upon practically the same evidence, he should have arrived at an entirely opposite conclusion in the following passage written a few years previously.

'The natives had well-nigh disappeared, and the whites in the interior were retrograding towards barbarism. A few slaves and a score of Hottentots were the only accessions to Christianity. Industry was discouraged and education neglected. Evil habits, which were hardly eradicated in the next generation, had been formed. . . . Thus nothing could have been more beneficial to South Africa at the time than its falling under the power of the English.' ('Compendium,' p. 145.)

Writing of the second conquest in 1806, Dr. Theal says:—

'It was unquestionably to the advantage of the country that it fell again into the possession of Great Britain. . . . Under her rule absolute security was obtained, and at the same time none of the advantages enjoyed under the Batavian government were lost.' (Ibid., p. 173.)

Of the state of the colony previous to the British occupation he writes as follows in another work:—

'With these exceptions, signs of progress are entirely wanting, for the last thirty years of the eighteenth century form the gloomiest period in the history of the colony.' ('Chronicles of Cape Commanders,' 1882, p. 385.)

And again:—

'The people were obliged to submit to the rule of men who required the door to favour and even to justice to be opened with a golden key; while in the outlying districts . . . the colonists were in a state little better than that of anarchy.' (Ibid., p. 376.)

We challenge Dr. Theal to produce the evidence on the strength of which he has seen fit to eat these words, and to assert that the colony gained little or nothing by its association with the British Empire.

When the English expedition arrived at Cape Town in the summer of 1795, it found the colonists of the interior on the verge of a revolution provoked by the extortions of the monopolists who administered the government in the name of the States-General. The condition of the urban traders and of the upland farmers was deplorable. The staple commodities of

the country were charged with a heavy tax on production, in the shape of land rents due to the Government, and an octroi collected at the city gates; but over and above this customary taxation the producer was harassed by impositions in the shape of monopolies, which were fast destroying the importance of the Cape as an eastward port of call. The last blow was dealt to the prosperity of the settlement by the requisitions of the French and Spanish fleets, which were met by the issue of a worthless paper currency. For all this the colonial farmer, with little left to lose, might have continued to endure the burden of his task-masters but for a new departure in their scheme of paternal government. His means of livelihood were at the best precarious. Even if he was spared the exactions of the tax-gatherer, he would still be subject to the visitations of the locust-hout, of the deadly cattle sickness, and of the marauding Kaffir. It was indeed commonly said that a man might one day be in easy circumstances and the next day find himself a beggar, compelled to dress in sheep-skins like a Hottentot, and even to sell his children into servitude for lack of means to feed them. But the Dutch farmer, who could view these losses almost unmoved, showed quite another temper in the face of the public restraints which even his own countrymen were anxious to impose upon him in his relations with the native races. The native question was doubtless one which touched his very existence. Perhaps he felt instinctively that he had gone too far to trust for his safety either to the effects of civilising agencies or to a policy of conciliation. From the first he had treated Hottentots and Bushmen as the heathen who might be slain like beasts of the field or sold into captivity, whilst their lands and flocks became the spoils of their masters. Thus he had taught his way to the present outskirts of the colony, and on the whole his policy had been justified by its success. It was a dangerous policy, but it had the merit of consistency. His hand was against the heathen, and theirs was turned against him; but he indulged in no compunctions, and he was always on his guard. In course of time the savages lost their nerve in the face of this terrible and remorseless adversary, shrinking at the sight of him, or, with a fatalism remarked by English officials, submitting themselves to his yoke as a superior being.

In another aspect warfare with the natives was highly profitable to the Dutch settler. Reference is made in one of the *Landhuis documents* to an enquiry held under the Dutch Government in 1683 by certain commissioners, assisted by the local authorities, for the purpose of obtaining from the inhabitants

'an accurate account of the cattle taken from them by the Caffres.' We learn from this enquiry that—

'the said Landdrosts found in the said accounts an amazing difference between the number of the cattle taken and that which those Inhabitants had really possessed, as the said Landdrosts found in the yearly accounts of the effects belonging to the said inhabitants of the same year 1793 the number of their cattle to amount to 8004, whereas the number of cattle given in as taken by the Caffres amounted to 65,327.' ('Records,' i, 497.)

At the same time we are told that—

'the positive orders of the Government were not to attack the Caffres, but to promote peace and tranquillity between them and the inhabitants by mild and gentle means; and to protect the Hottentots against the oppressions and violence which they continually suffered from the Boers.' ('Records,' iv, 286.)

It is at least a historical fact that the people of Graaff Reinet expelled the landdrost who attempted to carry out these instructions.

Here is their own explanation of the matter:—

'That the district would partly have been lost to the inlandish enemy by his perverse direction, if we had not prevented it betimes by stopping the transgressions of the said enemies, as we are daily busy to chase the Caffres from our district.' ('Records,' i, 209.)

The landdrost's version is somewhat more explicit:—

'I then employed all means . . . to convince the inhabitants . . . that it was to their real interest to live in peace with the Caffres, but in vain. They longed for nothing so much as to attack the Caffres again and to profit by new troubles.' ('Records,' iv, 286.)

Having assembled in arms and expelled their landdrost, the Boers of Graaff Reinet, who had other and juster grievances against the Dutch Government, proceeded to declare themselves 'independent.' This revolution took place shortly before the arrival of the English forces, but as soon as the occupation of the colony was effected the insurgents professed their readiness to accept the 'orders' of the English commander. This gratifying assurance was coupled with an urgent demand for gunpowder and lead. 'It has not yet pleased Providence,' they explained, with pious gravity, 'to extirpate from this colony the rapacious Bosjemen.'*

It did not take long for the new Government to discover the true state of affairs. Its position was a very anxious one, in

* 'Records,' i, 209, 497.

view of an imminent attack upon the weak English garrison by the combined fleets of France and Holland. To promise security and prosperity to the mercantile community was a simple and effectual means of gaining its goodwill, but to stand between the provincial Boers and their native victims was to court a certain and a dangerous rebellion. To their honour the English Governor and his advisers did not hesitate for a moment. They appointed as landdrost of Graaff Reinet an ex-officer of the Dutch colonial army, a man 'of honour and integrity, unconnected with every party, and desirous only to render his duty compatible with the happiness of all.' His instructions however were incompatible with the pretensions of the colonists, and he was received with distrust, which ripened into open rebellion, complicated by the horrors of a native rising. This was the famous insurrection of Graaff Reinet, in 1799, the precursor of a long series of Dutch insurrections and Kaffir wars, and it was undoubtedly caused by the firm attitude of the Government upon the native question. This policy is very well expressed in General Craik's reply to the grievances of the Boers in 1796:—

'I do most positively enjoin you to abstain from every act of hostility or injury to the Caffres. . . . It is the Province of Government and not of individuals to determine on peace or war, and it is the determined resolution of that of the King not to enter into the latter except in case of the clearest aggression and hostile intentions on the part of the Caffres. It is equally the firm intention of the Government to repress and punish every act of violence on the part of any of the inhabitants which, by provoking the resentment of the Caffres, may lead to hostility.' ('Records,' i, 504.)

These were the views of a Governor who, according to Dr. Theal himself, was 'highly respected,' even by Dutchmen, and whose rule was 'just without being severe.' Not less emphatic was the opinion of General Francis Dundas, who had more especially in view the condition of the Hottentots:—

'Every impartial spectator is convinced that the present condition of the Hottentots is deplorable. . . . From the want of energy in the old Dutch Government in their conduct towards the remote Settlers, they are at present a very licentious race of men; but a steady conduct on our part, with impartial justice between them and the Hottentots, showing them that they are and must be amenable to the laws whom guilty, will no doubt preserve the future tranquillity of the country.' ('Records,' iii, 67.)

It is unnecessary to multiply instances from these records in order to prove that from the first the British Government

pursued a policy of protection and conciliation towards the native races, and that the condition of many of the latter was indeed 'deplorable.' The policy of the British Government is no doubt open to a good deal of unfavourable criticism. It is certain that the early Governors were unduly optimistic as to the immediate results of their conciliatory measures, but at least they did not allow those measures to be set at naught by the restless spirits on either side of the frontier. Unhappily their stern but just rule gave place, under the influence of reformers and philanthropists in high places, to a timid policy, which was appreciated neither by the colonists nor by the natives. Patrols disappeared and passes became superfluous; the Kaffir roamed at will, thieving as he went, and once more the farmers raised commandoes and pursued the hue and cry with fire and shot throughout the upland kraals, only to suffer in turn the savage reprisals of native warfare. Then at last the Government intervened, a new frontier was proclaimed, patrols and passes were restored—and as quickly removed with the next paroxysm of sentimentality. The true remedy for this chronic disease was to be found in the isolation of the disturbed districts. Unfortunately this simple expedient was prohibited by the expense which it involved. The position therefore was a deadlock; but whilst the officials and farmers were fighting over the native's body, the missionary stepped in and claimed his soul.

In the present day we are apt to regard the patient civilisation of the native races as a policy the wisdom of which is beyond reasonable doubt. The time has long gone by since it was thought justifiable to use the more tractable as beasts of burden, and to pursue and destroy, like dangerous animals, such as had not yet ventured to place themselves in our power. We no longer hesitate to accord to these swarthy fellow-subjects the common liberties of Englishmen in the security of their persons and property, and even, when these are due to them, the higher privileges of citizenship. Thus we sometimes forget that the emancipation of the native races in South Africa formed the subject of bitter contention for nearly three generations after the British occupation.

Following in the footsteps of the good Moravian Brethren, the English missionaries began their labours in the colony in the year 1799. Their progress at first was slow, and for many years their attention was confined to the Hottentots. That they found these people in a condition which excited the compassion and indignation of every Englishman who visited the colony, and that by their persistent exertions they were able, within the space of thirty years, to raise them to the position

of free labourers, and even of peasant proprietors, are facts that can scarcely be disputed. Unfortunately the intolerance and vanity of many of the Society's emissaries, in their relations both with the Colonial Government and with the Dutch settlers, are only too evident in the controversial literature of that time, and have done much to discredit a good cause; but, when all is said, the fact remains that they saved a whole race that was surely doomed to extinction, and, at the same time, solved a problem which had baffled statesmen and Governors, by converting a class of bestial and predatory savages into useful subjects.

It is an old saying that the Englishman, when he sets about planting a settlement, first of all builds an exchange, that the Frenchman builds a theatre, and the Portuguese a church; but the native, who has once experienced the blessings of civilisation, when he returns to his own people forthwith builds a school. By educating the natives the English missionaries gave them, in addition to a somewhat faint glimmering of morality, a keen perception of their own interests. But in so doing they incurred the bitter resentment of the colonists, who did not hesitate to trace most of their troubles—and a good deal of their stolen cattle—to the mission station. Dr. Theal seems to have inherited their views. To say that he has a very poor opinion of missionaries would be going too far. It would seem that he does not object to missionaries in general, but only to English missionaries. This distinction is very clearly marked in the long analysis of the journal or report of Commissioner de Mist's tour of inspection, when the colony was restored to the Dutch in 1803, which is given in the editor's 'Digest.'

After visiting the Moravian mission, where they 'had a difficulty in finding words to express their pleasure and satisfaction with what they saw,' the officials proceeded to the London Society's station, which, we are told, was found in a state of indescribable squalor and disorder.

'More with a view of keeping the Hottentots out of mischief than with any expectation of this institution becoming useful, the Commissioner-General made a small grant of money from the Colonial Treasury towards the funds of the place, and added to the gift some sensible advice.' ('Digest,' p. 112.)

As this document, which is cited in the editor's 'Digest,' does not appear in the text of the edition of the London 'Records,' we must conclude that the original is preserved at Cape Town, although, as usual, we have no indication whatever of the fact. Is it possible, however, that the words which we have italicised are only Dr. Theal's own attempt to explain away the grant

referred to? The 'History of South Africa,' Dr. Theal has somewhere told us, 'cannot be written without close study of the manuscript records in the Government Offices in Cape Town.' We do not doubt the closeness of Dr. Theal's studies, but we could sometimes wish for a fairer interpretation of the original authorities. Without any study of archives, an impartial reader of Dr. Theal's 'digest' of Mist's report will probably discover in it marks of exaggeration and prejudice, and he need go no further than a printed Blue-book to discern the cause. In the report of Thomas Bigge, one of the most experienced and upright Commissioners ever employed by a Government, we read on this very subject:—

'Much of the opposition that was shown by the Dutch Government . . . arose from the national jealousy of the sources from whence he [the English missionary] derived his pecuniary support, and of the friendly feeling which the Hottentots under his care had always manifested towards the English Government.'

It is somewhat of a relief, however, to ascertain that Dr. Theal has not always entertained this unfavourable opinion of the London missionaries, for in his 'Compendium' (p. 167) he gives another version of the documentary narrative of the Dutch Commissioner's tour, in which nothing appears to the disadvantage of the Society; on the contrary, we learn that Mr. de Mist 'assisted them to the utmost of his power.'

Still more interesting is the contrast between Dr. Theal's earlier and later views upon the more serious phases of the native question. Indeed, we sometimes meet in the 'Compendium' with comments upon the inhumanity of the Boers expressed with a degree of warmth for which we fear that the author of the 'History of South Africa' must have many times had cause to blush. One passage is as follows:—

'These [domestic "servants"] were obtained by compelling Hottentots and Bushmen to take service, and very cruel measures were resorted to for this purpose. The natives were hunted down by commandos in a manner which must ever leave a stigma upon the memory of the frontier colonists of last century. The usual course of proceeding was for a farmer to complain to the landdrost that his cattle had been stolen. . . . The farmers of the district were then called together and proceeded to attack the nearest kraals. No mercy was shown to adults, but the children were spared to be parcelled out as servants.' ('Compendium,' p. 116.)

There was, however, one result of this attitude of the Dutch settlers towards the native races which neither Governor nor missionary was able to foresee. It paved the way for a great

movement, intended to solve the native question once for all by the stern device of self-expatriation.

The causes of the Great Trek of the year 1837 have been the subject of incessant controversy. If it was due—as is often asserted—to the insecurity of life and property consequent on the unwise countenance given by the Government to the natives, the wonder is that it was deferred for so many years. On Dr. Theal's own showing the position of the Dutch farmers in 1837 could scarcely have been worse than it was in 1799. As we have seen, the perverse view of the situation taken by the colonial Government, whether English or Dutch, in the early period was this: that these frontier farmers 'too often provoked the natives' by acts of wanton aggression in defiance of repeated edicts, and that they were suffering the consequences of their own imprudence. We are far from insisting that in the later period the farmers were the sole aggressors, or that their position would not have been one of serious danger without the protection of the Government, which was not always efficient. After all, however, they were reaping as they had sown; and the real cause of their defenceless state was their own political disaffection towards the Government which had prevented them from pursuing what they conceived to be a more excellent plan. As Dr. Theal has justly remarked, in his unconverted days:—

'There was much that was good in their character, and they were decidedly free from prominent vices. But with regard to the black man their opinions were at variance with those of enlightened men of our day. In their eyes he was an inferior being who ought to be kept in subjection to a white master. Neither they nor their fathers considered it a sin to disregard native rights when those rights interfered with the white man's prosperity.' ('Compendium,' p. 231.)

It is therefore a matter of some importance to ascertain Dr. Theal's later opinion as to the actual cause of the extreme step taken by the emigrant farmers of the next generation. He observes that there are two theories of the emigration:—

'The first is that it was really nothing more than a continuation of what had been going on since the beginning of the eighteenth century. This is incorrect.' ('History,' iv, 90.)

'The other theory' (he continues) 'is that of most people in England, that the movement was due to an objection of the Dutch colonists to the freedom of the slaves. This is equally incorrect.' (Ibid., p. 91.)

In this instance Dr. Theal is not content with a mere assertion. He offers what he regards as conclusive evidence, from the slave

records of the colony, in support of his statement. His argument is as follows. On the abolition of slavery in the Cape Colony there were in the districts nearest to Cape Town nearly thirty-three thousand slaves, whilst in the more remote districts there were not many more than six thousand slaves. But over ninety-eight per cent. of the emigrants came from the outlying districts. Therefore the abolition of slavery could not have been the cause of the Great Trek.

'Nothing' (says Dr. Theal) 'that can be said or written can be more conclusive than these figures': * and his conclusion has been selected for especial admiration by Mr. Reginald Statham, who remarks that Dr. Theal 'lucidly disposes' of several misrepresentations of the historical origin of the Great Trek, proving that 'it was not founded on any objection to the freeing of the domestic slaves.' †

We might almost be content with referring Mr. Statham to the earlier dictum of his great authority, which insists that the emigrants were—

'dissatisfied with all the recent acts of the British Government with regard to the Colony, more particularly with the elevation of the Hottentots, the restoration of the ceded territory to the Kaffirs, and the emancipation of the slaves.' ('Compendium,' p. 231.)

It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Statham did not select this earlier version of the matter, since it is not difficult to show that Dr. Theal's later argument is founded on misleading premises.

In the first place, it will be evident that the total number of slaves given here by Dr. Theal as more than 39,000, does not agree with the accepted total of 35,745 for the Cape Colony. The explanation is that a large number of non-effective slaves were, by general consent, immediately wiped off the lists, and should be omitted from any statistical calculation. Dr. Theal, however, has added these in, and has thus inflated the return in order to suit his own argument, since the larger the total of the slaves, the greater appears to be the disparity of the returns from the outlying districts. We cannot allow that this arrangement of the figures is unintentional, as in the corresponding passage of his 'Compendium' and in the preceding volume of his 'History' Dr. Theal has given the normal figures.

But this is a small matter. The serious error which underlies Dr. Theal's argument consists in his regarding the mere numerical total of slaves emancipated as an infallible test of the

* 'History of South Africa,' iv, 92.
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† 'Paul Kruger,' p. 18.

slave-owner's grievance, without considering their distribution, or their relative value to the slaveholders. In the southern districts slave-labour was accumulated in a few hands, the trades and manors and village farms of these districts commonly employing as many as fifty slaves in single ownership. In the frontier districts, on the other hand, the number of slaves on each holding was comparatively small, but a far larger proportion of the white inhabitants were slave-holders. Moreover, owing to the sparseness of the white population, slave labour was more essential to the frontier farmer; while it was obviously far easier for him than for the more civilised inhabitant of a long-settled district to trek away into the wilderness. These considerations seem to go a long way towards explaining the contrast between the number of slaves and that of emigrants in the southern and the frontier districts, respectively, on which Dr. Theal builds so weighty a conclusion. It is certainly remarkable that Dr. Theal, who has brought out the difference of slave-distribution very clearly in his 'Compendium,' should have deliberately ignored it in his 'History,' for the purpose of a purely political argument which disregards both historical precedent and probability.

A much fairer test than the number of slaves is surely to be found in the distribution of the individual claims for compensation. In the urban districts the total number of these claims appears to have been small in proportion to the population, while the number of slaves in each case is relatively high. In the frontier districts, however, exactly the opposite conditions obtained, so that the loss of the frontier farmer was more widely distributed, and the grievance more generally felt. The figures indeed would be quite remarkable if they were worked out on the basis of population. As it is, they may be taken to bear something like the following proportions:—

1. Total number of claims in the Cape Colony, 6334.
2. Total number of claims in the emigrants' districts, 1555.

It appears then that approximately one-fourth of the whole number of claims emanated from these thinly peopled districts. It was indeed a population of small slave-holders. In Graaff Reinet alone there were five hundred and forty claims, or more than in any other single division of the Colony, with the exception of a portion of Stellenbosch. Now Dr. Theal has himself described the importance of the famous 'Resolutions of Graaff Reinet' which were adopted at the time when (as he puts it) 'the torture inflicted upon the slave-holders was so acute' as a possible compromise for emancipation. If a meeting of the local slave-holders could take the lead in this

matter in the year 1826, how can Dr. Theal ignore their interest therein a few years later?

It has been suggested as a probable explanation of the comparatively small number of slaves held by the individual farmers in the frontier districts that these settlers were able to command the labour of hordes of prædial serfs, the Hottentots and Kaffirs, who were neither bought nor sold, but whose condition was scarcely less than servile. An idea of the extent of this employment, before the remedial legislation which preceded the emancipation itself, may be formed from an official return of the year 1801, which gives the population of Graaff Reinet as twelve thousand, of whom seven thousand were Hottentot 'servants,' without including one thousand six hundred more who had been 'destroyed' in the recent disturbances.*

But after all is it worth while disproving what the leaders of the emigrants admitted themselves? Here are their own words:—

'We complain of the severe losses which we have been forced to sustain by the emancipation of our slaves and the vexatious laws which have been enacted respecting them.'†

Can words be plainer than these? But apart from this plain statement the fact was notorious at the time, and it was even remarked with surprise that some were emigrating who were not slave-holders at all. It seems then that in his anxiety to shield his clients from the odium which attaches in the present day to the traditions of slavery, Dr. Theal renounces on their behalf opinions which they notoriously held and which they ostentatiously expressed.

A very different tone pervades the series of colonial lectures which were delivered some fifty years ago by Judge Cloete before the Literary Society of Pietermaritzburg. The author of these charming essays was of Dutch descent, but this was no bar to his advancement in the English service. After filling several important offices, he was appointed in 1843 High Commissioner for Natal, which when the last of these lectures was delivered, in the year 1855, was in a fair way to settle down as a British colony. Mr. Cloete was exceptionally qualified, by his Dutch descent and colonial proclivities, to address such an audience, and the several events which led to the Great Trek were within his personal knowledge. For this reason perhaps the author lays the train of these events after the year

* 'Records,' iii, 427.

† Manifesto of the Emigrant Boers, dated 22nd January, 1837, and published in the 'Grahamstown Journal' of 2nd February, 1837.

1813, although a study of the older colonial records would have indicated, as we have seen, a date considerably earlier.

The story of the rebellion of 1815, caused by the death of a farmer in resisting the execution of a warrant, is told by Mr. Cloete and by Dr. Theal in much the same words; and the facts of the case have never been disputed. Neither of these writers, however, has placed the case in a clear light by reference to its local environment. Mr. Cloete, indeed, has laid stress upon the vexatious prosecutions of the frontier farmers before a new-fangled tribunal, but it would now be admitted that this circuit of the justices of the High Court through the distant provinces of the interior was a much needed reform. The local magistrate, at least, was able to testify to the improvement which this Court had effected by checking the 'wanton and atrocious conduct of the ignorant and half-savage Boers of the frontier' towards their slaves and Hottentot servants.

Now, according to Dr. Theal, these outrages existed only in the imagination of the missionaries, and were cruel libels upon the 'respectable families of the frontier.' Unfortunately, however, the authentic records of several cases during this period prove that the most atrocious cruelty was not regarded as incompatible with the highest respectability. We will cite two such cases which were established on appeal.* In one of these a farmer named Van Reenen was convicted of the manslaughter of a slave under circumstances of almost inconceivable barbarity. The slave was at work upon the land when he was observed to 'stagger' and fall. The overseer, an infirm old man, having failed to 'get him up' with the aid of a switch, sent for his master, who hastened to the spot armed with a sjambok. At the sight of the sjambok the wretched creature strove to rise. Having exhausted the resources of the sjambok, Van Reenen sent for 'the paarde-streng' (trace), which was apparently a favourite instrument of torture, and when this arrived he applied it with such success that the slave was at last got up, only to stagger and fall once more. A fresh beating followed, and, when the day's work was ended, a formal flogging was performed in the kitchen, until, as the servants deposed who held the victim in position, 'the blood flew in our faces and we were obliged to turn our heads aside.' Then the sufferer's wounds were washed with the juice of bitter figs and he was

* See 'Cape Town Gazette,' No. 352, and Governor Sir J. F. Omdock's comments on these cases in his despatch of 15th April, 1814. The texts of the cases will be found in the enclosures. ('R. O. Cape,' 43 and 44.)

dragged to the forge, where irons were welded on his limbs. Finally he was slung on a beam with his head and side only touching the ground. After remaining in this position for some time he was taken down and locked in the 'slave-house,' where he was found cold and dead. On hearing the news Van Reenen ordered him to be buried and complained that he had had bad luck that day: first he had lost a horse and now a slave. When his victim's body was exhumed it was found to be covered with 'violent contusions' which, according to the medical evidence, must have been inflicted 'in a manner disgraceful to human nature.' Even when convicted of these atrocities, Van Reenen showed no sign of remorse, but addressed a memorial to the Government urging that the 'ignominious punishment' of imprisonment would cause him 'to suffer in his honour and reputation,' and would leave a reproach on his family, 'not of the meanest in the town.'

The second case is even more appalling in its revelation of utter callousness. Here another farmer, named Cloete, was convicted on the clearest evidence of the murder of a Hottentot girl. It seems that whilst hunting in company with a Hottentot retainer, he surprised a little native girl. Ears of corn were strewn upon the ground, and the child confessed that her mother had taken these from the corn-fields and had now gone down to the river to quench her thirst. Cloete, having compelled the girl to track her mother's footsteps, came upon the marauder 'sitting upon a hillock on the side of a river with a little child in her lap.' The Dutchman ordered his Hottentot servant to shoot the woman, but the fellow refused, fearing to injure the child. His master then approached his victim, who held her hands over her eyes, and shot her through the head. In the course of an appeal, Cloete's Dutch advocate persisted that his client was justified in killing with impunity such a 'useless monster' as a Hottentot girl—'a creature not worthy to tread the earth; an animal in the shape of a person.' With crimes like these upon the record can we wonder that the justices and magistrates of the Crown were determined to enforce the law throughout the frontier districts?

Let us now return to the case which was to exert such a lasting influence upon the relations of the English and Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony. A farmer of Graaff Reinet, named Frederik Bezuidenhout, who was charged with gross cruelty to a Hottentot servant, had refused to appear before the local Court, the assessors of which were his own countrymen. As he was known to be of a violent and lawless disposition, and had openly threatened to shoot any process-server, no

attempt was made to compel his attendance. When the justices came round on circuit the matter was reported to them and they gave directions that a warrant should be served upon the accused. The steps that followed are most inaccurately described by writers like Mr. Statham, who fail to bring out the point, which is mentioned by Dr. Theal, that, before recourse was had to the military assistance sanctioned by the Court, several applications were made to the local field-cornets to afford protection to the officer in the usual way by the presence of armed burghers.* The cornets, however, evaded their duty, and the soldiers were called in. These were a detachment of the Cape Regiment—Hottentots who had been trained to arms, like our own Indian sepoy, under the old Dutch Company, and kept on foot under English officers by the British Government. The discipline and efficiency of these 'Pandours' were admirable, but Dr. Theal frequently deplores their employment against the Dutch rebels, although he has no objection whatever to their employment in 1795 and 1806 against the British. Bezuidenhout himself was known to be supported by a band of Kaffirs, and he was actually accompanied by two armed Hottentots. The trio opened fire upon the soldiers, and after a desperate resistance the Dutchman was shot by a sergeant in self-defence. His funeral was made the occasion for an anti-British agitation. The farmers met and swore 'to expel the tyrants.' Assistance was sought from the Kaffirs, who wisely held aloof. The rebels were pursued by the troops and loyal burghers and surrendered after a skirmish. Jan Bezuidenhout, the ringleader, offered the same fierce resistance that had cost his brother's life. This is how Dr. Theal has described his 'martyrdom':—

'He was an illiterate frontier farmer . . . who knew nothing of refinement after the English town pattern. His code of honour, too, was in some respects different from that of modern Englishmen, but it contained at least one principle common to the noblest minds in all sections of the race to which he belonged—to die rather than do that which is degrading. And for him it would have been unutterably degrading to have surrendered to the Pandours. Instead of doing so he fired at them.' ('History,' iii, 193.)

The poor Pandours, who only did their duty, are not commemorated in this eloquent fashion. A single sentence is enough for them, and that a short one: 'One Hottentot was killed.'

Six of the prisoners were condemned to be hanged, and the rest to suffer various terms of imprisonment. These sentences

* 'Blacks, Boers, and British,' p. 94.

cannot be regarded as barbarous, or even harsh, according to the standard of that age. We may regret the necessity for the death sentences, but we may fairly doubt whether the Government lost a golden opportunity of conciliating the disaffected. On turning to Dr. Theal's 'Compendium' for further information on this point we find there no extenuation of these 'treasonable practices.' In Dr. Theal's earlier judgment, on a question which has not been further elucidated by his later researches, there was no room for mercy:—

'The Government felt that it was necessary to show these people, so long accustomed to anarchy, that they *must* be obedient to the law, and that mercy in such cases as this could not be granted.' (p. 181.)

Mr. Cloete, who makes some very temperate reflections on this subject, merely vouches for the fact that these executions left an 'indelible impression' upon the Boers; he observed with regret that the Boers were henceforth impervious to all the efforts of the Government 'to give them the enjoyment of the utmost share of rational liberty in all their political institutions.' They could, they assured him thirty years after the event, 'never forget Slachters Nek.' Even so late as 1883 the late Sir Bartle Frere, in a paper read before the Royal Historical Society, informed his hearers that the sentence 'is to this day regarded by many Dutch farmers as a judicial murder, and the men executed are spoken of as martyred patriots.*' What can conciliation avail with such a spirit!

We have emphasised the importance of this native question because we believe that it will be found to cover nearly every cause that has been assigned for the movement known as the Great Trek. We dare even venture to assert that at the date of the Trek itself no other cause was generally recognised. The modern tendency to obscure this plain issue has, we think, received its chief support from the later writings of Dr. Theal, blindly followed by those little authors who are well pleased to use the historian's reputation as an ægis to cover their own shortcomings both in knowledge and judgment. In one aspect, then, the Great Trek marks a crisis in South African history that was long deferred and is not even yet passed, whilst in another aspect it opens up a new period of liberty and progress. As a justification of the more hopeful view we may once more cite the invigorating arguments of Dr. Theal's 'Compendium':—

'This period marks a great turning point in South African history. The abolition of the commando-reprisal system and the emancipation

* *R. Hist. Soc. Trans.*, N.S., iv, 240.

of the slaves were measures of incalculable benefit to the community. As long as those systems endured, moral progress was impossible. When they were destroyed, men acquired clearer and juster views of their duties and responsibilities' (p. 232).

Another reflection will perhaps occur to the student of these times, and that is a somewhat serious one.

Whilst the colonists of other nations were fighting for the security of their persons and property or the free exercise of their religion, and whilst those of other territories of the British Crown were engaged in an arduous constitutional struggle for a representative government or some other privilege which was associated in their minds with the idea of political liberty, the Boers were mainly intent on claiming the right to keep their weaker fellow-subjects in a state of bondage. Their Governors in fact were 'tyrants' because they put an end to a tyranny which was revolting to civilised humanity and the sense of justice. Yet these retrograde Dutchmen were the descendants of the men who had fought against the Spaniards, whose treatment of the native races was in no way worse than their own. We have already pointed out the fallacy of supposing that the Dutch settlers of the frontiers could plead the spirit of patriotism as a motive for their resistance to British rule. This excuse indeed is plainly hinted at in many passages of Dr. Theal's work, but it is quite clear from their own statements and actions that the Dutch colonists cared nothing for their mother country and aimed at independence chiefly as a means of obtaining freedom of action on the native question. It was for this that the Great Trek was made, and in this mind the children of those Voor-trekkers have continued down to our own times.

ART. II.—LORD BYRON.

1. *The Works of Lord Byron.* London: John Murray, 1837.
2. *The Works of Lord Byron.* A new, revised, and enlarged edition. (1) *Poetry*; Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. Vols. I, II. (2) *Letters and Journals*; Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A. Vols. I-III. London: John Murray, 1898-9.
3. *Byron.* By John Nichol. (English Men of Letters.) London: Macmillan and Co., 1880.

THE life of Byron, a masque in action, to which his poetry is but the moralising accompaniment of words, is better known than the life of perhaps any other poet; but it is not yet known completely. Perhaps if the 'Memoirs' which he wrote had not been destroyed, we should know all that need be known of the period which they covered; perhaps not. 'If,' he wrote in his 'Journal,' 'I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to anyone else) every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor.' The 'Memoirs' are lost; but there remain large quantities of letters, among the best letters in the language, certain fragmentary journals, notes, and jottings of various kinds, many of which are only now being published, in the edition of Byron's 'Letters and Journals' edited by Mr. R. E. Prothero, in a companion series of volumes to the edition of Byron's 'Poetry' edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Every additional letter of Byron is worth having, for its own sake and for his; a final edition of the poems, with all their variants, has long been needed; and it would be difficult to over-praise the diligence, research, and thoroughness of both editors, in their copious notes to almost every page. The labour of this minute annotation, which seems to leave no gaps for future commentators, must have been enormous; it is certainly the most serious contribution which has yet been made to our knowledge of Byron as a man and as a poet.

'One whose dust was once all fire' (words which Byron used of Rousseau, and which may still more truthfully be used of himself), Byron still lives for us with such incomparable vividness because he was a man first and a poet afterwards. He became a poet for that reason, and that reason explains the imperfection of his poetry. Most of his life he was a personality looking out for its own formula, and his experiments upon that search were of precisely the kind to thrill the world. What poet ever had so splendid a legend in his lifetime? His

whole life was lived in the eyes of men, and Byron had enough of the actor in him to delight in that version of 'all the world's a stage.' His beauty and his deformity, his 'tenderness, roughness, delicacy, coarseness, sentiment, sensuality, soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity, all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay' (it is his own summary of Burns), worked together with circumstances to move every heart to admiration and pity. He was a poet, and he did what others only wrote; he seemed to write what others dared not think. It was a romantic time, 'gigantic and exaggerated,' as he said, the age of the French Revolution, the age of Napoleon; Trafalgar and Waterloo were contemporary moments. The East was the new playground of the imagination: Byron, and Byron alone of the Orientalising poets, had been there. He was a peer and a republican, at twenty-four the most famous poet of the day, the idol of one London season and cast out with horror by the next, an exile from his country, equally condemned and admired, credited with abnormal genius and abnormal wickedness, confessing himself defiantly to the world, making a public show of a very genuine misery, living with ostentatious wildness in Venice, reclaimed to a kind of irregular domesticity, giving up everything, life itself, in the cause of liberty and for a nation with a tradition of heroes, a hero in death; and he was one whom Scott could sum up, as if speaking for England, at the news of that death, as 'that mighty genius, which walked amongst us as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or evil.'

Circumstances made Byron a poet; he became the poet of circumstance. But with Byron, remember, a circumstance was an emotion; the idealist of real things, and an imperfect idealist, never without a certain suspicion of his ideal, he turned life, as it came to him, into an impossible kind of romance, invented by one who was romantic somewhat in the sense that a man becomes romantic when he loves. Such an experience does not change his nature; it does not give him sincerity in romance. Byron's sincerity underlies his romance, does not transmute it. This is partly because the style is the man; and Byron had not style, through which alone emotion can prove its own sincerity. 'All convulsions end with me in rhyme,' he writes; and all through his letters we see the fit working itself out. 'I wish I could settle to reading again,' he notes in his journal; 'my life is monotonous, and yet desultory. I take up my books and fling them down again. I began a

comedy, and burnt it because the scene ran into reality: a novel for the same reason. In rhyme I can keep more away from facts; but the thought always runs through . . . yes, yes, through.' Convinced that 'the great object of life is sensation—to feel that we exist, even though in pain,' Byron was constantly satisfying himself of the latter part of his conviction. Rhyme was at once the relief and the expression; and, in his verse, we see the confusion of that double motive. 'To withdraw *myself* from *myself*—oh, that cursed selfishness—has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all.' Now this conflict between the fact which insists on coming with the emotion, and the alien kind of fact which presents itself as an escape from the emotion, does much to render Byron's earlier poetry formless, apparently insincere. Byron wrote with a contempt for writing; 'managing his pen,' in Scott's phrase which has become famous, 'with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality.' 'God help him!' he writes of a gentleman who has published a book of verses; 'no one should be a rhymers who could be anything better.' And again, more deliberately: 'I by no means rank poetry or poets high in the scale of intellect. This may look like affectation, but it is my real opinion. It is the lava of the imagination, whose eruption prevents an earthquake . . . I prefer the talents of action.'

'The lava of the imagination, whose eruption prevents an earthquake,' is indeed precisely what poetry was to Byron; and it is characteristic of him that he cannot look beyond himself even for the sake of a generalisation. If we would define yet more precisely his ideal we must turn to a certain stanza in 'Childe Harold':—

'Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul—heart—mind—passions—feelings—strong or weak—
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear—know—feel—and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak';

and so, indeed, at his best, he did speak, condensing the indignation of his soul or the wrath of Europe into one word, and that word lightning. But the word flashes out intermittently from among the dreariest clouds, and he is not even sure whether his lightning has flashed or not, waiting to know whether it has been seen before he has any positive opinion of his own. Sending the manuscript of 'Manfred' to

Murray, he writes: 'I have not an idea if it is good or bad. . . . You may put it into the fire if you like, and Gifford don't like.' He sends the first part of 'Heaven and Earth,' saying: 'I wish the first part to be published before the second, because if it don't succeed it is better to stop there than to go on in a fruitless experiment.' Such indifference, partly but not wholly pose though it may be, such dependence on outside judgments and the mere whim of the public, on 'success,' shows us, with singular clearness, Byron's lack of conviction, of reverence, of serious feeling for art. It brings out the strain of commonness which we find in the greatest of those to whom action was more than thought, the external world more real than the inner world; the commonness which seems to be part of a very masculine genius, to which contemplation has not brought the female complement of energy; the commonness which made Napoleon, at that very epoch, fall just so far short of greatness.

Byron's fame, which was never, like that of every other English poet, in his lifetime, a merely English reputation, has been kept alive in other countries, more persistently than in our own, and comes back to us now from abroad with at times almost the shock of a new discovery. It is never possible to convince a foreigner that Byron is often not even correct as a writer of verse. His lines, so full of a kind of echoing substance, ring true to the ear which has not naturalised itself in English poetry; and, hearing them march so directly and with such obvious clangour, the foreigner is at a loss to understand why one should bring what seems to him a petty charge against them. The magic of words, in which Byron is lacking, the poverty of rhythm, for which he is so conspicuous, do not tell with any certainty through the veil of another idiom. How many Englishmen know quite how bad, as verse, is the verse of the French Byron, as he has been called, Alfred de Musset, and quite why it is bad? And as Byron's best verse, even more than Musset's, is worldly verse, it is still more difficult to detect a failure in accent, in that finer part of what Byron calls 'the poetry of speech'; so delicate a difference separating what may be almost the greatest thing in poetry, a line of Dante, from something, like too much of Byron, which is commoner than the commonest prose.

Byron's theory of poetry and his practice were two very different things, both faulty, and telling against one another. His theory was that the finest English poetry is to be found in Pope: 'what I firmly believe in as the Christianity of English poetry, the poetry of Pope.' Admitting frankly that he had not followed so correct a master with any sort of attention, he

apologised on the ground that 'it is easier to perceive the wrong than to pursue the right.' 'But I have lived in far countries abroad,' he tells us, 'or in the agitating world at home, which was not favourable to study or reflection, so that almost all I have written has been mere passion—passion, it is true, of different kinds, but always passion.' And he adds: 'But then I did other things besides write.'

'We are all wrong, except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell,' he laments, going on his own way, all the same, for good and evil. And his own way, until he accustomed himself frankly to 'wandering with pedestrian Muses,' as he tells us in 'Don Juan,' and thus adding to the ground a splendour which he could not capture from the skies, was a very uneven way with many turnings. 'My qualities,' he tells us of his school days at Harrow, 'were much more oratorical and martial than poetical, and Dr. Drury, my grand patron, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action.' The criticism justified itself; Byron's qualities in verse are indeed 'much more oratorical than poetical'; and, in all his earlier work, theory accentuated this natural tendency so fatally that we have to scrape off a great deal of false glitter if we are to find the good metal which is often enough to be found, even in the metrical romances, with their pseudo-romance, founded on direct observation, their pseudo-passion, doing injustice to a really passionate nature, their impossible heroes, not without certain touches of just self-portraiture, their impossible heroines, betraying after all a certain first-hand acquaintance with the 'dreadful heart of woman.' In narrative verse Byron finally made for himself a form of his own which exactly suited him, but in lyrical verse he never learnt to do much that he could not already do in the 'Hours of Idleness.' His 'last lines' are firmer in measure, graver in substance, but they are written on exactly the same principle as the 'Well! thou art happy' of 1808. There is the same strained simplicity of feeling, in which a really moved directness comes through the traditional rhetoric of the form. Every stanza says something, and it says exactly what he means it to say, without any of the exquisite evasions of a more purely poetic style; without, too, any of the qualifying interruptions of a more subtle temperament. Byron's mind was without subtlety; whatever he felt he felt without reservations, or the least thinking about feeling: hence his immediate hold upon the average man or woman, who does not need to come to his verse, as the verse of most other poets must be approached, with a mind already prepared for

that communion. There is force, clearness, but no atmosphere; everything is seen detached, a little bare, very distinct, in a strong light without shadows.

In studying Byron one is always face to face with the question: Can intention, in art, ever excuse performance? Can (one is tempted to say) the sum of a number of noughts arrive at an appreciable figure? Wordsworth often wearies us by commonplace of thought and feeling, by nervelessness of rhythm, by deliberate triviality; Coleridge sometimes offers us metaphysics for poetry; Browning gives us busy thinking about life for meditation; there is not a scene in Shakespeare which is perfect as a scene of Sophocles is perfect; but with Byron the failure is not exceptional, it is constant; it is like the speech of a man whose tongue is too large for his mouth. There are indeed individual good lines in Byron, a great number of quite splendid lines, though none indeed of the very finest order of poetry; but there is not a single poem, not a single passage of the length of 'Kubla Khan,' perhaps not a single stanza, which can be compared as poetry with a poem or passage or stanza of Keats or Shelley, such as anyone will find by merely turning over the pages of those poets for five minutes at random. What is not there is precisely the magic which seems to make poetry its finer self, the perfume of the flower, that by which the flower is remembered, after its petals have dropped or withered. Even Browning abandons himself at times to the dream which floats, musically or in soft colour, through the senses of his mind. But Byron, when he meditates, meditates with fixed attention; if he dreams, he dreams with open eyes, to which the darkness is aglow with tumultuous action; he is at the mercy of none of those wandering sounds, delicate spirits of the air, which come entreating their liberty from the indefinite, in the releasing bondage of song. He has certain things to say, he has certain impulses to embody; he has, first, a certain type of character, then a view of the world which is more obviously the prose than the poetic view of the world, but certainly a wide view, to express; and it remains for him, in this rejection or lack of all the lesser graces, to be either Michael Angelo or Benjamin Haydon.

Or, at least, so it would seem; and yet, so it does not seem to be. Byron is not Michael Angelo, not merely because his conceptions were not as great as Michael Angelo's, but because he had not the same power of achieving his conceptions, because he had not the same technical skill. When Michael Angelo left great naked vestiges of the rock still clinging about the emerging bodies of his later sculpture, it was not because

he could not finish them with the same ivory smoothness as the 'Pietà' in St. Peter's; it was because he had found out all the art of man's visible body, and had apprehended that deeper breathing of the spirit of life, which is in the body, yet which is not the body; and was caught in the agony of the last conflict with the last mystery. To leave an appealing or terrifying or lamentable incompleteness, where before there had been the clear joy of what is finished and finite—there, precisely, was the triumph of his technique. But Byron is not Haydon, because he is not a small man struggling to be a great man, painting large merely because he cannot paint small, and creating chaos on the canvas out of ambition rather than irresistible impulse. He is fundamentally sincere, which is the root of greatness; he has a firm hold on himself and on the world; he speaks to humanity in its own voice, heightened to a pitch which carries across Europe. No poet had ever seemed to speak to men so directly, and it was through this directness of his vision of the world, and of his speech about it, that he became a poet, that he made a new thing of poetry.

Look for instance at his epithets and at his statements, and you will find, whenever he is at his best, an unparalleled justness of expression, a perfect hitting of the mark, which will sometimes seem rather the vigour of prose than the more celestial energy of poetry, but not always. When, in the 'Vision of Judgment,' George III is brought pompously to the gate of Heaven and is seen to be nothing but

'An old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind';

when, in 'Childe Harold,' Napoleon is seen

'With a deaf heart which never seemed to be
A listener to itself';

when

'France got drunk with blood to vomit crime';

when Cromwell

'Hewed the throne down to a block';

when history is defined as 'the Devil's scripture,' Rome as 'the Niobe of nations,' ivy as 'the garland of eternity'; when Castlereagh's speeches are summed up:

'Nor even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that lion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torment and perpetual motion';

there is at least, in all these vivid and unforgettable phrases, a heat of truth which has kindled speech into a really imaginative fervour. Seen in the form which perhaps more immediately impressed the world, as being liker to the world's notion of poetry—

‘Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep—for here
There is such matter for all feeling: Man!’—

it is sheer rhetoric, and, for all its measure of personal sincerity, becomes false through over-emphasis. The closer Byron's writing seems to come to prose the nearer it really comes to poetry, because it comes nearer to humanity and to the world, his subject-matter, which appears to take him for its voice, rather than to be chosen by him with any conscious selection.

Byron loved the world for its own sake, and for good and evil. His quality of humanity was genius to him, and stood to him in the place of imagination. Whatever is best in his work is full of this kind of raw or naked humanity. It is the solid part of his rhetoric, and is what holds us still in the apparently somewhat theatrical address to the Dying Gladiator and the like. Speaking straight, in ‘Don Juan’ and ‘The Vision of Judgment,’ it creates almost a new kind of poetry, the poetry of the world, written rebelliously, but on its own level, by a man to whom the world was the one reality. Only Byron, and not Shelley, could lead the revolt against custom and convention, against the insular spirit of England, because to Byron custom and convention and the insular spirit were so much more actual things. Rage first made him a poet: the first lines of verse he ever wrote were written at the age of nine, against an old lady whom he disliked; and when the weak and insincere sentimentalities of the ‘Hours of Idleness’ had been scourged by Brougham in the ‘Edinburgh,’ it was a most human desire for revenge which stirred him instantly into a vigorous satirist. His very idealism was a challenge and a recoil. He went about Europe like a man with a bazel wand in his hand, and wherever the forked branch dipped, living water rose to him out of the earth. Every line he wrote is a reminiscence, the reminiscence of a place or a passion. His mind was a cracked mirror, in which everything reflected itself directly, but as if scarred. His mind was never to him a kingdom, but always part of the tossing democracy of human-kind. And so, having no inner peace, no interior vision, he was never for long together the master or the obedient vassal of his imagination; and he has left us tumultuous fragments, in which beauty comes and goes fitfully, under pained disguises, or like

a bird with impatient wings, tethered at short range to the ground.

Byron was at once the victim and the master of the world. Two enemies, always in fierce grapple with one another, yet neither of them ever thrown, Byron and the world seem to touch at all points, and to maintain a kind of equilibrium by the equality of their strength. To Byron life itself was imaginative, not the mere raw stuff out of which imagination could shape something quite different, something far more beautiful, but itself, its common hours, the places he passed on the way, a kind of poem in action. All his verse is an attempt to make his own poetry out of fragments of this great poem of life, as it came to him on his heedful way through the midst of it. All Byron's poetry is emphasis, and he obtains his tremendous emphasis by a really impersonal interest in the circumstances of the drama which he knew himself to be acting. Building entirely on his personal, his directly personal emotion, he never allows that emotion to overpower him. He makes the most of it, even, with what may easily pass for a lack of sincerity, but is only an astonishing way of recovering himself after an abandonment to feeling. Imagination comes to him as self-control. Himself in actual life the least controlled of men, or controlled only with a violence itself excessive, a great emergency always found him quietly ready for it, from that first voyage when he wrapped himself in his cloak and went to sleep on the deck of a Turkish vessel in danger of shipwreck, to the day when the Greek mutineers broke into the room where he lay dying, and found him more than their master. This manly quality was his imagination: the quality of restraint in extremity, which he has praised in some of his most famous lines, on the statue of the Dying Gladiator. It may seem to be the quality of a man rather than of a poet, and is indeed one of the reasons why without Byron the man no one would have cared for Byron the poet. But it is more than this; it becomes in him a poetic quality, the actual imaginative force by which he dramatises himself, not as if it were his own little naked human soul, shivering alone with God, but as a great personage, filling the world, like Napoleon, and seen always against a background of all the actual pomps of the world.

And it was as a Napoleon, 'the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme,' that he filled Europe, as no other poet in the history of literature has filled Europe. Famous men do not always choose the form in which fame shall come to them, but the greatest men always choose their own fame. It was through

no mere accident that Byron built up his own romance. It was the particular quality of his mind acting upon the helpless helpfulness of event; his genius, turning life into art after his own fashion. Fame meant so much to Byron because fame is a personal, active thing, concerned with one's self while one lives, bringing one into the sight of other people so vividly. He could never have gone on writing as Shelley went on writing, obscurely, loved by a few, not even publicly enough hated. To Shelley, with his secluded interior life, fame meant very little, except for an almost wholly disinterested enthusiasm for ideas, which he would gladly have served with more immediate effect, as a more famous poet. But Byron exacted fame from the world as he exacted deference to his rank from strangers. His conception of himself would not have been complete without it. If one bases success, ever so little, upon action, that is, upon something external, a private or a deferred triumph must mean very little. Napoleon, a prisoner at Elba without the interval between Elba and St. Helena—would that have been the same Napoleon?

And so it was no vulgarity of mind, as some have fancied, nor even a necessarily very morbid condition, that made Byron so eager for applause, so conscious of notoriety. All that, so pleasing and so unessential to the student or the studious artist, was to Byron an actual part of his art. It was the canvas itself, upon which he had to weave his coloured patterns. It was necessary to him; for, with Byron's amplitude of self-dramatisation, there was but that one traditional step from the sublime to the ridiculous. An obscure person on his travels, taking the world into his confidence with so lofty a *naïveté*, might have written the most beautiful poetry; but, without an audience, how ludicrous would have been the spectacle! 'What is a man beside a mount?' writes Browning, mocking Byron; but precisely what Byron did was to show the insignificance of the mountains in the presence of man. He could write of the Alps, and fill the imagination of Europe with the mere fact of his presence there; adding history to Waterloo, because 'his tread was on an empire's dust,' when the history of that field had only just written itself.

In a letter to his mother, written at the age of twenty-three, on his first visit to Athens, Byron declared sententiously:

'I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law among us, to set our young men abroad for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.'

Eight years later he wrote to Murray: 'I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave or my clay mix with the earth of that country.' Byron was so English, English even in that, in its lofty petulance; and he had the characteristically English love of travel, the quality of Burton, of Borrow, of his own grandfather, the sea-wanderer, but which it remained for Byron to turn into a really thrilling poetic quality. He travelled because the adventure pleased him, because, as he said, it 'awakened the gipsy in him,' and he was drawn by the mere adventurous search after new sensations to the East, to Greece, to Italy, to the countries which other people were writing about without seeing them, and which he visited, certainly with no conscious intention of writing about them. Poetry came to him by a happy and inevitable accident; it was his way of recording the sensations. In the preface to 'Childe Harold' he speaks of 'the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements)'; and it was a mere statement of a fact when he wrote:—

'Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where the blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language.'

'A world to roam through' is the first of his two wishes in his 'Epistle to Augusta'; and that simple love of wandering, which no other great poet has ever had in anything like the same degree, but which is the most vivid quality of many of the most vivid people in the world, discoverers, travelling students, or gipsies, was at the root of all his nature-worship, as it has been called, and all his eloquent writing about landscapes and places. It was a part of his tendency towards action, of his human rather than literary quality. Taste in landscape has changed; we no longer admire the Alps, or, if we do, scarce dare admit it; we have almost forgotten that there is anything in nature but fine shades, and the materials for a picture, in which nature shall be trimmed to the pattern of frugal souls. Byron liked nature in vast movement:—

'Sky—mountains—river—winds—lake—lightings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder—and a soul
'To make these felt and feeling.'

His storms at sea and his storms among the Alps are touched with a quality of rapture, because he really was 'a sharer' in that 'fierce and far delight'; and, here as elsewhere in his work, truth lies at the root of rhetoric, giving it life, lifting it into a kind of powerful, naked, and undeniable poetic existence.

And then, beyond this raw personal quality, the fact of feeling it intensely whenever he had 'made him friends of mountains,' 'and on Parnassus seen the eagles fly,' there was a quality of feeling still more deeply personal, a psychological note, the landscape being a 'state of soul,' perhaps not quite as Amiel meant it. Together with an astonishing sense of the beauty of the natural world, and especially of its power, splendour, the overwhelming energy of water, the 'beautifying' and consuming energy of time, the unlimited bounds of space, the 'swimming shadows and enormous shapes' of night and storm, he had the unvarying consciousness of his own presence there, so insignificant and so absorbing. 'Childe Harold' has been called a kind of diorama; but the picture is seen always flowing through a single passionate, sorrowful, and sensitive soul, and coloured by its passage. The secret seems to be suddenly let out, when, seated by the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way and dreaming of 'a little bark of hope,' he begins to wonder whither he should steer his little bark if he had it, and can but answer:

'There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.'

Here, the present moment, best enjoyed in some active form of exile, among great memories, the memories of empires, of what is most liberating in history, or with nature at some height of ecstasy, in the peril of the sea, of snow, of the hills: that is left to him, and may be enjoyed with what forgetting exultation and melancholy pleasure he can bring to it.

Byron has power without wisdom, power which is sanity, and human at heart, but without that vision which is wisdom. His passion is without joy, the resurrection, or that sorrow deeper than any known unhappiness, which is the death by which we attain life. He has never known what it is to be at peace, with himself or with outward things. There is a certain haste in his temper, which does not allow him to wait patiently upon any of the spiritual guests who only come unbidden, and to those who await them. His mind is always full of busy little activities, with which a more disinterested thinker would not be concerned. Himself the centre, he sees the world revolving about him, seemingly as conscious of him as he of

it. It is not only that he never forgets himself, but he never forgets that he is a lord, and that one of his feet is not perfect.

In his letters, with their brilliant common-sense, their wit, their clear and defiant intellect, their intolerant sincerity, as in his poems, it is not what we call the poet who speaks, it is what we call the natural man. Byron is the supreme incarnation of the natural man. When he gets nearest to philosophical thought it is in an amazingly frank statement of the puzzle of the natural man before the facts of the universe, a puzzle which, like him, he laughs off:—

‘And that which after all my spirit vexes
Is, that I find no spot where man can rest eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,
The world, which at the worst’s a glorious blunder.’

His feeling for the arts is on the same level, with the same earnest, uneducated quickness of feeling, when once the feeling is stirred. ‘At Florence,’ he writes in a letter, ‘I remained but a day, having to hurry for Rome. However, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty; but there are sculpture and painting which, for the first time, gave me an idea of what people mean by their *cant* about those two most artificial of the arts.’ ‘You must recollect, however,’ he says in another letter (after some beautiful and passionate sentences on a portrait of ‘some learned lady centuries old’), ‘that I know nothing of painting, and that I detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen, or think it possible to see.’ The portrait of the learned lady is ‘the kind of face to go mad for, because it cannot walk out of its frame’; its ‘beauty and sweetness and wisdom’ are its human attributes, not the attributes of its art; here, as always, it is for life that Byron cries out, the naked contact of humanity, as the only warmth in the world.

And so, not so very long before it was too late, he discovered how he was meant to write in verse, ‘with common words in their common places,’ as Jeffrey defined it; and then, for the first time, his verse became as good as his prose, and a stanza of his rhyme could be matched as mere writing against a paragraph from one of his letters. Neither Keats nor Shelley, not even Wordsworth, much less Coleridge, was content with our language as we have it; all, on theory or against theory, used inversions, and wrote otherwise than they would speak; it was Byron, with his boisterous contempt for rules, his head-long way of getting to the journey’s end, who discovered that

poetry, which is speech as well as song, and speech not least when it is most song, can be written not only with the words we use in talking, but in exactly the same order and construction. And, besides realising this truth for other people who were to come later and make a different use of the discovery, he realised for himself that he could make poetry entirely conversational, thus getting closer to that world which was 'too much with him.' Who in English poetry before Byron has ever talked in verse? Taking a hint from Frere, who had nothing to say, and did but show how things might be said, Byron gave up oratory and came nearer than he had yet come to poetry by merely talking. 'I have broken down the poetry as nearly as I could to common language,' he says in a letter, referring to 'Sardanapalus'; but in such attempts to be 'as simple and severe as Alfieri,' the lamentable attempts of the dramas, there is only too thorough a 'breaking down' of poetry to a level which is not even that of good prose. In 'Beppo,' in the 'Vision of Judgment,' and in 'Don Juan,' words, style, language, subject, are at one; the colloquial manner is used for what is really talk, extraordinarily brilliant talk, and at the same time, as Goethe saw, a 'classically elegant comic style'; the natural man is at last wholly himself, all of himself, himself not even exaggerated for effect.

Never, in English verse, has a man been seen who was so much a man and so much an Englishman. It is not man in the elemental sense, so much as the man of the world, whom we find reflected, in a magnificent way, in this poet for whom (like the novelists, and unlike all other poets) society exists as well as human nature. No man of the world would feel ashamed of himself for writing poetry like 'Don Juan,' if he could write it; and not only because the poet himself seems conscious of all there is ridiculous in the mere fact of writing in rhyme, when everything can be so well said in prose. It is the poetry of middle age (premature with Byron, '*ennuyé*' at nineteen, as he assures us) and it condenses all the temporary wisdom, old enough to be a little sour and not old enough to have recovered sweetness, of perhaps the least profitable period of life. It is sad and cynical with experience, and is at the stage between storm and peace; it doubts everything, as everything must be doubted before it can be understood rightly and rightly apprehended; it regrets youth, which lies behind it, and hates the thought of age, which lies before it, with a kind of passionate self-pity; it has knowledge rather than wisdom, and is a little mirror of the world, turned away from the sky, so that only the earth is visible in it. Shakespeare

has put all the world's motley into his picture; but is not the world, to Shakespeare, that 'insubstantial pageant' which is always about to fade, and which fades into nothingness whenever Hamlet gets alone with his soul, or Macbeth with his conscience, or even Othello with his honour? Byron's thought, which embraced Europe as another man's thought might have embraced the village from which he had risen, was too conscious of politics, nations, events, Napoleon, George III, and other trifles in eternity, to be quite free to overlook the edge of the globe, and bring back news, or at least a significant silence, from that ultimate inspection. He taught poetry to be vividly interested in all earthly things, and for their own sake; and if anyone had reminded him with Calderon that 'Life's a dream, and dreams themselves are a dream,' he would have replied that, at all events, the dream is a real thing, and the only reality, to the dreamer, and that he was not yet through with his sleep.

What came to give him his measure of distinction, his dark background, whatever he has of depth, was, characteristically, a personal accident, as it might seem, a fiery melancholy, for which he held the nature of things, no less than his own nature, responsible. Conscience, some inexplicable self-torture, a gloomy belief that the sun will—

'not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature';

these, with almost an admitted pride in their potency, and a strenuous and reiterated pride in dominating them, were given to Byron lest the world should have satisfied him, which is failure in life. One of the spirits in 'Manfred' says to the other:—

'This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality';

and the other answers:—

'Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.'

It was good for Byron that he was unhappy, that memories and apprehensions came to rescue him harshly out of the present, in which he might so easily have taken too unthinking a pleasure. The triviality which was one side of his manliness, the scorn of vague speculation, which was in danger of drifting

into an indifference towards ideas, the excess of his mental tendency towards action, were all lying in wait for him, and, in the absence of some overshadowing and overpowering idea, would have found him at their mercy. Byron was not a thinker, but he was afraid of hell, and his courage throughout life was the genuine courage of one to whom death was really terrifying. 'The worst of it is that I *do* believe,' he said; and his belief was that he was predestined to fall endlessly into the power of evil. It is his own portrait, as he conceived it, that he draws in 'Manfred':—

'This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed, and contending without end or order,
All dormant and destructive.'

What other, more human memories, regrets, unavailing repentances mingled with this fatalistic sense of condemnation, we cannot tell; but certainly Byron's half-proud and half-desperate sense of sin was no pose, but almost the deepest part of his inner life.

'Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless Upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is Earth':

such an outcry, in 'Childe Harold,' means at least all that it says. If Byron's fixed unhappiness were but the weariness of one to whom pleasure had been too kind, or a mere scowl for effect, like the 'unhappy' expression which he assumed when sitting for his bust to Thorwaldsen, then his personality, the one thing which has profoundly interested the world in him, was but a playing at hide-and-seek with emotion. Not to have been sincere (sincere at root, beneath all the rhetoric) would have been, for Byron, to have lost all hold on our sympathy, all command of our admiration.

Byron's *ennui*, what he meant when he called himself 'the earth's tired denizen,' was made up of many elements, but it was partly of that most incurable kind which comes from emptiness rather than over-fulness: the *ennui* of one to whom thought was not satisfying, without sustenance in itself, but itself a cause of restlessness, like a heady wine drunk in

solitude. 'The blight of life, the demon thought,' he called it, so early as the first canto of 'Childe Harold'; and a motto to the third canto, seven years later, is a quotation from a letter of Frederick the Great to D'Alembert, endeavouring to console him for the loss of Mlle. de Lespinasse, and advising 'quelque problème bien difficile à résoudre,' 'afin que cette application vous forçât à penser à autre chose. Il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.' To think of something else! the mockery of a remedy, and yet the only one. Byron clamoured for all the good things of life, as a child clamours, passionately, amidst storms of tears, when one of them is denied him. Seeming to others to have got more than his share, he was discontented if he did not get all he wanted; and no one, in this world, gets quite all he wants when he wants so many things as Byron. It has seemed strange to some that Byron should have been so sensitive to dispraise, so restive under any check. But it was part of his nature; it was but another manifestation of that 'straining after the unlimited' which Goethe saw to be one of his main characteristics.

And then Byron suffered, we can hardly doubt, from that too vivid sense of humanity which is like a disease, that obsession to which every face is a challenge and every look an acceptance or a rebuff. How is content in life possible to those condemned to go about like magnets, attracting or repelling every animate thing, and tormented by the restlessness which their mere presence communicates to the air about them? This magnetic nature is not given to man for his happiness. Condemning him to 'plunge into the crowd,' it leaves him at the crowd's mercy, as he sensitively feels the shock of every disturbance which he causes there. Driving him into solitude for an escape, it will not let him even there escape the thought of what in himself is so much an epitome of humanity, for 'quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.' Nature becomes painfully human to him, and seems a sort of external memory, recorded in symbols. A note in Byron's Swiss Journal, afterwards brought almost word for word into 'Manfred,' shows us this effect of nature: 'Passed whole woods of withered pines, all withered; trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless, done by a single winter; their appearance reminded me of me and my family.' We find him declaring, with unaccustomed solemnity, that 'neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath

me.' Byron's thought about the universe, even when it came nearest to abstract thinking, was always conditioned, and for the most part quite frankly, by his personal circumstances. He wrote 'Manfred' because of 'the Staubbach, and the Jungfrau, and something else, much more than Faustus.' He filled 'Cain' with exactly the same arguments that he used in his conversations with Dr. Kennedy. 'Don Juan' speaks in almost the same words as his familiar letters.

The melancholy of Childe Harold, of Byron himself, which has been so often associated with the deeper and more thoughtful melancholy of René, of Obermann, is that discontent with the world which comes from too great love of the world, and not properly an intellectual dissatisfaction at all. It gave birth to a whole literature of pessimism, in which what had been in Byron an acute personal ache became an imagined travelling of the whole world in a vast disgust at its own existence. Where Byron, as he admitted, 'deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from self,"' less energetic and more contemplative writers spoke for humanity, as they conceived it, and found everything grey with their own old age of soul, which had never been young. It was only Byron who could say, after a visit to the opera, on which he comments with the most cheerful malice: 'How I do delight in observing life as it really is!' And it is just here that he distinguishes himself from his followers, in his right to say, as he said:—

'But I have lived, and have not lived in vain.'

Byron is a moralist, and a moralist of great simplicity. He had—

'That just habitual scorn, which could condemn
Men and their thoughts,'

at the same time that he was conscious of his own most human weaknesses; and, in a fragment not included in 'Don Juan,' he cries very sincerely:—

'I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling.'

He speaks his impressive epitaph over human greatness and the wrecks of great cities, because it is the natural impulse of the natural man; and his moralisings, always so personal, are generally what would seem to most people the obvious thought under the circumstances. When he is most moved, by some indignation, which in verse and prose always made him write best, he seems to resign himself to what was noblest in him:

the passion for liberty (a passion strong enough to die for, as he proved), the passion against injustice, the passion of the will to live and the will to know, fretting against the limits of death and ignorance. It was then that 'thoughts which should call down thunder' came to him, calling down thunder indeed, on the wrongs and hypocrisies of his time and country, as a moralist more intellectually disinterested, further aloof from the consequences of his words, could not have done.

Byron had no philosophy; he saw no remedy or alternative for any evil, least of all in his own mind, itself more tossed than the world without him. He had flaming doubts, stormy denials; he had the idealism of revolt, and fought instead of dreaming. His idolatry of good is shown by his remorseful consciousness of evil, morbid, as it has seemed to those who have not realised that every form of spiritual energy has something of the divine in it, and is on its way to become divine. 'Cain' is a long, restless, proud, and helpless questioning of the powers of good and evil, by one who can say:

'I will have nought to do with happiness
Which humbles me and mine,'

with a pride equal to Lucifer's; and can say also, in all the humility of admitted defeat:

'Were I quiet earth,
That were no evil.'

'Obstinate questionings,' resolving themselves into nothing except that pride and that humility of despair, form the whole drama in which Byron has come nearest to abstract thinking, in his 'gay metaphysical style,' as he called it. 'Think and endure' is Lucifer's last counsel to Cain. 'Why art thou wretched?' he has already asked him; and been answered: 'Why do I exist?' Cain's arraignment of God, which has nothing startling to us, who have read Nietzsche, raised all England in a kind of panic; religion itself seemed to be tottering. But Byron went no further in that direction; his greater strength lay elsewhere. Dropping heroics, he concludes, at the time that he is writing 'Don Juan,' that man 'has always been and always will be an unlucky rascal,' with a tragic acquiescence in that summary settlement of the enigma, laughingly. Humour was given us that we might disguise from ourselves the consciousness of our common misery. Humour turned by thought into irony, which is humour thinking about itself, is the world's substitute for philosophy, perhaps the only weapon that can be turned against it with

success. Byron used the world's irony to condemn the world. He had conquered its attention by the vast clamour of his revolt; he had lulled it asleep by an apparent acceptance of its terms; now, like a treacherous friend, treacherous with the sublime treachery of the intellect, he drove the nail into its sleeping forehead.

And so we see Byron ending, after all the 'daring, dash, and grandiosity' (to use Goethe's words, as they are rendered by Matthew Arnold) of his earlier work, a tired and melancholy jester, still fierce at heart. Byron gives us, in an overwhelming way, the desire of life, the enjoyment of life, and the sense of life's deceit, as it vanishes from between our hands, and slips from under our feet, and is a voice and no more. In his own way he preaches 'vanity of vanities,' and not less cogently because he has been drunk with life, like Solomon himself, and has not yet lost the sense of what is intoxicating in it. He has given up the declamation of despair, as after all an effect, however sincere, of rhetoric; his jesting is more sorrowful than his outcries, for it shows him to have surrendered.

' We live and die,

But which is best, you know no more than I.'

All his wisdom (experience, love of nature, passion, tenderness, pride, the thirst for knowledge) comes to that in the end, not even a negation.

ART. III.—THE ETHICS OF CREMATION.

1. *Earth to Earth.* Three letters to 'The Times,' by F. Seymour Haden, F.R.C.S., January 12th, May 20th, June 17th, 1875.
2. *Modern Cremation: its History and Practice.* By Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S. London: Macmillan, 1891.
3. *Cremation an Incentive to Crime: a Plea for Legislation.* By Sir F. Seymour Haden, F.R.C.S. London: Stanford, 1892.
4. *Vegetable Mould and Earthworms.* By Charles Darwin. London: John Murray, 1897.
5. *First and Second Reports from the Select Committee on Death Certification.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, August 15th and September 1st, 1893.

THE question how to bring about such a reasonable and considerate treatment of the bodies of the dead as shall neither wound legitimate sensibilities nor compromise the rights of the living, is one which in the hands of successive British Governments has proved, though a somewhat variable, yet a curiously persistent phase of administrative failure for the greater part of the nineteenth century. Nor would it appear that the magnitude and importance of this failure, or of the difficulties, not to say the dangers, which it has entailed upon us, have even yet been fully grasped by the Home Office, the Local Government Board, or the County Council—these being the several Government Departments which now enjoy a divided responsibility in a matter for which the Home Office was formerly alone responsible. The abuses, which impair, to the extent of rendering nugatory, our whole cemeterial system, still go on. The unintelligent enclosure of the perishable bodies of the dead in coffins which, being themselves imperishable, prevent their resolution, is still practised. The use of the brick grave and vault, directed of course to the same end, is not only permitted but actually prescribed.* The repeated purchase, at a heavy cost, of land for new cemeteries, which would not be wanted if the dead were properly buried, is still incurred: while the cemeteries themselves, instead of being under direct municipal or State control, as in every other civilised country, are handed over to joint-stock companies, speculators, and tradesmen, of whom the undertaker is the chief, to treat as they please. Finally, as if indifference to public safety could no further go,

* The Local Government Board, 'Memorandum on the Sanitary Requirements of Cemeteries' (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1893).

the destruction, by cremation, of all evidence deducible from a dead body of the manner in which that body came by its death, has for some time been going on, with at least the connivance of the law.

No one, we think, on seeing this formidable list of abuses for the first time can fail to be struck by their painfully irrational character; by the comparative ease with which, through the adoption of proper regulations, they may be remedied; and by a sense of the heavy reproach which, unremedied, they cast upon us as a sensible and practical people. Our present purpose is, after a short discussion of rational burial and the arguments which have been alleged against it, to deal at length with the last of these abuses—that of cremation—the general sanction of which by law is now being demanded by Parliament. A Bill, at present before the House of Lords, is intended, we are told by its promoters, to ‘empower the burial authorities to raise the rates for the purpose of cremation without having to apply to Parliament for the necessary authority by means of a private Bill.’* Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Hull have already, it appears, obtained such powers; the City of London is following suit; and the present Bill, which is promoted by the London County Council, will apparently make the permission general. In view of the compulsion with which all rate-payers are threatened, and of the grave objections which may be, and have been, raised against the practice of cremation, a general consideration of the subject will not be out of place.

Little or no difficulty appears to have attended the ready and efficient disposal of the dead till towards the close of Charles the Second’s reign. Not only was the strong coffin—the *fons et origo mali*—till then unknown, but the plainer sort of men were content to be carried to their graves in the open chests or coffers which were kept in every parish church for the occasion, and only employed to convey the body from the house of death to that other ‘house which hath been appointed for all living’; after which the chests were returned to their accustomed place, which was usually a niche in the church wall. Arrived at the grave, the body, enveloped at one time in coarse linen kept together by bone pins, and afterwards in woollen, was removed from its temporary case and buried. An old ritualist, Wheatley, makes its removal from its temporary coffin and its ‘just a-going to be put into the ground’ the occasion for a homily on the shortness of this temporal life and on our entire dependence on the help and mercy of God.† In still earlier days,

* Lord Monkswell in the House of Lords, June 18th, 1900. (Daily Papera.)

† ‘The Reliquary,’ No. 17, vol. v, July 1864 (Benrose and Sons, Derby).

a couple of planks, separated at the head and foot by a turf, and enclosing the body between them, were used for the same purpose of carriage, and then, as they in no way interfered with the resolution of the body, were buried with it.* That in early times the coffin was looked upon as a questionable contrivance may be inferred from the occasional request of sensible persons to be buried without it, and from the earliest records of our cathedrals and parish churches, which provide for the payment of larger fees for 'cheated' than for 'uncheated buryalls'; while elaborate judgments have from time to time been delivered in condemnation of their use, on account of the illegal and indefinite tenure of the soil which that use implied.

'It has been argued,' says Lord Stowell, 'that the ground once given to the body is appropriated to it for ever; it is literally in mortmain unalienably; it is not only the *domus ultima*, but the *domus æterna* of that tenant, who is never to be disturbed, be his condition what it may; the introduction of another body into that lodgement at any time, however distant, is an unvarientable intrusion. . . . In support of these positions it seems to be assumed that the tenant himself is imperishable; for, surely, there can be no inextinguishable title, no perpetuity of possession, belonging to a subject which itself is perishable. But the fact is that "man" and "for ever" are terms quite incompatible in any state of his existence, dead or living, in this world. The time must come when *ipsæ perire ruine*, when the posthumous remains must mingle with, and compose a part of, that soil in which they have been deposited. . . . The *domus æterna* is a mere flourish of rhetoric; the process of nature will speedily resolve them into an intimate mixture with their kindred dust; and their dust will help to furnish a place of repose for other occupants in succession. . . . The common cemetery is not *res unius ætatis*, the property of one generation now departed, but is likewise the common property of the living, and of generations yet unborn. . . . Any contrivance, therefore, that prolongs the time of dissolution beyond the period at which the common local understanding and usage have fixed it, is an act of injustice, since by such contrivances it is, in course of time, given to a comparatively small number of dead to shoulder out the living and their posterity. . . . Coffins are not recognised by any authority whatever; mention of them is nowhere made, but rather studiously avoided, in the Burial Service of the Church of England, and, generally, their use can only be regarded as an encroachment on the rights of the living.†

The subject with which we are undertaking to deal was brought prominently forward by certain letters which were

* 'Antiquities and Memoirs of the Parish of Myddle' (co. Salop), by R. Gough, 1790.

† *Gilbert v. Buzzard*: Haggard, 'Consistory Reports,' ii, 352 ff.

written by Sir F. Seymour Haden to the 'Times' twenty-five years ago. These letters so radically changed the whole aspect of the case, as then understood, that we have thought it well to present the following short *résumé* of them—a *résumé* which will, sufficiently for our purpose, represent the case for proper as against improper burial, and, equally, against cremation as a substitute for burial.

'Interment, the apostles of cremation tell us, in substance if not in terms, and speaking of it in its most comprehensive sense, is repulsive in idea, costly and ineffectual in fact, horrible in practice, a vilification of the dead, and a danger to the living. In a variety of publications which have received much attention, they denounce not any particular mode of interment or any palpable abuses which have crept into the practice to discredit it, but the practice itself. They take no notice of the fact that the dead are little more than nominally buried, and that, by the interposition between them and the earth, that should resolve them, of such media as wood, lead, brick, stone, and the like, interment as a principle is rendered all but nugatory and as a practice deprived of its *raison d'être*; and finally they leave it to be inferred, since they give us no hint to the contrary, that the evils thus created are inherent in the principle of interment, and, therefore, that a change is necessary. Upon this inference, and upon no other ground they then found their recommendation of cremation.' *

The case for proper burial, on the other hand, may be taken as included within the following propositions:—

1. The natural destination of all organised bodies that have lived and that die on the earth's surface is the earth.
2. The evils supposed to be inseparable from the principle of interment are independent of that principle, and are wholly of our own creation.
3. The source of these evils is to be found, not in the burial of the dead, but in the unreasoning sentiment which prompts us to keep them unburied as long as possible, and then to bury them in such a way that the earth (or rather the air) can have no access to them.
4. The principle of burial supposes the resolution of the body by the agency of the earth to which we commit it, and assumes that the earth is competent to effect that resolution and to effect it innocuously.
5. To seek to prevent the beneficent agency of the earth, by enclosing the dead in imperishable coffins, brick graves, and vaults, is in the highest degree irrational, since it engages us in a vain resistance to an inevitable dispensation, and has led us

* 'Times,' January 12th, 1875, p. 10.

to accumulate in our midst a vast quantity of human remains in every stage of decay.

6. Unwarned and undeterred by the magnitude of the evils we have thus ourselves created, we are still engaged in extending and perpetuating them.

7. Were the dead properly buried, not one of those evils would occur; not a single body would remain to infect the soil; and a large quantity of land of incalculable value, now hopelessly alienated, would be liberated for purposes of hygiene or of utility.

8. The remedy for such evils is, therefore, not in cremation or in any other alternative for burial, but in a sensible recognition of, and a timely submission to, a well-defined law of nature, and, since some of these alternatives are dangerous, in legislative action to enforce the provisions of that law.

So far the letters to the 'Times.' That the earth has a claim upon its dead, no less than that which the dead have upon the earth, is a proposition too obvious to merit discussion. To understand it we need only consider the properties with which the earth at our feet and everywhere at our disposal has been endowed. Earth is the most potent disinfectant known, and the readiest of application, and, by a combination of forces inherent in it which might well appear contradictory but for the wonderful purposes they are destined to accomplish, it is resolute and reformative as well. That which under the influence of the air was putrefaction is resolution in the earth; that which was offensive becomes inoffensive; that which in the one case is decay becomes in the other a process of revivification. To question the competency of the earth, thus endowed, to effect the innocuous resolution and conversion of its dead, or to fail to perceive, and profit by, that competency, would be impossible if habit had not taught us to shut our eyes to it, and if the advocates of cremation had not stepped in to tell us that we may improve upon it.

The letters of Sir Scymour Haden were clearly intended to propound a principle and to affirm a fact: the principle that, in the order and economy of nature, it is the office of the earth to remove from our sight and turn to our advantage all forms of dead and effete matter lying upon or beneath its surface, matter that would otherwise overwhelm us; the fact that we ignore that principle when we fail to avail ourselves of the benefits which the earth confers and seek to exempt from its friendly influence the decaying bodies of the dead. In support of these views, the writer contrasted the offensive putrefaction of unburied animal matter with its comparatively benign dis-

integration when simply committed to the ground; and, finding a warrant for what he advanced in the well-known faculty of the earth to change the organic into the inorganic, the noxious into the innocuous, claimed for the *eremacausis* which attended proper burial that it might rather be regarded as a process of revivification than of annihilation. Continuing, too, the argument in the spirit of an absolute belief in the sufficiency of all natural processes, and in the danger that must inevitably attend any systematic attempt to contravene them, he pointed out that, by our contrivances for preventing the salutary action of the earth upon the bodies of the dead, we had brought upon ourselves a penalty of which we were already abundantly sensible, but which, if those contrivances were persisted in, would prove still more serious in the future.

It was admitted by a friendly critic, a member of the Government of the day, not wholly untainted at that time by the cremationist propaganda, that—

‘since the *excreta* of animals during life and their bodies after death must pass through a process of decay and in new forms re-enter the atmosphere, some provision must exist in the world by which such a vast mass of corruption might do so innocuously’; *

and this provision, the writer of the letters insisted, was only to be found in the earth. Two distinct forms of decay do, in fact, occur in nature: putrefaction, which is a change set up between the particles of unburied matter by the air and by water—both more or less impure—to which it is exposed, and by minute organisms which float in the air or the water and which obtain direct access to it; and *eremacausis*, which is the scientific name for the effect brought about by the indirect access to the buried body, through porous soils, of the same air and the same water, winnowed of their putrifying elements by filtration, and chemically transformed by the force which is known as surface affinity. The first of these forms of decay gives rise to compounds offensive to the senses and injurious to health; the second to carbon dioxide, water, and ammonia, the food of plants, and, through the agency of those plants, the ultimate purifiers of the air. ‘Our aim should therefore be, by the burial of the dead, to imitate this *eremacausis*—not to oppose it.’ Such were the words of Lord Playfair in 1874, notwithstanding what he wrote † in 1850, and the fact that his leanings had been previously more or less towards cremation; nor is

* Lyon Playfair, ‘Address on Health’ (Glasgow, 1874).

† In 1850 Playfair supported Chadwick’s statement, now universally disallowed, that injurious exhalations were emitted from cemeteries.

there any reason to doubt that before his death he had practically separated himself from the advocates of that practice.

It appears, then, to be a law of nature to dispose innocuously of dead organic matter by interment. The exact nature of this process is of no practical importance. It matters not whether, as some believe, the part played by the earth is that of a mere filter for the conveyance to the buried body of the oxidising agent, whatever that may be; or whether, according to others, it has an independent nitrifying power of its own; or whether, as Pasteur believed, and many others now believe, the action of the earth on dead matter is that of a ferment.* Certain it is, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, that nothing worse than carbonic acid (carbon dioxide) and water are ever given off from the surface of burial grounds, and these only in quantities so small as to be even less than are naturally present in the superincumbent atmosphere; and, further, that even this little is at once taken up by vegetation and returned to the air, not as a source of peril to the health, but as a necessary increment of atmospheric renewal. If any proof of this is wanting, it is to be found in the fact that, within the last few years, more than two hundred disused burial grounds have been thrown open, after no other preparation than rolling and planting, and are now safely used as recreation grounds and places of health resort in some of the densest quarters of London. The explanation of this interesting fact is as follows. On the under surface of every leaf and blade of grass that grows are certain minute orifices or stomata, through which air, both pure and impure, enters; and this, after circulating and depositing within the parenchyma of the leaf the carbon necessary for its nutrition, issues again as a gas purged of all impurities, and fitted for the renovation of the atmosphere, imitating, in fact, but reversing in its order, the action of the lungs in animals in taking in oxygen and exhaling it as carbon dioxide. This process, also, is of singular interest, not only as accounting for the fact that we can, with perfect safety, use these old burial grounds as lungs for the overcrowded city, but as diminishing the physiological distance between the animal and the plant—the animate and the inanimate organism—as compensating factors in the world's economy. This law of compensation, which is every-

* J. M. H. Munro, 'The Nitrifying Ferments of the Soil,' *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, 3rd series, ii, 702 (1891). Pasteur, in 1840, published a theory of his own, in which he referred for the first time to 'organisms' as instrumental in the resolution of dead matter, meaning by these, not 'microbes,' which the majority of people have been taught to regard as animals, but plants (saprophytes) producing their effects by a process analogous to fermentation.

where and constantly in operation, is generally lost sight of; and the way in which animate and inanimate matter play, as it were, into each other's hands is at present a sealed book to most people. In this case, two forms of life, a higher and a lower, are both equally endowed with a function analogous to that of respiration, the only difference between the two being that while one of these forms maintains its existence by the inhalation of oxygen and the exhalation of carbon dioxide, the other inhales carbon dioxide and exhales oxygen.

But this is not all; for the 'Times' letters being founded on such an examination of one of the old London burial grounds as had, in all probability, never before been vouchsafed to an outside observer, their writer claimed to take exception, on the strength of it, to those cremationist statements which are constantly representing these burial grounds as so many centres of pestilence. The case here referred to was one of the worst of such grounds, that of St. Andrews, Holborn, then in course of removal to make room for the present Viaduct.

'The ground about the church,' the writer tells us, 'had become raised fifteen feet or eighteen feet above its original level, and perpendicular sections had been made in it, here and there, from its surface to a depth varying from ten feet to thirty feet or more. The face of these sections represented the interments of three centuries and a half. All the burials, except those in the plague-pit and one or two others to be presently mentioned, had been made in wooden or leaden coffins, some of which were still intact, and some broken in. Little difference as to condition could be perceived between the coffins of Charles II's time and those recently used, or between the coffins which were of lead and those which were of wood. In the coffins which were intact were their contents, also intact, but unrecognisable. In those which had been broken in, nothing was to be found but a little ordinary earth, corresponding chiefly to the extraneous matters which had accompanied the interment, and, occasionally, not always, a few bones—nothing more. The body itself had disappeared, and "earth to earth" had been accomplished. Here and there, in other parts of the ground, were graves lined with brick and filled with water, in which the coffins of those who had been buried in peculiar honour still floated, some head, some feet, uppermost, as their gaseous contents determined. Here, again, a few fetters indicated the spot where some evil-doer had undergone what was intended, no doubt, to be the last sentence of degradation, but whose poor body, having had the advantage of being buried without a coffin, had disappeared—as had also, for the same reason, the tenants of the plague-pit.'*

* 'Earth to Earth,' pp. 11, 12.

We reproduce this note in its integrity because every line of it unconsciously furnishes us with valuable illustrations of the points for which we are contending. The first and perhaps the most noticeable of these was the disproportionate space occupied by the coffins in comparison both with the bodies they contained and even with the earth that had received them, the coffin occupying the largest amount of this space, the shrunken body the next, and the earth that remained, the least! If the bodies had been buried either without coffins or with coffins as perishable as themselves, there would have been, in the first place, not a single body left (the last interment having been made ten years before), and, secondly, in the absence of the coffin, no upheaval of the ground. In a word, the whole secret of the absurdity we were committing in our method of so-called 'burial' revealed itself at a glance. It would have been strange, indeed, if a looker-on of ordinary intelligence had not at once perceived that the coffin is the cause, and the sole cause, of every one of those evils which, with so little reason, have been attributed to earth-burial as a system.

So much for the principles which underlie and, as we believe, fully warrant our present national practice of earth-burial when properly carried out. To which of these principles and to what part of that practice (when so carried out) do the cremationists object? We have stated freely and unreservedly what that practice is and to what extent it is vitiated, and have declared that the abuses which at present vitiate it may easily be removed. Can the advocates of cremation afford to be equally candid? Have they dared to admit that far greater abuses, not to say dangers, beset the alternative practice which they are trying to introduce? Have they satisfied themselves, or anyone else, of their ability to disarm or cope with those dangers? Further, with what proportion of the nineteen hundred or two thousand deaths which have to be provided for weekly in London alone does cremation profess itself able to deal? Two hours or more—and usually more—being required to burn a single dead body, and a whole working day to destroy half-a-dozen, what sensible effect can such a practice have upon the weekly mortality referred to? How many furnaces, and what enormous expenditure, would be required to dispose of even a tithe of such a mortality? Putting aside for the moment the question of those dangers which the adoption of cremation would entail upon the community, and in regard to which we will presently call in the evidence of Mr. Coroner Hicks and others, let us ask what are the advantages of this retrograde process, and on

what grounds it rests its claim to public support. Is it in any sense a public benefit or an alleviation of public burdens? To which of these categories, if either, is 'the completely equipped crematorium' which we are now threatened with 'in the near neighbourhood of London' supposed to belong? Are we to welcome it as an acquisition, or insist on its removal as a nuisance?

The great argument used in favour of burning the bodies of the dead, as against their interment in the ordinary manner, is, of course, that the former method destroys germs or other sources of disease, whereas the latter preserves them in a dangerous condition. This is the purport of a leading article which appeared in the 'Times' of December 22nd, 1897, an article which was professedly founded on the following remarkable paragraph.

'By the act of interment,' says Sir Henry Thompson, 'we literally sow broadcast through the land innumerable seeds of pestilence, which long retain their vitality, many of them destined at some future time to fructify in premature death or ruined health for thousands.*'

Now, if this amazing statement were to be accepted as truth, we should have to follow it up by bringing an equally weighty charge against nature; for nature follows the same rule. If Sir Henry Thompson is right, nature has been sowing these seeds of pestilence ever since the world began, and doubtless will continue to sow them till it comes to an end, long before which time the whole human race ought, according to him and the 'Times,' to be poisoned out of existence! Meanwhile the law of the case is plain enough. It is that all organised bodies that have lived and died on the earth's surface return to the earth—a return which is perpetually going on over the whole face of the habitable globe, which, in fact, from that point of view, may be considered one vast cemetery. Two factors contribute to this: gravitation, which necessitates it, and the maintenance and sustentation of the earth's crust, which requires it—a maintenance and sustentation which conduce, not to the destruction, but the renewal of life. Nature does not discriminate as to the agencies which bring about that return to earth, whether it be the disease that kills, or the cessation of life from what are called 'natural causes.' The beneficent process of 'resolution' applies equally in any case; and, this process completed, the residue, after leaving behind it the

* The 'Times,' referring to a passage in 'Modern Cremation,' p. 111.

inorganic portions, which are the perquisite of the earth, is returned to the atmosphere. Does Sir Henry Thompson, who is the author of this highly alarmist paragraph, and does the 'Times,' which has taken it from him on trust, really suppose that in the return to 'mother earth' of all this dead, diseased, and effete material, nature has been making one huge mistake? Is it not evident that, if Sir Henry's statement were true, the whole earth, the one disinfectant and resolvent of death and decay in every possible form, would be no better than a mine at our feet, charged with the elements, not of our well-being, but of our destruction? Is it not an historical fact that even the Great Plague itself disappeared from this country, though its uncoffined victims were cast, by cartloads at a time, into pits extemporised in the open fields of the city for the purpose?

We might, if our space permitted, bring to bear a vast mass of evidence to rebut such cremationist statements. As it is, we must content ourselves with a few examples only. In the case of the Plague, for instance, the very moderate depths of those pits which from time to time have been accidentally opened is especially noticeable. It appears that, as a rule, not more than a foot or two of earth had originally covered them in, and yet this little proved sufficient to prevent the recurrence of the disease. This fact exactly tallies with experiments made within the last twelve years by Sir Seymour Haden, in order to ascertain the precise depths at which resolution in ordinary earth might with certainty be looked for. From these experiments, extended over a period of twelve years, it would appear, from an account given of them by Sir Seymour Haden in the 'Times' of August 18th, 1897, that in the case of animals as large as calves buried by him at a depth of four feet—the depth prescribed by the Local Government Board for interments made in cemeteries—a period of from four to four years and a half had turned out to be necessary for their complete dissolution; that, at a depth of three feet, a little more than three years had proved to be necessary; at a depth of two feet, two years; and of one foot, one year or thereabout; such variations as occurred depending on the size of the animals buried and the porosity of the earth. On the other hand, bodies not buried at all, but simply laid upon the ground and covered with a foot of earth, were found to have disappeared, their bones of course excepted, in less than a year; and, moreover, the whole process, even in the latter case, had been completed without the slightest appreciable effect either on the comparatively small portion of surface earth employed,

or on the purity of the earth beneath, or on the sweetness and freshness of the air around. Dr. Poore has carried these experiments further by burials made in 'humus'*—in soil, that is, which, being already heavily charged with organic matter, resembles in that respect the 'soil' of the ordinary cemetery.

The Prussian Government has also made a notable contribution to our knowledge on this important part of the subject. In 1872-3 a secret commission was issued by it to ascertain the condition of the dead in the battle-fields of the Vosges. Two years, or thereabout, having elapsed since those battles were fought, it was feared, as many dead bodies were known to have been only superficially buried, that epidemic disease might result. What the commissioners found, however, entirely dissipated any such fears. In cases in which as many as eight hundred bodies, in the hurry incident to rapid military movements, had been thrust into one shallow excavation, these bodies, it was found, had already disappeared, their bones and accoutrements alone being left. But to this disappearance there was a remarkable exception: the bodies of officers, having been buried in mackintoshes (the action of which resembled that of coffins), had not so disappeared.†

Nor are we without scientific evidence in confirmation of all that has been said of the wonderful effect of relatively small quantities of earth on apparently overwhelming masses of animal matter submitted to its action. A remarkable paper by Professor J. M. H. Munro—a paper which is all the more valuable in that it is not written to advance any particular theory—informs us not only that nitrification, which is nature's way of turning all putrescent matter to a harmless and useful account, is impossible without the intervention of the earth, but that the inoculation of even sterile soil with minute quantities of the nitrifying agent (lime, baryta, or whatever that may be) is sufficient to produce it. 'The quantity, indeed, of this most important factor,' he says, 'present at any one time, in relation to the whole mass of soil, is so nearly infinitesimal that the most sensitive chemical test will barely detect it.'‡

Sir John Simon, again, adds his testimony to the power of the earth to deprive by filtration even the foulest water of its

* 'Milroy Lectures,' delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. G. V. Poore.

† 'Times,' August 16th, 1897.

‡ J. M. H. Munro, 'The Nitrifying Ferments of the Soil,' 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society,' 3rd series, vol. ii, p. 702 (1891).

noxious qualities. Speaking of a pump, now disused in deference to sentiment, he says:—

'The water from this well is perfectly bright, clear, and even brilliant; it has an agreeable soft taste, and is much esteemed by the inhabitants of the parish, though, as will be seen by the subjoined analysis, it is an exceedingly hard water, and the large quantity of earthy salts it contains renders it unfit for all culinary and for most domestic purposes . . . (yielding carbonates of lime and magnesia, sulphate of lime, chloride of sodium, nitrates of potash, soda, magnesia, and ammonia, silica, and phosphate of lime; but of organic matter none, or scarcely a trace). . . . The quantity of alkaline and earthy nitrates in this water is very remarkable. These salts are doubtless derived from the decomposition of animal matter in the adjacent churchyard. Their presence, conjoined with the inconsiderable quantity of organic matter which the water contains, illustrates in a very forcible manner the power the earth possesses of depriving the water that percolates it of any animal matter it may hold in solution; and, moreover, shows in how complete and rapid a manner this process is effected. In this case the distance of the well from the churchyard is little more than the breadth of the footpath, and yet this short extent of intervening ground has, by virtue of the oxidising power of the earth, been sufficient wholly to decompose and render inoffensive the liquid animal matter that has oozed from the putrefying corpses in the churchyard.' *

To the popular belief, again, industriously encouraged by the cremationist propaganda, that deleterious vapours are emitted from the surface of graveyards, it is sufficient to oppose the statement of MM. Brouardel, Du Mesnil, and Ogier at the seventh International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, held in London in 1891.

'(1) If, they say, 'when interments took place in churches, it was possible for accidents to result from the escape of putrefactive gases, in these days, when they are allowed free access to the open air, such dangers are imaginary, while the air of the open cemetery is absolutely inodorous. (2) The soil of cemeteries contains carbonic acid gas, and of other gases—contrary to the general belief—none in appreciable quantity, the little emitted being at once taken up and decomposed by vegetation. (3) The decomposition of dead bodies buried in the earth is rapid in proportion as the soil and the coffin are porous. (4) Extraneous substances, put into the coffin to fill it, retard resolution.'†

* 'Reports relating to the Sanitary Condition of the City of London,' by John Simon, 1854, pp. 171, 172.

† 'Transactions of the Seventh International Congress,' &c., vol. ix, pp. 113, 114.

On the strength of all this evidence against the statement in the 'Times' Sir Seymour Haden recently addressed to the medical profession generally and to such medico-legal authorities as he thought best qualified to answer it, the following question:—

'Do you, or do you not, agree with a statement made by Sir H. Thompson, at the Congress of Hygiene and Demography, that a human body, dead of an infectious disease and buried four feet below the surface of the ground, is capable—by water percolating the soil or by any other known agency—of propagating the infection of that disease or of any one of those diseases which are understood to be comprehended in the zymotic death-rate? Has any case of infection so conveyed ever occurred to you or come within your observation or knowledge? And, the present state of sanitary science considered, do you believe in the probability of such conveyance?'

The answers to this question, though too variable in terms to be reproduced separately, may be summarised as follows. The statement referred to is not consistent, either in part or in the whole, with the trained observation and experience of this country. Of the eight diseases known as zymotic—namely, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, diphtheria, enteric fever in various forms, cholera, and diarrhœa—the first five require for their propagation contact, more or less complete, in the air, and the last three the actual introduction into the alimentary canal (which is the seat of the disease) of animal *dejecta* by surface soil or surface water. To include in one common category all these diseases, as if they had a common origin, is, to say the least, unscientific; and—the nitrifying power of the earth on water charged with animal matter considered—to say that they are propagated in the way suggested is in the highest degree misleading. No known warrant exists in fact for any such statement. If, out of the hundreds and thousands of cases of these diseases which have come under observation within the last twenty years, any one of them has proceeded from, or depended upon, the neighbourhood of burial-places in which similar cases had received interment, all we can say is that the occurrence has been overlooked with singular uniformity by scientific observers.

Here, again—for we have not yet done with our illustrations—is a statement deliberately made by Sir Henry Thompson and accepted by the 'Times' as a warrant for the leading article of December 22nd, 1897:—

'Pasteur's success in dealing with anthrax is known to all. . . . Pasteur proved that the earthworms brought up the spores and not

the bacilli themselves, which soon disappear from the buried corpse after the event. These spores long retain their vitality, and unless the body is cremated or is buried in a large quantity of quicklime, the disease will sooner or later appear when a favourable nidus presents itself. Pasteur examined the surface mould at the spot where, two years before, a cow, dead of anthrax, had been buried at the depth of seven feet, and observed germs which by inoculation produced anthrax in a guinea-pig. This is an illustration, and amply suffices here, as one among the various ways in which "innumerable seeds of pestilence are sown broadcast through the land," a sentence characterised by my critical friend as "inflated phraseology," but it has at least the merit of being strictly true.*

The statement, however, is incorrect. Pasteur did not prove that earthworms brought up from a depth of seven feet the spores of anthrax, (1) because worms do not commonly burrow to such a depth; (2) because the buried bacilli of anthrax do not live long enough in the earth to form spores; and (3) because the anthrax bacillus, being, like the bacillus septicus, what is called *aërobic*, dwindles and dies when even partially deprived of air. If, therefore, the body of an animal which has died of anthrax be buried seven feet deep, or even four feet six inches, which is the depth prescribed by the Local Government Board, the bacillus which characterises this form of disease not only dies with or shortly after it, but is incapable of reproduction. When anthrax is reproduced in fields in which cattle infected by the disease have grazed, died, and been buried, the fresh outbreak is probably owing, not to the buried carcass, but to the spores which have been left by the *dejecta* of the infected animals on the surface of the field in question. Both Koch and Klein are fully agreed as to this. Koch, in addition, has proved by direct experiment † not only that the spores of anthrax are not, as Pasteur has stated, carried upwards by earthworms and deposited on the surface by their castings, but also that the spores of anthrax bacilli, when mixed with earth, are not taken up by these creatures at all; while Klein carries these experiments further, and says, 'If bacilli grow in the depths of a medium but scantily supplied with air, they do not form spores, but degenerate; and this degeneration goes on till at length nothing is left of them but their *débris*. Such bacilli are, of course, quite innocuous.' ‡

* Letter of Sir Henry Thompson, 'Times,' April 13th, 1898.

† 'Mittheil. aus dem kaiserlichen Gesundheitsamte,' 1886 (Julius Springer, Berlin); and Klein, 'Micro-organisms and Disease' (Macmillan, 1886).

‡ Klein, 'Micro-organisms and Disease,' chap. xi, pp. 155, 156 (Macmillan, 1886).

Having dealt with the arguments urged against the practice of interments, we proceed to consider the objections that may be raised against the practice of cremation. In mitigation of the objection (which the cremationist does not call in question) that cremation, by destroying all evidence of how a body came by its death, is an encouragement to crime, especially such forms of crime as are discoverable by the exhumation and expert examination of the buried body, Sir Henry Thompson pleads that this objection is by no means a formidable one, and urges, in support of the validity of this plea, the comparatively few occasions on which recourse is had to this mode of detection. His argument is practically reducible to the following syllogism:—

Murder is a common crime in populous centres, and exhumation a common way of finding it out;

But, when spread over the whole surface of the United Kingdom, both murder as a crime and exhumation as a means of detecting it are of comparatively rare occurrence:

Therefore, exhumation is comparatively unimportant, and need not be allowed to stand in the way of cremation.

The objection we have raised is one which no cremationist, if he can help it, is willing to hear mentioned, and which the newspapers engaged in its service are careful not to discuss, but which, whatever momentary success may appear to attend the cremationist agitation, will assuredly, sooner or later, provoke the repressive action of the law. It cannot be denied that cremation, by destroying all evidence of murder, affords some encouragement to the commission of crime. To relieve themselves of this serious imputation, its advocates have made, and are still making, great efforts, without, however, so far as appears, any real success. One of the most important of these efforts was made through the instrumentality of a Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1893. The object which those who promoted the appointment of this Committee appear to have had in view was to obtain an enquiry into the matter of death-certification generally, in the hope that in the course of such an enquiry the claims of cremation might come to the front—a hope which, as we shall presently see, when we come to describe what happened, was not disappointed.

Without calling in question the *bona fides* of this Committee, it will be well, at the outset, to bestow a somewhat critical attention on the wording of the reference to it. Here it is:—

‘The Select Committee on Death Certification was appointed to enquire into the sufficiency of the existing Law as to the Disposal of

the Dead for securing an accurate Record of the Causes of Death in all cases, and especially for detecting them where Death may have been due to Poison, Violence, or Criminal Neglect.'

From the wording of this reference it will be seen that the Committee had for its ostensible object an enquiry, not into methods of interment—the only mode of disposing of dead bodies which is known to the law—nor into the rights and wrongs of cremation, which is a mode unknown to the law, but solely into the sufficiency of existing laws for securing an accurate record of the causes of death. It seems doubtful whether, in proceeding to enquire into the effect of cremation in rendering nugatory such a record when obtained, the Committee were not acting *ultra vires*; but, at all events, they did proceed to this enquiry, and the following are the conclusions to which they came:—

'Burial.—As to the manner of burial of the dead, the terms of reference to your Committee do not admit of their dealing generally with the law on the subject, but only with such points in burial procedure as may operate as obstacles to the detection of crime in cases where exhumation is required' (p. xx).

'Cremation.—Your Committee are of opinion that there is only one question in connection with this method of disposing of a dead body to which it is necessary for them to refer. That question is the supposed danger to the community arising from the fact that with the destruction of the body the possibility of obtaining evidence of the cause of death by post-mortem examination also disappears.

'When suspicions of foul play have arisen in reference to a body that has been disposed of by burial, an exhumation and post-mortem examination of such body has often furnished conclusive evidence of the cause of death. It is evident that with the burning of the body the possibility of making such an examination disappears. Unless, therefore, special precautions be taken previous to cremation to obtain satisfactory evidence of the cause of death, this method of disposal of bodies would serve to lessen the risks of detection incurred by those who have brought about the death of any person by foul play.

'The precautions taken by the Cremation Society before a body is cremated by them were explained to your Committee. It appears that two special certificates of the cause of death from medical men are obtained in such cases, and one of these certificates sets forth that in the opinion of the person certifying "there are no circumstances connected with the death which could make exhumation of the body hereafter necessary." If these certificates are inconclusive a post-mortem examination is ordered, and, in the event of the relatives objecting to such an examination, the Society refuses to cremate the body. If, however, in a doubtful case, the body is eventually cremated, portions of the liver, kidney, and stomach, are

retained and preserved in spirit for subsequent examination, if occasion should arise.

'Your Committee are of opinion that with the precautions adopted in connection with cremation as carried out by the Cremation Society there is little probability that cases of crime would escape detection; but inasmuch as these precautions are purely voluntary, your Committee consider that in the interests of public safety such regulations should be enforced by law' (p. xxii).

With respect to these conclusions, we would observe, first, that the important recommendation of the Committee as to the legal enforcement of certain regulations has hitherto been disregarded; and, secondly, that the evidence given before the Committee shows the gravest reason for doubting whether the regulations referred to, or indeed any regulations which could be framed for guarding against the dangers of cremation, would be sufficient to attain the end in view. The Committee, in using the words 'little probability,' allow that there is at least a possibility that crime may escape detection in the case of cremated bodies; but some important witnesses went much further than this. Good ground was shown for believing, first, that murder is a far commoner crime than is generally supposed; and next, that no form of death-certificate yet devised has proved able to cope with it. It is hardly likely that the Cremation Society will be able to invent one. In the opinion of the only two experts examined, nothing less than a post-mortem examination of every body burnt would warrant such a practice.

* 1376. You said that if Woking were under your jurisdiction, you would insist upon a post-mortem examination in the case of every body that was brought there for cremation?—Yes, I should.* . . .

* 3633. You would not approve of any methods of doing away with the body other than "earth-to-earth" burial?—I should approve of no method of doing away with the body except such a method as admitted of its exhumation. . . .

* 3656. You consider that a post-mortem examination would be absolutely necessary?—Yes. I say that every attempt to destroy a body without such an enquiry would, in my opinion, be a criminal act.

* 3657. Your opinion is, I think, that the earth-burial in the way we have referred to is also better from a sanitary point of view?—Quite so. In a sanitary point of view it is perfect.

* 3658. And does not in any way, you think, tend to spread infectious disease?—Absolutely in no way whatever. Any statement to the contrary is a statement which is not warranted by fact.†

* Evidence of Mr. Maxton Hicks, coroner for West Surrey.

† Evidence of Sir F. Seymour Hudson.

But what, perhaps, affords a better insight into the tacitly acknowledged dangers of cremation is the fact that, when the Cremation Society began business, it proposed, *proprio motu*—as if conscious of the danger of its proceedings—to make a post-mortem examination of every body it burnt. This, for reasons which were not stated but may be surmised, it soon gave up; but on the 25th of April, 1893, in his evidence before the Select Committee, Sir Henry Thompson made the startling admission (Q. 1125, 1139) that out of the 393 bodies which up to that date he had burnt, he had found it necessary in as many as four or five ‘suspicious cases’ to take out and preserve the stomach, kidneys, spleen, and a portion of the liver. This is surely tantamount to an admission that the process of cremation is, at best, a dangerous one. Well might one of the members of the Committee ask whether, if Sir H. Thompson’s admission were known, it would not put an end to cremation altogether? (Q. 1377, 1378.)

We need not be surprised that Sir Henry’s admission is not widely known, or that it is not set forth in the shilling ‘Manual of Modern Cremation’ which the public are invited to depend upon as their guide. But has it occurred to the admirers of this suspicious revival that in submitting their friends and relatives to be thus dealt with, they have one and all more or less identified themselves with these four or five suspicious cases; and that the day may come when, in the cause of justice, it may be necessary to obtain the names of those who thus figure and are duly registered as possible homicides? Again, if in the early part of 1893 four or five suspicious cases had already presented themselves out of 393, how many more have presented themselves during the last seven years? Surely a practice of which the best that can be said is that ‘with such precautions there was little chance of crime escaping detection,’ has but a poor claim to continued existence, still less to legislative recognition. And yet this is what the Committee suggest, for they add to their general but guarded approval the remark that, ‘inasmuch as these precautions were purely voluntary, they ought, in the interests of public safety, to be enforced by law.’ No respect has hitherto been paid to this expression of opinion by the Committee. The Report was issued in 1893. A wholesale destruction of evidence has been going on ever since, and not a finger has been held up to prevent it. By what intuitive faculty, we may ask, does Sir Henry Thompson know one of these suspicious cases when, with all its certificates in order, it presents itself at the furnace mouth? Even assuming the possession of this intuitive faculty,

by what right does the cremationist resort, without the intervention of the coroner—whose office, by-the-bye, the Cremation Society is practically superseding—to a proceeding which, besides being an outrage on the dead, may prove an unwarrantable imputation on the living? There can be, indeed, no stronger argument against cremation than the imputation of foul play in which it may involve innocent persons. It is impossible to conceive anything more deplorable than the position of one who, having cremated, say, his wife, is afterwards laid under the imputation of having murdered her! By what right do the half-dozen enthusiasts who compose the council of the Cremation Society place a fellow-citizen in such a predicament, depriving him, as they do, of all possibility of proving his innocence by exhumation of the body?

On the other hand, supposing that legislative effect were to be given to the recommendation of the Select Committee, what are the precautions worth? The certificate which is to safeguard cremation turns out, from admissions made to the Committee, to be, after all, neither more nor less than the old Paris certificate of the *médecin vérificateur*—a certificate which for the last ten years Dr. Brouardel, the greatest living authority on such matters, has been telling the French Government is not worth the paper it is written upon. Dr. Brouardel maintains that it is no check whatever on the commission of crime, and that it ought at once to be dropt in favour of the far more efficient plan pursued in Germany—a plan which the Committee had evidently never heard of, but which has now been adopted in France to the extent of substituting an official expert for the fortuitous *médecin vérificateur*. The cremationist plan, which turns out in fact to be a resuscitation of the discarded French plan, pretends to improve on it by demanding not one but two certificates—one to be furnished by the practitioner in attendance, who, like the Palmers, the Pritchards, the Websters, the Crosses, the Weils, may have been himself the murderer; the other by a stranger to the case who, being called out of the next street to see the body, has nothing to go by but what the practitioner in attendance chooses to tell him, and who, though he may certify to the *fact* of death, has not the least means of testing the *cause*. Such pretended ‘examinations’ are not indeed, and cannot be, the explorations which cremationists assert them to be. The placid features of the dead tell the new-comer nothing; all traces of violence, and even of ill-usage, have been lost in the gradual tranquillity of aspect which, even as the act of dying goes on, settles down on features which now express nothing but calm and contentment. In a

word such perfunctory interviews with the dead—for they are nothing more—are of no use whatever; and the double certificate which is to be their outcome, even admitting its possible genuineness in other respects, is at least as liable to falsification as the many other devices which experience has proved to be at the command of the criminal.

It only remains to us, by the evidence afforded by recorded cases, to furnish overwhelming proof of the utter inability of the proposed cremationist certificate to cope with the resources of criminal ingenuity. Nearly every secret murder on record, it is not too much to say, has run the gauntlet of detection by one form or other of sophisticated certification, the double certificate relied upon by Sir Henry Thompson included. On this point the evidence of Dr. Brouardel leaves no room for doubt. The cremationist contention that a single individual, standing on guard at the door of a reverberatory furnace, has it in his power to baffle every attempt of the sort to outwit him is, as an abstract proposition, little short of nonsense. Yet this is pretty much what the Committee were induced, if not to believe, at least to consider. We should have expected a responsible committee of parliamentary legislators to be less easy of conviction, but it is wonderful to what lengths of self-deception the enthusiast will go, and how catching, in the case of receptive temperaments, his malady is.

Nevertheless, so simply are these and other statements of the kind taken for granted by uninformed and credulous persons that it becomes a necessity to expose and refute them; and this accordingly we propose to do by as short a *résumé* as possible of such medico-legal statistics as are to the purpose. It is, of course, to be understood that in this *résumé* we shall only mention some of those murders which, the cause of death having been duly certificated, would never have been brought to light but for exhumation; we shall select also, by preference, those cases in which a certificate, whether false or merely careless, had again and again been successfully relied on. At Bilston two children in the same family were killed by the same poison, and two months afterwards it was found on exhumation in the body of a third, although in this last case the cause of death had been certified as 'asthenia and gastric fever.' Two women, Higgins and Flanigan, commit a murder by means of arsenic; and no less than ten other persons, all of them duly certified and buried, are afterwards proved, by exhumation, to have been destroyed by the same persons and the same method. Mary Ann Cotton poisons her stepson by arsenic, which murder, being discovered by exhumation, leads to the exuma-

tion of no less than twenty other victims, all killed by the same woman in the same way—namely, her mother, fifteen children, three husbands, and a lodger. These persons had all been duly certified to have died from natural causes. De Tourville kills his wife on the Stelvio, and the case, brought home to him, turns out (on exhumation of the bodies) to be one of several, including that of his first wife's mother, whose death, after twelve years' burial, is shewn to have been caused, not, as was certified, by an accidental wound in the eye, but by a shot from behind. Dr. Stevenson, the eminent Government analyst, 'cannot without great labour recall all the cases he has had,' though he has 'not seldom been able (always of course, by exhumation) to prove the innocence of suspected persons.'* Mr. Thomas Bond, of the Westminster Hospital, in one year, 'made four exhumations at Dulwich,' and 'proved murder by arsenic in each case.' In another case he 'exhumed two bodies at Newbury,' and found 'gun-shot wounds which pretty clearly proved a double murder.' He mentions several other cases, and ends his letter with this pertinent reflection, that 'he has no doubt that many persons skilled in the use of poisons would more frequently resort to them if it were not for the knowledge that their operations were liable to be handicapped by exhumation.'*

The case, however, most to the point for our present purpose, because of the contradictory certificates which it elicited as to the cause of death, is undoubtedly that of William Palmer, executed for murder in 1856. The conviction of Palmer for the murder at Rugeley of J. P. Cook led to the exhumation of six other victims, all of whom were found to have been murdered by him from the same motive, though not always (he being an expert) by the same means.† We lay peculiar stress on this case, because it furnishes a complete answer to those who, like Sir H. Thompson and others, seem to think that with a better system of certification we may safely do without exhumation. Alas! medicine is not, and never will be, the exact science which such reasoning supposes; and under no conceivable circumstances shall we be able, without such ocular demonstration as exhumation affords, to say, with anything like certainty, that certain symptoms which are compatible with death from natural causes are not also compatible with death by poison. Palmer, for instance, poisons Cook by a mixture of strychnine and antimony. The strychnine kills,

* From private letters.

† Taylor's 'Medical Jurisprudence,' ed. Stevenson, 2, 456. Cf. Stephen's 'Criminal Law,' ed. 1868, p. 332.

and the poison is removed by the vomiting which results from the antimony. At all events, neither poison is found in the unburied body in sufficient quantity to warrant a conviction for murder. Moreover, the action of both these drugs is so consistent with the symptoms of certain forms of disease that no two medical witnesses dealing with that case alone could be found to say with certainty to which category they belonged. 'Bilious cholera,' 'epilepsy, with tetanic convulsions,' and 'angina pectoris' were each, in fact, certified as the cause of death, one gentleman going so far as to write a pamphlet to show that the others were wrong. In this and other cases, the actual cause of death would, but for exhumation, never have come to light.* And again, may not exactly the same thing be said of the more recent case of Neill and his four victims, of the Horsfords, and others who have perished by strychnine? It is the peculiarly dangerous character of this drug that it quits the stomach with such rapidity that but for its discovery in the muscles, in some of the above-mentioned cases, it would never have been detected at all. True, in his last letter to the 'Times' (April 13th, 1898), Sir H. Thompson hopes to be able to 'devise' a death-certificate which may be depended upon as a safe warrant for cremation; but if he will read, not our English books (for we are terribly behindhand on the whole subject), but the French and German standard works which deal with it, and if he will further remember that grounds for suspecting foul play may occur months, and even years, after the certificate has been given and the body cremated, then he will realise how vain that hope must be.

* Strychnine was found in the body of Matilda Clover six months after death. Arsenic has been found eight, twelve, and even fourteen years after death ('Lancet,' 1853, p. 41; Taylor's 'Medical Jurisprudence,' 1. 42, 2.).

RECENT JAPANESE LITERATURE

- The History of Japan*. By U. G. Aston. London: Chapman and Co. 1895.
The History of Japan. By H. H. Chamberlain. London: Chapman and Co. 1895.
The History of Japan. By H. H. Chamberlain. London: Chapman and Co. 1895.
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THE interest which has been directed towards Japan of late years is not only and mainly excited by the rapid growth of national sentiment, and the military success of the Japanese people. A nation that could produce such results is accounted to Europeans with forty years ago was supposed to be one of being capable of development, and the progress and energy revealed by which the government of the country was transformed in, as it were, the twinkling of an eye, from a sort of monarchy to a constitutional monarchy, transformed the tradition of empire with which the first generations had the habit of the living that were everywhere received. At a later period he said and because with which the Japanese people demonstrated their national energy on the occasion called an achievement which could have been only more general and intense had not observers learnt by experience that almost nothing might be expected from the native intellects and restless bravery of the Islanders.

It was, however, with something like ridicule and incredulity that a certain section of Europeans at first watched the efforts of the Japanese to throw off the weight of Oriental feudalism which oppressed them; and the ease and apparent frivolity with which they received and acted on the ideas imported from Europe created a feeling akin to contempt for a nation which could in a moment throw over everything that was national and distinctive for the new and alien systems of Western lands. More astute observers, however, who were acquainted with the early history of the race, had learned, while recognising certain defects in the national character, to estimate at their true value the complete change which had come over popular opinion, as well as the self-reliance and courage with which Japanese statesmen set themselves to substitute for their antiquated political system a constitution such as the advanced

European nations had only arrived at after centuries of experience.

It must be confessed that the doubters and scoffers had some reason on their side. In the history of the Western world there has been no instance of a nation making such a complete *bouleversement* as was designed and carried out by the Japanese; and it was not unnaturally assumed that a nation that could with such a light heart defy all experience would break down in the execution of its enterprise. But the marked power of assimilation which the Japanese have shown through the whole course of their history falsified these forebodings. A nation which could adopt without hesitation the language and literature of a foreign State, even though that State were so nearly allied to it as China, which could admit its system of administration, and could accept *en bloc* its canons of artistic taste, was plainly capable of receiving fresh light from other sources, of recognising the value of other and more advanced ideas, and of inscribing on a *tabula rasa* a new code of national polity. In such a process of change, however, it was inevitable that there should be details which might arouse and justify laughter. The ready assumption of European dress and habits by a large section of the nation, before the wearers of the newly-imported frock-coats and patent-leather boots had broken with their old customs and associations, formed a ready subject for ridicule; and immature students who repeated ill-digested phrases from Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill naturally laid themselves open to sarcasm. But there was method in their madness; and the same people who had swallowed at one gulp the civilisation and literature of China knew themselves to be quite capable of building up a new and substantial edifice on the former basis of European experience.

Throughout their whole history one of the leading characteristics which the Japanese have displayed has been the ability for rapidly and successfully borrowing foreign ideas. With all their cleverness and intellectual quickness they have shown a curious want of originality. From their earliest traditions we learn that, before the advent of Chinese ideas in the fifth century of our era, the Japanese were content to live without letters, without civilisation, and without any well-defined system of government. The different parts of the islands now grouped together under the Mikado were ruled over by clans, who indulged in the national habit of fighting whenever the opportunity arose—and this was often. Always, however, the country was separated by only a narrow strait from the continent of China, and was consequently in a position to receive

from that then advanced State. But though this source of enlightenment was so close at hand, it was not until the year 405 of our era that a learned Korean, named Wangin, arrived in Japan, and opened to the receptive natives all the wisdom of the Chinese sages. This scholar was at once appointed tutor to one of the local princes, and was regarded with all the veneration due to the proclaimer of a revelation. The news of Wangin's cordial reception induced other Koreans to follow in his wake; and, just as the Buddhist missionaries from India imported into China a knowledge of the doctrines of the 'Holy Man in the West,' so these men carried to the Japanese the words of wisdom which centuries before had fallen from the lips of Confucius and his followers. But even more important than these celebrated discourses was the knowledge of letters which was introduced as the necessary vehicle of the new learning.

The written characters of China, however, did not lend themselves readily to the expression of the Japanese language. Though related to Chinese, the Japanese tongue shows many great and marked differences from it, one of the principal being the numerous particles of inflection, which are entirely wanting in Chinese. It became necessary therefore at an early period to adopt certain Chinese characters to represent phonetically the inflections, which could not otherwise be expressed. The curious result followed that the first Japanese authors were only able to express their thoughts on paper by employing Chinese characters in this restricted sense. How cumbrous this system was may well be imagined; but it was not until the end of the ninth century that the Japanese succeeded in devising a syllabary by which a certain number of contracted Chinese characters were chosen to represent the forty-seven syllables of the Japanese language. Of these contracted characters they further introduced a cursive form, and these scripts, with the occasional introduction of Chinese characters used ideographically, have been found sufficient to supply the requirements of Japanese authors down to the present day.

With that extraordinary aptitude for assimilating new ideas which belongs to the race, the native scholars at once became ardent disciples of the Confucian school. The doctrines of this 'Ju Chiao,' or 'scholars' religion,' appear to be peculiarly adapted to the mental requirements of the natives of the extreme East, who do not demand that vitality in doctrine which alone makes schools of philosophy and religion acceptable in Europe. In this case they presented a novelty on which the Japanese intellect delighted to exercise itself, and students flocked to their Korean instructors if haply they might

gain an insight into the philosophy and history of China. It was not, however, until three centuries after the arrival of Wangin that the first work of which we have authentic record was committed to paper. This book, the 'Kojiki,' or 'Records of ancient matters,' purports to be a history of Japan from the earliest period, and it is commonly reported to have been dictated to the author Yasumaro by a man with so vivid a memory that he was able to 'repeat with his mouth whatever was placed before his eyes, and to record in his heart whatever struck his ears.' Like most of the Japanese legends, this one is plainly borrowed from the Chinese, in whose records it is stated that after the celebrated burning of the books in the second century before Christ a number of the lost texts were recovered from the lips of old men who had treasured them in their memories. The compilation of this strange patchwork of legend and fable was due to the initiative of the Emperor Temmu, who, we are told, issued the following edict on the subject:—

'I hear that the chronicles of the Emperors, and likewise the original works in the possession of the various families, deviate from exact truth, and are mostly amplified by empty falsehoods. If at the present time these imperfections be not mended, before many years shall have elapsed the purport of this, the great basis of the country, the grand foundation of the monarchy, will be destroyed. So now I desire to have the chronicles of the Emperors selected and recorded, and the old words examined and ascertained, falsehoods being erased, and the truth determined in order to transmit the latter to after ages.'

If the Emperor Temmu ever seriously uttered these words he must have been bitterly disappointed by the book to which they gave rise. By no pretence can the earlier part of it be described as historical. The wildest legends are interspersed with curious pieces of folk-lore; and to anyone but a searcher after popular superstitions the majority of its pages can appear nothing more or less than a sarrago of nonsense. The monkish traditions of the middle ages of Europe commonly opened with Noah's flood; but Yasumaro goes still further back, and begins with the creation of the world. This miracle was effected, according to this veracious chronicler, by a certain god and goddess who, with a heavenly spear, churned up the waters of the ocean in such a manner that the drippings from the point of the weapon became islands. Having thus established a *ped-à-terre* the celestial pair proceeded to procreate mankind and all other living creatures. Though of heavenly nature, these deities, with other companions from the skies, were, in their

tastes and pursuits, of the earth earthy ; and their morality was of such a kind that Mr. Chamberlain, who published a translation of the work in the 'Transactions' of the Asiatic Society of Japan, was obliged to veil many passages in the decent obscurity of the Latin tongue.

It is interesting, among other things, to find in the pages of this curious book a version of our tale of St. George and the Dragon, told with a strange identity of circumstance, the only variation being that when the Japanese St. George, after having decapitated the serpent, cut off his tail, he found within the creature a heavenly sword with which he ever afterwards went forth conquering and to conquer. Another link with English literature occurs in a later chapter of the work, where the story of Hamlet is anticipated in the person of one Mayowa, who avenges his father's murder by slaughtering his stepfather in the orthodox fashion.

The 'Kojiki' professes to record the history of the Empire down to the beginning of the eighth century. In some respects it is to be preferred to the 'Nihongi,' or 'History of Japan,' a work which was completed about the same time. The 'Kojiki' is, as we have said, the first existing effort of a Japanese scribe, and was written in his native language. The author of the 'Nihongi,' however, had more fully imbibed a taste for Chinese literature, and, accepting Chinese as the model literary language, wrote his pages in that tongue. The first part of his work is as fabulous as the earlier portion of the 'Kojiki,' and is further disfigured by an abundant admixture of purely Chinese legends. From the fifth century onwards it may however be accepted as a fairly historical record. But so saturated was the author with Chinese literature that he could not refrain from putting into the mouth of a dying Mikado the last speech of a Chinese sovereign, and from making another Emperor utter in his own person extracts from the Chinese 'Book of History' edited by Confucius.

As a matter of fact the Japanese have never shown any aptitude for writing history. The patient study required for the compilation of trustworthy records is foreign to their nature ; and while they excel in the production of light literature, they have never made any mark as serious historians. Many works of more or less value on the history of the country have from time to time appeared, but there is nothing in Japanese literature that is at all comparable with the 'Twenty-two Histories of China.' During the present century an author named Rai Sanyo brought out two works which more nearly approach the European standard of history

than any of the countless publications which have been issued to mislead and weary their readers. These books—the 'Nihon-guashi,' or 'Uncanonical History of Japan,' which begins with the wars of the twelfth century and ends with the establishment of the Tokugawa Shogunate in the seventeenth century, and the 'Seiki,' or 'Government Record,' which professes to deal with the affairs of the Empire from B.C. 667 to A.D. 1596—contain the most trustworthy chronicles of events which the nation possesses. They are written in Chinese, as all learned and thoughtful Japanese works are, including the 'Dai-Nihonshi,' or 'The History of Great Japan,' which comes next to them in importance. This work, which consists of two hundred and forty-three books, contains the history of the Mikados from Jimmu Tennō (B.C. 660) to Go-Komatsu (A.D. 1393-1413). Modelled after the manner of Chinese histories, its records of the court are enlivened by biographies of imperial wives and concubines, and by sketches of other notabilities, including rebels and traitors, while treatises on the relations existing between Japan and the neighbouring States supply food for the more serious student.

Little more need be said about the works of Japanese historians. As Mr. Aston writes in his interesting work on Japanese literature, which we have placed at the head of this article—

'They are for the most part dreary compilations in which none but students of history, anthropology, and kindred subjects are likely to take much interest. The writers were content to record events in their chronological sequence from month to month and from day to day, without any attempt to trace the connexion between them or to speculate upon their causes. The attention to Chinese composition and studies, which the use of this language necessitated, had, however, some important effects. It served to engross the attention of the men, the cultivation of the native literature being left in a great measure to the women, and it helped to familiarise the Japanese with better models of style than they could find in their own country.'

In the olden days the position of women in Japan was much freer than it subsequently became under the increasing influence of China. Some of the most noteworthy native works proceeded from the pens of women, and it was in poetry and *belles lettres* that women particularly excelled. But in one particular they exaggerated the failings of their male competitors. They were even worse chroniclers than the men, and still further degraded history by importing into it romantic incidents and fanciful details which were better fitted for the novels and legends in which they so much delighted. For the most part they and

the authors who followed in their wake wrote short histories of particular epochs, as, for instance, the 'Yeigwa Monogatari,' or 'Tale of Glory,' by the poetess Akazome Yemon. This work contains an account of the rule of a chief minister who held office under the three succeeding Mikados who reigned in the tenth and the first part of the eleventh centuries of our era. One of these sovereigns, who ascended the throne in 985, at the age of seventeen, fell a victim, we are told, to an ardent affection for one of the three noble and beautiful women who were provided for him as consorts. The death of this lady, on whom his affections were entirely centred, produced a derangement of intellect; and, following the example of Buddha, of whose doctrines he was a devoted follower, he disappeared secretly from his palace, to the consternation of the courtiers. After a protracted search he was discovered in a monastery, clothed in the habit of a priest—a transformation which so affected the two Ministers who discovered their errant sovereign that they both followed his example and entered the priesthood. This incident is told at great length, while political events of real importance are either slurred over or omitted altogether, after the manner of this emotional school of historians.

But the period in the nation's history which has more than any other attracted the attention of the so-called historians is the conflict between the two great families of Hei and Gen in the twelfth century. For many years prior to this period the power of the reigning Mikados had been on the wane, and the affairs of the empire had been virtually administered by a member of one of the leading families of the state. For a long time a notable of the house of Fujiwara held this enviable position, which, however, subsequently became a matter of contest between the heads of the Hei and Gen clans. These chieftains had long acted as generals in the wars of the empire, and each, having gained many adherents in the course of his victories, was able to marshal considerable forces under his banner. The contest was long and keen, and was eventually decided at the battle of Dannōura, where the Hei confederacy was finally routed. Mr. Aston thinks that the 'Gempai Senniki,' or 'History of the rise and fall of the Gen and Hei clans,' which was the first and best work on this subject, was suggested to the author by his acquaintance with the Chinese 'History of the Three States.' This may very likely be the case, and certainly the manner in which the subjects are treated in the two works is remarkably similar. Some of the passages in the 'Gempai Senniki' are written in a vigorous style, more especially those dealing with battle scenes. A Japanese is a

fighting creature first of all; and next to being engaged in a fight the best thing is, in his opinion, to read a description of one. The author of the 'Gempei Seisuiiki' has many opportunities of indulging his taste for the joys of battle, and his description of the engagement at Dannoura is a good specimen of his fighting style:—

'On the 24th day of the third month of the same year [1185], he writes, 'Yoshitsune [the Gen general] and his army, in seven hundred ships or more, attacked the enemy at dawn. The house of Hei were not unprepared. With five hundred warships or more they advanced to meet him. . . . The Gen and Hei troops numbered together over one hundred thousand men, and the sound of the battle-cry raised on both sides, with the song of the turnip-headed arrows * as they crossed each other's course, was startling to hear—audible, one would think, as far as the azure sky above, and re-echoing downwards to the depths of the sea. Noriyori, with other Gen generals, had arrived at Kiushiu with thirty thousand cavalry, and had cut off the retreat in that direction. The Hei were like a caged bird that cannot escape, or a fish in a trap from which there is no exit. On the sea there were ships floating, by land were bridle-bits in ranged lines.'

The first onslaught was favourable to the Hei faction, upon which—

'Yoshitsune, observing that his troops showed signs of yielding, rinsed his mouth in the salt tide, and with closed eyes and folded palms prayed to [the deity] Hachiman Daibosatsu, to grant him his protection. Thereupon a pair of white doves flew thither and lit on Yoshitsune's flag. While Gen and Hei were saying, "Look there, look there," a mass of black clouds came floating from the east and hung over the scene of battle. From amidst this cloud a white flag descended, while Yoshitsune's flag, its top waving to and fro, passed away along with the clouds. The Gen joined their hands together in prayer, while the hair of the Hei stood on end, and their hearts felt small within them. The Gen soldiers, encouraged by such favourable omens, shouted aloud in their ardour. Some embarked in boats and rowed on and on, fighting as they went; others marching along the dry land, and fitting arrows to their bows in quick succession, engaged in a battle of archery.' (Mr. Aston's translation.)

This is a favourable example of the Japanese treatment of an historical episode, and is sober history compared with the imaginary accounts of the same incident by other authors. A popular contemporary record, the 'Heike Monogatari,' or 'Story of the Hei clan,' which covers much the same ground as the previous work, is inlaid with numerous embellishments on

* A kind of arrow which made a noise like a humming-top.

this and other events. A curious incident, for example, is recorded in both chronicles, with a certain sobriety in the 'Gempei Seisuiiki,' but with elaborate and mythical details in the 'Story of the Hei clan.' After the battle above described, we are told that the nurse of the Mikado Antoku, who was on board the Hei fleet, seeing that the battle was lost, took her imperial charge in her arms (he was a child of eight years old) and plunged with him into the sea. The 'Gempei Seisuiiki' recounts this straightforwardly in a few words, but the 'Heike Monogatari' thus elaborates it:—

'Niidono was long ago prepared for the defeat of the Hei party. Throwing over her head her double garment of sombre hue, and tucking up high the side of her trousers of straw-coloured silk, she placed under her arm the sacred seal, and girt on her loins the sacred sword. Then, taking the sovereign to her bosom, she said, "Although a woman, I will not allow the enemy to lay hands on me. I will accompany my sovereign." . . . So saying, she calmly placed her foot on the ship's side. The sovereign had this year reached the age of eight, but looked much older. His august countenance was so beautiful that it cast a lustre round about. . . . With an astonished expression he enquired, "Now whither do you propose to take me, Amaze?"* Niidono turned her face to her child lord and with tears that fell like rain, "Do you not know, my lord," said she, "that, although by virtue of your keeping the ten commandments in a previous state of existence, you have been born into this world as the ruler of ten thousand chariots, yet, having become involved in an evil destiny, your good fortune is now at an end? . . . This world is the region of sorrow, a remote spot small as a grain of millet, but beneath the waves there is a fair city called the Pure Land of Perfect Happiness. Thither it is that I am taking you." . . . The child then tied his topknot to the dove-coloured robe of empire and tearfully joined together his lovely little hands. First he turned to the east, and bade adieu to the shrine of the great god of Ise and the shrine of Hachiman. Next he turned to the west and called upon the name of Buddha. When he had done this, Niidono made bold to take him in her arms, and, soothing him with the words, "There is a city away below the waves," sank down to the bottom one thousand fathoms deep. Alas, the pity of it! The changeful winds of spring swiftly scattered the flowery august form. Alas, the pain of it! The rude billows of severance buried the jewel person.' (Mr. Aston's translation.)

Such treatment of the past is rather poetry than history. The sober limitations of historical truth are not congenial to the mind of Japan; it is in a lighter form of literature that Japanese authors, both male and female, take their chief

* A respectful title for women who have taken the Buddhist vows.

delight. The serious study of Chinese has never formed part of the education to which Japanese women have submitted. They have been perfectly content to indulge their imaginations to the full, and to describe the results, in their native tongue. By the exercise of these advantages they have gratified the reading public of Japan with a plentiful supply of 'Monogatari' or 'Romances.' But it must at the same time be confessed that an impartial examination of these works leads to the conclusion that Japanese novel-readers are easily satisfied. In many cases the style in which these works are written is pleasing, while the incidents described have a passing interest; but there is nothing striking about them. The stories are generally told with bald simplicity, unadorned by wit or imagination; there is no elevation of sentiment; while, to add to their defects, little in the nature of connected plots is to be discovered.

The most popular of these tales is the 'Genji Monogatari,' or 'Story of Genji,' in which are related the amorous adventures of a certain youth named Genji, who was the son of one of the Emperor's favourite concubines. The one connecting link throughout this work, which extends to fifty-two books, is the hero. Each episode in his career is distinct in itself, and each book is headed with the name of the lady who had attracted for the moment the transitory admiration of this eastern Don Juan. The precocity of this young gentleman was remarkable. At the age of sixteen he was the possessor of a cabinet full of letters from ladies who had accepted his attentions, and a curious scene occurs in the book in which he and an equally youthful Lothario discuss feminine characteristics. 'I have at last,' said his friend, 'discovered how hard it is to find a woman of whom it may be said, "Here at any rate is the perfect one; here no fault can be found."' The future careers of these young gentlemen were quite in accord with their promising beginnings; and, though there is nothing coarse or indelicate in the descriptions of their adventures, the state of morality which it implies is hardly creditable to the Land of the Rising Sun. It is true that the authoress lived in the eleventh century of our era; but in eastern countries, unaffected by external influences, manners and customs change little and slowly, while the perennial popularity of the work shows that its contents are in no way repugnant to the national sentiments at the present time. The style of the 'Genji Monogatari' is commonly regarded as excellent; and the author, who was also a poetess, adds lustre to her pages by the insertion of numerous short poems. As an example of her poetic skill we may quote

a piece put into the mouth of a lady who was taking leave of her youthful daughter :—

'There is no sky that can dry up
The dew [of my tears] at leaving behind
The tender herb,
That knows not where shall be its abode
When it has reached full growth.'

Another very celebrated work of this class is the 'Taketori Monogatari,' or 'Story of the Bamboo-gatherer,' which relates how a woodman in splitting a bamboo discovered a lovely child, just three inches high, in one of the joints. He takes the little thing home and adopts her as his daughter. His kindness is rewarded by the result. She grows up into a most beautiful woman, so beautiful indeed that she attracts the admiration of five noble suitors, as well as of the Mikado himself. After the orthodox manner of fairy tales all over the world, she assigns quests to her five admirers, promising to marry the suitor who successfully accomplishes the task allotted to him. One lover is told to fetch Buddha's begging-bowl of stone from India ; another to bring her a branch of the tree with roots of silver, stem of gold, and fruit of jewels, which grows in the fabulous island Paradise of Mount Hōrai. From the third she requires a garment made of the fur of the fire-rat, supposed to be unflammable. The fourth is to secure the shining jewel of many hues from the dragon's head, and the fifth a swallow's cowry-shell. Four of the suitors fail signally and acknowledge their failures, but the fifth, after a long interval, appears in triumph with a branch which purports to have been taken from the tree in Mount Hōrai. The appearance of this suitor, bearing his trophy, strikes terror into the heart of the maiden, who is in the act of discussing the possibility of being obliged to yield to the apparently successful lover, when a band of goldsmiths enters the hall demanding payment for the branch which, after infinite labour, they had succeeded in manufacturing in accordance with his orders. This turn of events brings a welcome relief to the damsel and her adopted father ; but earth was evidently not her abiding place, and shortly afterwards she makes known to the woodman that her home is in the moon, from which celestial sphere she had been banished for an offence committed against the lunar deity. Her time of probation—she adds with tears—having now expired, she is compelled to return to her native haunts. The old woodman, devoutly attached to his foundling child, begs her to continue to give light and his hut. Her own wish is to remain,

but she is over-ruled by a higher power, and suddenly carried off in a winged chariot to the palace of the moon. As parting gifts she leaves letters of farewell to the woodman and the Mikado, as well as a small quantity of the elixir of immortality. The main incidents of this work, the author of which is unknown, bear evident traces of having been borrowed from the Chinese; and the pathos thrown into some of the scenes depicted, notably the damsel's farewell, point to the probability of its being, like the '*Genji Monogatari*,' the work of a female writer.

Another branch of literature in which the Japanese ladies take especial pleasure consists of diaries and note-books, in which are jotted down events as they occur, or remarks that may suggest themselves to the minds of the writers. A popular work of this kind is the '*Makura Zōshi*,' or '*Pillow Sketches*,' written by a certain lady of the court, who records brightly and amusingly the events going on about her. There is no great depth in her reflections, nor any striking wit in her pages. But she writes in a pleasing and graphic way and shows a turn for ready satire, which she employs with skill. From the familiar manner in which she speaks of and to the Empress, it is plain that she stood high in the favour of her imperial mistress, and she exercises the privilege thus acquired by satirising at will the proceedings of the court. As a specimen of her style we may quote the following description of an imperial visit:—

'When the Empress visited the Daishin Narimasa her carriage went in by the east gate, which is wide, with four pillars. Her women, however, preferred that their carriages should go round to the north gate, where there were no guards. Some, who had not done up their hair, thought to themselves, with some disdain, "Oh, we shall drive up to the door, so we need not be very particular." But the palm-leaf-covered carriages stuck fast in the narrow portal, and there was no possibility of getting in. So the usual path of matting was laid, and we were told to get down, to our no small annoyance and indignation; but there was no help for it. It was provoking to see the courtiers and servants standing together in the guard-room to watch us pass. When we came before her Majesty and told her what had happened, she only laughed at us, saying, "Is there nobody looking at you now? How can you be so untidy?" "Yes," replied I; "but everybody here is used to us, and would be greatly surprised if we took special pains about our appearance. To think that a mansion like this should have a gate too small to admit a carriage! I shall have a good laugh at the Daishin when I meet him!" Presently he came in bringing the Empress's inkstone and writing materials. "This is too bad of you," said I. "How can

you live in a house with such a narrow gate?" To which he replied with a smile that his house was on a scale suited to his station. "And yet," said I, "I have heard of a man who had his gate, though nothing more, made too large for his personal requirements!" "Well, to be sure," said the Daishin with astonishment; "you refer, of course, to the U Teikoku [a Chinese worthy]. Who would have thought that anyone but a venerable pundit knew aught of that? I myself have occasionally strayed into the paths of learning, and fully comprehend your allusion." "Indeed, then," I returned, "your paths are none of the most sensible. There was a nice disturbance, I can tell you, when we found ourselves entrapped into walking along your matted paths." "I fear you must have been incommoded," he replied; "and it was raining, too. But I must attend the Empress." With these words he made his escape.

Another incident which this lady relates illustrates the fact that cats exercise the same persuasive sway in far Japan as they do among ourselves. When the author wrote, the Mikado had just appointed a favourite cat as 'Cat-in-Waiting to the Mikado,' and had even conferred on her the title of 'Chief Superintendent of the Female Attendants of the Palace.' This high distinction did not, however, overcome her instinctive tendency to wander, and on one such occasion she was attacked by a dog, who in return was severely castigated for his indiscretion. The horror of the courtiers at the idea of the 'Cat-in-Waiting' being mauled by a dog, and, on the other hand, the pity expressed by the ladies at the flogging inflicted on the injudicious pug, are amusingly related and are full of local colouring. We should like to know more of this Mikado, who shared with Montaigne, Southey, and Jeremy Bentham the liking for cats and the desire to do them honour.

The cultured authoress of the 'Makura Zōshi' was, as we have seen, largely indebted to Chinese literature for her ideas of men and things. Shortly before her time it had become a fashion in China for poets and others to classify short epigrammatic phrases, under such headings as 'Things not to be Believed,' 'Detestable Things,' &c. The celebrated Chinese poet Su Tungpo was addicted to this curious conceit, and showed his appreciation of it by publishing numerous examples of it in his works. The authoress of the 'Makura Zōshi' has imitated him and others, and it is interesting to notice the transformation which is effected by the transfer of authorship from the mainland to Japan. Just as the Japanese have imitated and improved on the works of Chinese artists—adding lightness and beauty to the more matter-of-fact tendencies of their instructors—so in this and other branches of literature the Japanese have raised the ideas conveyed to a higher and

more sympathetic level. Throughout Su Tungpo's contributions to this kind of literature there is a cynical and materialistic tone, which led him to give prominence, under 'Things not to be believed,' to such examples as 'A geisha weeping at parting as though life were not worth having'; 'A priest who says that he neither eats flesh nor drinks wine'; 'A go-between when she praises the virtues of the would-be bride,' &c. The authoress of the 'Makura Kōshi,' following the instincts of her sex and nation, strikes a different note. Under 'Things which give one a thrill,' she enumerates, 'To see sparrows feeding their young'; 'To pass by where infants are playing'; 'To be asked the way by a handsome man who stops his carriage for the purpose,' and much more of the same kind. As in most aspects of Japanese life, there is an amatory air which follows the authoress of the 'Makura Zōshi' even into the sacred precincts of the Buddhist temples.

'A preacher,' she says, 'ought to be a good-looking man. It is then easier to keep your eyes fixed on his face, without which it is impossible to benefit by the discourse. Otherwise the eyes wander and you forget to listen. Ugly preachers have therefore a grave responsibility. . . . If preachers were of a more suitable age I should have pleasure in giving a more favourable judgment. As matters actually stand, their sins are too fearful to think of.'

But the most intimate relation existing between Chinese and Japanese literature is exemplified by the poetry of the two nations. At a very early period the Chinese adopted lines of five and seven syllables in length, and, as in the case of the Persian poets, made the final syllable of every second line rhyme. The Japanese rejected this last condition, but accepted the Procrustean measure. The resemblance between the poetical productions of the two nations is, however, even more conspicuous in the matter than in the manner. Though often containing pretty ideas, the works of Chinese and Japanese poets betray a striking want of imagination and are remarkably deficient in the higher qualities of the poetic art. Their choice of subjects is confined within an exceedingly narrow compass; their imagery is limited, and they never tire of repeating *ad nauseam* the same similes. The joys of wine, the brightness of spring, the melancholy of autumn, and the grief of parting—such are the common strings on which they mostly harp.

Epic poems are unknown alike to Chinese and Japanese literature, and the poets of both countries strive only to express in a few lines the ideas which are floating in their minds. The following is quoted by Mr. Aston as a good specimen of the
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longer poems, or songs, as they are more appropriately called, current in Japan:—

‘The Land of Yamato
Has mountains in numbers,
But peerless among them
Is high Kaguyama.
I stand on its summit
My kingdom to view;
The smoke from the land-plain
Thick rises in air,
The gulls from the sea-plain
By fits soar aloft.
O land of Yamato!
Fair Akitsushima!
Dear art thou to me!’

These are not highly poetic lines, but represent the sort of poems which are regarded with favour and sometimes with enthusiasm in Japan.

The Tanka, or short songs, are composed of thirty-one syllables in five lines, and suggest ideas rather than express them. The following is a Tanka composed by a lover who has lost the object of his affections and revisits the scenes of his former pleasures:—

‘Moon? There is none.
Spring? ’Tis not the spring
Of former days:
It is I alone
Who have remained unchanged.’

No great effort of the imagination can have been required to compose this ode. It contains only a natural lament, such as any love-lorn youth might have expressed. The composition of Tanka is an art on which the Japanese poets pride themselves, but unfortunately they lack the wings to enable them to soar far above the earth. There is a marked sameness both in the ideas they express and in the manner of expression. In China the rule which compels every candidate for literary honours to compose verses helps to keep the unimaginative productions of their pens at a low level; while in Japan the universal practice of verse-making produces equally humiliating results. In both countries, also, aspiring versifiers are so ill-advised as to waste their efforts in poetical contests wherein rapidity of composition, irrespective of merit, is the criterion of success. In China it was the practice of the court poets to range themselves on the bank of a stream, armed with pens, ink, and paper. When they were duly assembled, a theme

was given out, and at the same moment an empty wine-cup was set afloat on the current, the effort of every versifier being devoted to composing a poem by the time the cup arrived in front of him. This practice was, like most other Chinese literary conceits, adopted in Japan, and with the same evil consequence—the production of a vast quantity of very poor stuff. Not content, however, with limiting the Tanka to thirty-one syllables, the Japanese instituted a still shorter form of ode, known as the Haikai. This consists of three lines only, and is even more unsatisfying than the longer sets of verses. In these odes there is no room for more than a suggestion, and the reader is left to fill in at length what the poet has not the space to explain. As a specimen of this form of poetry, Mr. Aston quotes the following:—

‘For all men
’Tis the seed of siesta—
The autumn moon,’

and proceeds to amplify it thus: ‘The autumn moon is so beautiful that people sit up half the night to gaze on it, and have therefore to make up for their want of sleep by a siesta on the following day.’

On one occasion when Robert Browning, the poet, was calling on the late Marquis Tsêng, the Chinese Minister at our court, he asked his host what was the kind of poetry for which he was chiefly famed. ‘Enigmatic poetry,’ replied the Minister. The answer might appear to have been dictated by a desire to flatter the visitor; but if the same question were put to Japanese poets in general, nine out of ten would make the same reply. Not content, however, with leaving their meaning indistinct by reason of the extreme brevity of expression, the versifiers of Japan delight in subtle conceits which add another difficulty to the interpretation of their lines. The root of this additional evil, as might be expected, began in China, where it became a fashion to write odes in which a double interpretation might be given to certain phrases and lines. The Japanese adopted with enthusiasm this practice, which was quite in harmony with their fanciful genius; and additional beauty was said to belong to the lines in which ‘pivot-words,’ as they call these poetic puns, served to amuse and perplex the reader.

‘The pivot,’ says Mr. Chamberlain in his ‘Classical Poetry of the Japanese,’ ‘is a word of two significations, which serves as a species of hinge on which two doors turn, so that while the first part of the poetic phrase has no logical end, the latter part has no logical beginning. They run into each other, and the sentence could not possibly be construed.’

Mr. Aston gives a specimen in English of this kind of punning phrase :—

‘The sun went down, and the welcome, the thrice-wished-for, the most fair, the best-beloved { knight } night { sought a well-earned repose.’

This is a fair example of the system, and affords a measure of the value of this curious phase of verse-making. To English readers it destroys all the pleasure which otherwise might be found in the study of Japanese poetry.

But it is in the ‘No,’ or primitive drama of the country, that the pivot-word finds its fullest development. In Japan, as in most other lands, the drama took its rise in religious devotion. Like their neighbours the Chinese, the Japanese were in the habit of performing religious dances at the shrines of their deities; and in the fourteenth century, in response to the dramatic movement which was taking place in China consequent on the rise of the Mongol power in that country, the Japanese added words to their sacred posturings, and produced a number of short plays in which poetic forms were largely mingled. The dialogues in these pieces are for the most part wanting in true wit, though they are frequently comical; and if it were not for the choruses, which, as in Greek plays, keep up a running commentary on the incidents represented, they would often be difficult to understand.

In China the part played by the chorus is less strongly marked than in Japan. The followers of Jenghiz Khan, who were the first great patrons of the drama in the Flowery Land, were matter-of-fact people who liked to have the incidents represented before them explained with as little extraneous aid as possible; and in the great collection of plays of the Mongol dynasty the choral parts are reduced to the smallest dimensions compatible with intelligibility. These plays form the standard dramas of China, and in dramatic action and depth of interest have not been surpassed in the works of any subsequent authors. This is partly due to the fact that playwrights are regarded as an inferior caste by Chinese scholars, who look upon them, in common with novelists, as mere purveyors of *Hsiao hua*, or ‘small talk.’ To the people, however, the drama is a never-failing source of interest and amusement. In cities and towns crowds of sightseers daily throng the theatres, and in country districts, where public festivals attract at intervals strolling companies of actors, people from the surrounding districts pour in unfailing numbers towards the point of interest.

The pabulum provided for these audiences is not commonly of a high order. Occasionally political plays are put on the stage, but as a rule the people prefer to be amused rather than to have their attention drawn to palace intrigues or the manœuvres of ministers and generals. To gratify this taste, which is common to the peoples of both China and Japan, farces are bountifully provided. These are full of human incidents and are often extremely comical. Human nature is the same whether in Paris or Kioto; and the plots of these plays turn on precisely the same weaknesses and follies of mankind as those which excite the laughter of a bourgeois London audience. In one respect, however, they differ. The censorship which, to some extent at least, restrains the imaginations of European playwrights is unfortunately non-existent in the East; and both authors and actors allow themselves a latitude which would not be sanctioned for a moment in cooler climes. It is noticeable also in these pieces, as illustrating the estimation in which Buddhism is popularly held, that priests of this faith are very commonly represented as the destroyers of domestic happiness, and as almost professional social malefactors.

The revival of learning which followed in China on the accession of the present Manchu dynasty to power in the seventeenth century was reflected in Japan by a strongly-marked renewed interest in Chinese literature. At this epoch the forms in which the native learning was expressed were discarded for those which bore the impress of Chinese authorship. The philosophy of the Sung (Chinese) dynasty, with the poetry, learning, and art of the same brilliant period in Chinese history, were all eagerly studied, accepted, and imitated by the Japanese. And with this new importation of learning from the continent came a desire to give a more definite form to the 'No' dramas. Already events had been leading up to this development. A race of professional story-tellers had come into existence, who were in the habit of delighting audiences in the courtyards of Buddhist temples and in the halls of village shrines with tales which by degrees they supplemented and improved by dramatic action. The narrator, using his fan as only Orientals can, represented in his own person the characters in the tales with which he held his audience enthralled. By degrees music was added, and eventually, as the taste of the people was encouraged by habit, regular parts were introduced, which were assigned to different actors. But, though great interest has always been taken by the pleasure-loving people in the native dramas, it cannot be said that the playwrights, any

more than the poets, have ever attained to more than a moderate degree of excellence; while the practice, inherited from China, by which each actor, as he appears on the stage, is compelled to make a set speech to the audience explaining who he is, where he is, and what objects he has in view, interrupts the development of the play and destroys the illusion. A little ingenuity might have taught Japanese authors the art of allowing these facts to become known in the ordinary course of the play, and might have suggested to them that the use of scenery might be an important help to the smooth working of the drama. These lights were unfortunately withheld from them, with the result that their dramas possess few elements of interest; at the same time they are too often disfigured by gross indecencies.

One marked peculiarity of the race to which the Japanese belong is an entire absence of any deep religious convictions. An instinct for more than the mere worship of natural objects seems to be wanting in them. At a very early period a system of official worship known as Shintoism was practised in the country; and some of the earliest literature which has come down to us consists of certain rituals connected with this faith. In many respects it seems to have been a reflection of the worship of Shangti practised in China. The Mikado was the high priest of the faith, and as such presided over all the religious festivals; in his absence certain court officials were detailed for the duty. The deity to whom the prayers were addressed was believed to preside over the destinies of the nation, and the supplications offered up to him were intended to secure good harvests, protection against fire and pestilence, and the bestowal of blessings on the palace. At the same time services were performed in honour of the Food-goddess, the Wind-gods, and other divinities.

With the addition of nature-worship, this faith satisfied the religious aspirations of the people until the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century of our era. This new cult was readily welcomed, and the Chinese versions of the Buddhist Sutras were carefully studied by those among the converts who had sufficient literary taste to appreciate the merits of the translations. But although at a later period the converts to the faith became still more numerous, and though temples and monasteries were freely sprinkled all over the land, the more subtle and spiritual phases of the system were little understood or followed. The commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' met with no obedience from a people who at all times have held life cheap; and the monasteries were in too many cases rather

hotbeds of political factions than abodes of religious peace. As Mr. Aston says:—

‘On the smallest provocation they [the monks] were ready to don their armour over their monastic frocks and troop down to the streets of Kioto to place their swords in whatever scale of the politics of the day seemed to them most expedient. They were the terror of the Mikados, one of whom is recorded to have said, “There are three things I cannot control—the water of the Kamogawa [a river which does frequent damage to Kioto by its floods], the fall of the dice, and the monks of Buddha.”’

At certain periods of the nation's history, when the native literature has languished, Buddhist priests—to their credit be it said—have earned the gratitude of succeeding generations by keeping alight the torch of learning in the land. But whenever the secular literature gained virility the interest in Buddhist books declined; and at such times the system lost its hold on the bulk of the nation. Of late years, however, since the introduction of Western learning, a revived interest has been taken in the Buddhist books; enthusiastic Buddhists have even found their way to India to study on the sacred soil the original utterances of the great founder of the faith, while others have visited England to learn Sanscrit under Professor Max Müller with a view to the study of the sacred texts. Another section of the Buddhist clergy has given to the world a lighter form of literature in the shape of sermons preached in the local temples. The majority of these partake of the nature of the people. They are cheery and passably witty effusions, which seem intended to counteract any popular ideas which might exist as to the austerity of the system. It may be doubted whether these preachers have as a rule drunk deep of the fount of Buddhist learning: if they have done so, they evidently consider it too strong drink for the majority of their hearers. Confucian platitudes, interspersed with anecdotes which are not always decorous, form the staple of their instructions; and in their general abhorrence of dogmatism they prefer to hold with Confucius that conduct and not doctrine is the all-important duty of man. Numberless works embodying lectures delivered by these peripatetic priests are to be met with in the book-shops of Kioto and Ozaka; and their contents form amusing if not instructive reading.

As has already been said, the seventeenth century witnessed in Japan a marked revival of interest in Chinese studies; and the tide of this popular enthusiasm was at its height when, about forty years ago, the European nations forced themselves prominently on the attention of the Japanese people. The

history of our early relations with the country illustrates in an instructive manner the readiness of the rulers to change sides in political and other matters in sympathy with the waves of popular feeling. The hostility with which we were at first regarded was as fierce as the warlike nature of the people could make it. But our superiority in arms speedily led them to perceive that there was some power behind our guns and rifles which it would be well for them to become possessors of; and in the battle in the Straits of Shimonoseki we overthrew more than our enemies. We overthrew the literary system which had held the Empire in bonds for thirteen centuries, and brought a new light and learning to the notice of the versatile islanders. With the zeal which distinguishes them when in pursuit of some new thing, they set themselves to discover wherein lay the source of our strength. Students were dispatched to study the languages and systems of Europe, and schools were opened throughout the country at which the stores of Western knowledge were imparted to eager enquirers. Not only were all the mechanical arts and sciences the objects of study, but works on political economy, philosophy, and religion were mastered in their native dress by a few, and were translated into the vernacular for the instruction of the many. Not only were youths taught the secrets of the European dockyards and arsenals, but the writings of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and others became household words in the higher-grade schools. The new light which thus burst upon the country was received with acclamation, and in a space of time which appears almost incredibly short, the displacement of Chinese learning by European literature was practically effected. So radical was this change that it is not improbable that Chinese scholarship will before very long become a thing of the past in Japan; and, if it were not that Chinese characters are still necessary for the expression on paper of Japanese words, that even a knowledge of the writing would entirely disappear.

Some years ago a society calling itself the 'Romaji Kai' was established for promoting the substitution of Roman letters for the native syllabary. Though the association did not meet with all the support that was expected, it did good work so long as it existed. Among other things it led the missionaries to recognise that their uninstructed converts learnt to read books printed in the Roman character far more easily than they did those which appear in the native script. The result has been that a considerable Christian literature is growing up, which in form is entirely divorced from the native writing.

This movement is furthered by a tendency among the scholarly classes to adopt English as the language of the country. Between these two influences the native character before long will very likely be found only on the shelves of museum libraries and in the studies of scholars.

The result of this reform is that, as our national library bears evidence, a full stream of translations has lately inundated the country; and not only have the people desired to become acquainted with the scientific and philosophic works of Europe, but they have encouraged by every means in their power the introduction of the lighter literature of the West. Lord Lytton's '*Ernest Maltravers*' was one of the first books to be translated, and it elicited a host of imitations, whose authors, in halting style, tried to reproduce reflections of the scenes and characters which had made that work famous. Following on this novel appeared translations of Dumas' '*Trois Mousquetaires*,' Cervantes' '*Don Quixote*,' Defoe's '*Robinson Crusoe*,' Fénelon's '*Télémaque*,' the writings of Rider Haggard, Jules Verne, and a host of other authors.

The influence of these and other writers on Japanese novelists has been very marked. The old style of romance has been completely revolutionised, and just as native artists have attempted to obey the canons of European art in their latest pictures, so modern novelists endeavour to arrange the efforts of their imagination on Western models. One great defect of the older novels was, as has been remarked in the case of the native plays, the violations of common decency which disfigured their pages. No situation was considered too gross for description, and the dialogues which were put in the mouths of the characters were often shocking in their indelicacy. This is now all changed; improprieties are avoided, and the personages represented converse in a style which might suit the pages of Jane Austen. Young engaged couples, instead of trenching on dangerous subjects, expatiate to one another on the depth of their affection and the beauties of nature, while their elders, eschewing tea-house gossip, discourse on sober politics or social matters. Until lately the discussion of political affairs was sternly repressed by the Government; but with the introduction of popular representation and liberal legal codes this prohibition has been withdrawn, and a new set of subjects has been thrown open to the novelist. Full advantage has been taken of this privilege; and the most advanced socialistic and revolutionary ideas, which formerly would have entailed on both author and publisher consignment to the darkest prison, are now daily promulgated with impunity. The social changes

which have of late years been effected in the country are also accurately reflected in the pages of the modern novel. The higher status accorded to women and the increased respect in which they are held find constant expression; and the beneficial effects of these changes in real life are accepted as matters of fact by the writers of to-day.

But the change is almost as great in the manner as in the matter of the modern novel. The long involved sentences in which such writers as Bakin, Jippensha, and others used to express their ideas have been exchanged for shorter and more direct phrases, while many of the fantastic conceits common to their style have been thrown aside. Pivot-words, which used to find their home as naturally in the pages of novels as in the writings of poets and dramatists, have been entirely discarded; and the personal pronouns, which, after the Chinese manner, were formerly as a rule omitted, often to the confusion of the reader, are restored to their natural positions. In a transition stage such as this it is impossible that the strivers after this new thing should appear to any great advantage; and the modern Japanese novel suffers too often from crudeness and patchiness, which disfigure its pages and weary its readers. There is neither the natural, though often misdirected, vigour of the native manner, nor is there the conscientious attention to detail and the good workmanship common to the better kinds of Western novels. Time will doubtless remedy these defects to a certain extent, but it will be long before native writers will succeed in interesting their readers by analytical study of character rather than by startling effects produced by fantastic situations.

It was not to be expected that the effort to imitate Western literary styles would be confined to the realm of fiction. Native poets are as forward as the novelists in recognising the superiority of European measures and methods; and under this influence a new school has arisen which strives to emulate the methods and rhythms of Tennyson and Longfellow. This is no easy task. As has already been indicated, native Japanese poetry is as stilted and jerky in style as it is cramped and narrow in ideas. The conventional rules which regulate its lines fetter the imagination and limit the freedom of expression. The inevitable dictionary of poetical phrases which is at the elbow of every poet, while supplying him with stock ideas, tempts him to discard the exercise of thought for the easier path of imitation; and the result is that every poet has been in the habit of using exactly the same similes and of employing precisely identical phrasology. These trammels have been so

long submitted to that it will be difficult to throw them off entirely. A determined effort is, however, now being made to get rid of them; and so long as national tone and colour are not sacrificed to a slavish imitation of the West, it is allowable to wish the reformers success. It is probable that Japanese poets would scout the idea that they in any way desire to imitate their European brethren, and would hold that the present development is but a reproduction of the 'Naga-uta' or 'Long poetry' of bygone days. But a comparison of modern poems with those of older date reveals a change of method which can only be accounted for by the fact that the writers have adopted once again a new model for imitation, and have thus learned to strike a deeper note than was known to their predecessors. One marked peculiarity of the modern poetry is that for the first time inanimate objects are personified. This is entirely foreign to the native methods practised in both China and Japan, and emphasises the new departure. The following lines, taken from a collection of modern poetry, and translated by Mr. Aston, form a good example of this change:—

'Thou twin-leaved plant that sproutest hopefully
Here on the plain where dry and withered lies
The old year's grass, and never herbage shows
Its tender tints: what can have been thy seed,
That thou art as thou art—a short-lived thing,
Born for this year alone? Or dost defy,
With roots robust, the winter? Thus I asked.
Whereon that twin-leaved plant made answer brief:
I, too, may not forecast the future; all I know
Is that by Heaven's grace I sprouted forth
And stand up as thou seest, looking up
To the sun, and grateful for his genial warmth.'

It is impossible not to recognise in these lines a European influence, and especially an English influence, for it is in this direction more than any other that the minds of Japanese writers on all subjects are now turning. What the future of the literature may be it would be as difficult as it would be unprofitable to forecast. The whirligig of time revolves rapidly in Japan, and it may possibly be that before long English will join Chinese in the limbo of forgotten models. At present, however, it holds the field; and it is not too much to say that every man occupying a prominent position in politics, literature, or science reckons a knowledge of English as a necessary part of his mental equipment.

ART. V.—THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

1. *The Natural History of Selborne.* By Gilbert White. Edited with notes by Grant Allen. Illustrated by Edward H. New. London: John Lane, 1900.
2. *The New Forest; its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs.* By Rose C. de Crespigny and Horace Hutchinson. Second edition. London: John Murray, 1899.
3. *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands.* By George A. B. Dewar. London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1899.
4. *A Cotswold Village: or Country Life and Pursuits in Gloucestershire.* By J. Arthur Gibbs. Second edition. London: John Murray, 1899.

THE love of the country is so deeply rooted in Englishmen that we may say it is part of the life of the nation. The struggles for existence and the progress of civilisation have brought great masses of the population together in cities that are the visible signs of exuberant prosperity. The 'Wen' of old Cobbett, which he was never weary of execrating, contained in his time a million and a half of souls: now it is impossible to tell the population of London, for who can say where London begins or ends? The chimneys of the north cast blighting shadows over areas which a century ago were fair landscapes of field and woodland. Towns like Barrow-in-Furness or Middlesbrough spring to maturity almost as the mushroom growths of America beyond the Missouri. The labourers leave the plough for the loom or the forge, as field-wages fall or arable land is left fallow. But all the cities strike their roots in the country, and in the country are the springs that supply their waste. In all, unhappily, there are multitudes in the lowest *couches sociales* doomed to live and die in deepest ignorance of all that is brightest in a world beyond their ken. But the great majority have a longing for rural outings, which the drudgery of dull routine has almost unfitted them to enjoy. A glimpse of blue sky recalls to the clerk on the omnibus the days when he used to play truant from the village school, and the daffodils and early violets, hawked by tatterdemalion flower-sellers on the street-kerb, bring back memories of the cawing of rooks and the first call of the cuckoo. The man who has made his fortune feels he owes it to himself to buy or rent a seat in the country; and if, when there, he is much like a fish out of water, he is giving his children opportunities which he but dimly appreciates. So the money-makers

are ever blending with the squirearchy, and old families give place to the new, who in some measure inherit their traditions.

And surely no country is more beautiful than England, with the refined yet home-like beauty that steals on the affections. It is wealthy in other respects than in the coal and iron which have given it industrial supremacy; happily the area of those subterraneous riches is limited, and the country is not altogether given over to iron and coal. Take your stand on Richmond Hill, within a stone-cast of the metropolis, or by the wilder Worcestershire Beacon on the Malvern Hills, and what a wealth of meadow and woodland lies extended beneath you along the vale of Thames or the windings of sandy-bottomed Severn! We are deeply indebted to that much-abused climate of ours, which, hitting the happy mean between the Pole and the tropics, clothes Nature in the greens which become her so well and sets her off in the changing coquetry of our capricious seasons. In rounded hills and open valleys her form rises and falls with the graceful undulations that are the perfection of feminine charm.

Did any Englishman of ordinary æsthetic feeling ever return from a Continental tour without sensibly throbbing to the inspiration of Scott's familiar apostrophe to Caledonia? It matters not whether he comes from the polders of Holland, the snow-girt alps of Switzerland, or the wheat-lands of chalky Picardy. There is a pleasant contrast even with the orchards of Normandy, and an exhilarating sense of relief after the gloomy solitudes and forbidding shores of iron-bound Brittany; the landscape is so cheerful in its variety, and so friendly in its evidences of hearth and home. Nothing on the Continent can rival the hop gardens in their autumnal bloom, except the trellised vineyards of Lombardy; and they are scarcely less picturesque in early spring, when the poles are stacked in tent-like form like some Tartar or Khirgiz encampment. Though you have scarcely time to note them as the train shoots by, every nook and corner holds studies for the artist, in the breezy down, with the long-armed windmill on the crest; the venerable watermill on the chalk-stream below, with the moss-grown lead and the reedy backwater; the old narrow bridge, with its sharp rise and dip, solidly buttressed against winter floods. With the waving crops in the autumn, and the sleepy kine grazing pastern-deep in the meadows, you might say literally that it is a land flowing with milk and honey. The drowsy air is full of the hum of bees, hurrying like the butterflies from flower to flower, but, unlike them, industriously employed, whether on the blossoms in the old-fashioned gardens, on the

rich red sanfoin or the scented thyme. You have no time to take thought of agricultural depression, of impoverished landlords with a plethora of vacant farms on their hands, or of labourers eager to better themselves and flying from worse trouble to come. It may be but poor consolation, but it is the fact, that when drains are choked, and weeds get the upper hand, and farms fall out of cultivation, the picturesqueness of the country is increased.

The charm of the country has exercised an abiding influence on the genius of ruder ages than ours. It has not only inspired the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson—that was inevitable—but it has guided the chisels of forgotten sculptors. There is nothing in Bewick, for example, more true to the poetry of nature than a wonderful cornice in the cloisters of Melrose with its inimitable tracery of field flowers and forest leaves. Never is Shakespeare more delightful company than when he leads us into the forest of Windsor or of Arden, inviting us to look on at the gambols of the elves or listen to the gallant chiding of the deep-mouthed hounds. The scapegrace who stole the deer—whether from Fulbroke or from Charlecote—had lain many a day at morn and dewy eve under the Warwickshire elms, listening to the ‘sweet birds’ throat,’ or watching the doe leading her fawn to the couch in the bracken; and he knew well what he was writing about. We admire the sublimity of the ‘Paradise Lost,’ but we love ‘L’Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso.’ Gray’s ‘Elegy’ is an unapproachable idyll of the back-of-the-world parish, though it has pleased a modern critic to disparage it as ‘the springtide of mediocrity.’ Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, from the sweet sonnets of the philosopher of the Lakes, the great high priest of Nature, to the rustic lilt of Burns the ploughman and the forest scenes in the Introductions to the Cantos of ‘Marmion.’ But all the poets from Chaucer to Pope had done little to popularise the taste for natural beauty. It was Gilbert White who translated poetry into prose, standing sponsor to a new departure in literature; and we are glad to believe that the school he founded was never more flourishing than now.

When the modest country parson—he was never vicar of Selborne, nor did he live in the vicarage—was writing his letters to Pennant and Daines Barrington, he little dreamed of the immortality he was to achieve. But those letters of an obscure man have gone through innumerable editions, and reckon almost as many readers as the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ It is easy to understand the popularity of Bunyan. The gifted dreamer, with the magic of his dramatic instinct, touched the

chords in anxious souls struggling forward towards tremendous issues. He took the believer by storm and gave the sceptic pause. But the secret of White's extraordinary popularity still eludes us, nor have we ever seen a satisfactory solution. The charm is indefinable as it is irresistible. Superficially, 'The Natural History of Selborne' is what Johnson would have called a pretty book: the style is simple to an extreme, with something of old-world formality. But, in his quiet way, White has flashed a series of pictures on the impressionable retina of boyhood which time and use are powerless to efface. The Hanger is more familiar to us than the Schwarzwald; the Plestor has a firmer hold on the emotions than the plains of Marathon or the ruins of Iona. And the association of those memorable sites reminds us that White has been the Boswell of the old Sussex tortoise, who will live through the ages with Samuel Johnson, though Samuel had much to say for himself and Timothy was constitutionally reserved.

We cannot undertake to explain the charm of White, but we see he made wonderful use of limited opportunities. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. He looks upward with awe-struck reverence at the Sussex Downs, that 'vast range of mountains.' With the adventurous hardihood of a Livingstone or a Stanley he explores the solitudes of Wolmer Forest and Alice Holt, with the rushy lakes resorted to by strange aquatic fowl, where there are occasionally such captures as a peregrine or a grey hen. Now and again, though rarely, we have a pathetic tragedy such as that of the ravens. They had nested for time immemorial in Losel's Wood, choosing their habitation so well that they defied the assaults of the boldest bird-nesters who harried the home of the honey-buzzards. The edict goes forth: the oak is to be felled, and the mother sits sheltering her helpless young till 'whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground.' Frequently White conducted service in the church, but he was more concerned with the tenants of the roof than with the congregation—with the owls, the bats, and the house-martens, and the swifts that circled round the tower. He noted their coming and going to a day, and was more anxiously on the outlook for the arrivals of the season than any hotel-keeper on the Riviera. He appreciated the methods of silent motionless observation afterwards adopted by Richard Jefferies and others, and indeed had organised an intelligence department of his own, and a system of ornithological espionage. The habits of the stone-curlews excited his curiosity, but their haunts on the Downs were beyond his beat. So he enlisted the services of the farming friend, who,

being abroad early and late, would be 'a very proper spy on the motions of these birds.' His own residence, the Wakes, was the ideal home of a naturalist. True, on one side it was only separated from 'Gracious Street,' with the swinging signs of the butcher and the alehouse, by railings with a screen of shrubs. But mullions and gables were shrouded with creepers; untrimmed fruit trees trained to the wall offered shelter to finches and flycatchers, and the low windows looked out on lawns, encircled by orchards and shrubberies, breaking back to the slopes leading up to the beech woods.

There have been many editions of White's great work, but the most recent, published by Mr. Lane, will not easily be superseded. Perhaps the simple-minded and unobtrusively pious naturalist might have found a more sympathetic editor than the late Mr. Grant Allen, who belonged pre-eminently to modern science; and the notes, brief and sometimes contemptuous, are unsatisfactory. But the indisputable claim of the edition to pre-eminence rests on the truth and beauty, the variety and profusion, of the illustrations. Mr. New showed the happy bent of his genius in his drawings for the 'Life of Morris,' but he seems to have surpassed himself in the present volume. Throwing himself heart and soul into a labour of love, he makes us realise the Selborne which White has sanctified. Each scene associated with the naturalist has been lovingly depicted, from the vicarage where he was born to the graveyard where he lies buried. There is a tablet to his memory in the little Norman church, with the low massive columns that indicate its hoary antiquity; but if you would see his monument, you have only to look around on scenes that were sketched by his pen and are now depicted by the artist's pencil. Here is the house where he lived and the church where he officiated, taken from every point of view. There is the sandy waste of Wolmer, with the sedgy lake in the foreground, and the solitary clump of black pines standing out against the sky. In rich contrast, the beeches of the Hanger frame with their foliage each vista opening northward from the village street. There is the mighty yew in the churchyard, so often noted in the diary; and, by-the-way, it has grown over four feet in girth since Gilbert carefully measured it. There are the farmsteadings, the great barns and the quaint old hop-kilns, of very different construction from any of our day. There is the little rustic bridge, spanning 'the deep hollow lane' excavated in the course of ages by the wheels of farm-waggons and the rush of floods. Above all, there are the cottages, specially characteristic of Hampshire, the humble

homes of self-respecting poverty, not so abject as to neglect the graces. They blend with the sheltering trees and surrounding orchards, as the leaf-woven nest of the blackcap mingles with the greys and greens of the bramble. Happily, there are no slate quarries within carting distance. The lines of the bulging thatch lend themselves like pliant willow-work to the fancies of the builder, who, adding an 'eke' here and throwing out an angle there, seems to have taken the vines and the clinging creepers for his models. Here the roofs come down to within a few feet of the garden plot; there they shelter a porch or a broad bit of verandah, a handy place of storage for tools and spare beehives. In addition we have a new presentation of the fauna and the flora of Selborne parish. The chief fault we have to find with these engravings is that they are not drawn to scale; but they display considerable *vraisemblance*. For instance, there is a world of expression in the eye of the blue titmouse as he hangs head downwards; and there is vicious meaning in the folds of the viper as he winds himself round the ragged thorn-stem, an animated caduceus. These drawings, however, cannot compete with the illustrations of Bewick. The graving tool of the son of the Tyneside labourer was as potent as the pen of the scholarly recluse: he was to rural illustration what White was to rural literature. Equally quick-sighted as an observer, he followed nature as closely in his drawings, to which contemporary art could show no parallel. They breathe the poetry of realism; and as for his vignettes and tailpieces, pregnant with humour, pathos, and satire, they convey stories and idylls in a few suggestive touches.

But we must pass from this leader in the cult of rural beauty to some of his more recent followers. It would be easy to fill many pages in tracing the order of their succession, and it is almost invidious to single out names among the many who have religiously tended the lamp and kept alive the sacred fires. But we may note among our personal favourites—specially beloved perhaps from local or early associations—Walton, William Howitt, Edward Jesse, and George Borrow; Scrope, Colquhoun, and St. John; Louis Jennings, who, after his crusade against Tammany in New York, came home to write 'Field Paths' in England; Tom Hughes, Richard Jefferies, and 'The Son of the Marshes.' Nor can we forget the triumvirate of novelists who have cast their spells over south-western England—Kingsley, Blackmore, and Hardy. Who can dissociate Exmoor from 'Lorna Doone,' or Bideford and Clovelly from Amyas Leigh? Any plutocrat can bequeath his wealth for hospitals or almshouses; it is a

rater privilege to consecrate a country-side for the devotion of legions of pilgrims. In our list of the writers we revere there is but a single survivor; like the editors of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' we have drawn the line above living men. But the mantles of these Elijahs still rest on sons of the prophets who are always reminding us of the attractions of a country life, and who preach by example as well as precept. We must recognise, at any rate, that their books are inspired by the keenest sense of personal enjoyment. They are so seductive that we can fancy the successful City man who reads them hurrying off to the land-agents for Hants or Gloucestershire, and diligently searching through their catalogues and photographs. For our own part we are inclined to believe that to retire to the country late in life, with a reasonable prospect of happiness, a man should be country-born, and, in a measure, country-bred. But if the secret of rural felicity is to be communicated, we know no recent writers whose works we can more conscientiously recommend than those whose names follow that of White at the head of this article.

Mr. Hutchinson and the lady who collaborates with him had a happy inspiration when they took the New Forest for their hunting ground. They need not have apologised for being anticipated by grave county historians and the sober compilers of guide-books. As well might Crome or Linnell have ceased to paint because there is such a science as geography. All depends in each new presentation upon freshness of feeling and lightness of touch. Even more than Sherwood or Savernake, the Forest of the Conqueror is still a wood of Bewellande. Within two hours of Waterloo Station the man of this century may be in pre-Norman England and lose himself, if he is in love with adventure, in labyrinths of glade and moor. To all intents, the Forest is much as the Conqueror made it, though Mr. Hutchinson rejects the legend of his sacrilegious devastation. The pedigrees of the rough aborigines are older than the most venerable oaks: till a generation or two ago there was still a descendant of the Purkis who carried the corpse of the Red King to its resting-place at Winchester. The cruel forest laws have fallen into disuse, but there is a survival of antiquated names, of prehistoric customs, and of quaint feudal dignities. There are verderers still in the Forest Indges, though now they are rather tribunes of the Commons than ministers of the Crown. Smuggling has been suppressed, and poaching and deer-snatching have ceased to be profitable as pursuits, though the woodmen still sometimes succumb to temptation.

Among other distinctions, the Forest still holds a population apart, with its charcoal-burners, squatters, and gangs of gipsies, children of nature who are wedded as ever to their wandering life, and endure extreme privations in severe winters, holding out, Heaven knows how. They are less provident than the squirrels, nor can they sleep away their hunger like hedgepigs and dormice; but the brightening of the spring and the sunblaze of the summer seem to recompense them for all the sufferings of the dead season. In that life of the woods, like the other settlers, they have developed the instincts of the forest Indian. In fog or in snowfall they never lose themselves, and they can distinguish each ride or sinuous track, though resemblance approaches identity. Very different is the case of the enthusiastic stranger who gets belated there in pursuit of ornithology or botany; in his excitement he may easily lose his bearings, and, in the vain endeavour to steer a straight course, go walking in circles like a lost emigrant on the Texan prairies. Such a wanderer, when the evensong of the day-birds is being changed for the churn of the nightjar and the croak of the frog, is fortunate, indeed, if he hear the clink of the cow-bell, which signifies the neighbourhood of human habitation.

In the Forest there is no season without its peculiar charm: the wealth of wild flowers in the spring; the cool beds of bracken in the heats of summer, watered by trickling rills that take their rise in sedge-choked pools; the blaze of berries on the natural shrubberies glowing in the russet tints of autumn, beneath oaks that may hope for a fresh lease of life, now that steel replaces timber in the dockyard, or weeping birches with their unkempt silver tresses, and those black clumps of firs, which are said to be draining with their thirsty roots the marshy soil. Here the shaggy head of an antlered buck may show like a Hamadryad above the bracken; there one may plunge in a swamp into a sounder of wild swine, or risk a charge from some sullen old tusker; everywhere the thickets of the holly, the bramble, and the wild rose offer impenetrable cover to all the nesting birds, from the hawks and the cushats to the finches and the warblers. A very paradise it is of birds, for it is said that of 354 British species no fewer than 250 are frequenters of the Forest.

Were we looking out for a rural retreat, after reading Mr. Hutchinson we should be tempted, like Sir William Harcourt, to cast in our lot with the foresters. Mr. Hutchinson tells us that a country gentleman, fond of sport, and preferring variety of game to quantity, will find full occupation in the Forest in

eleven months in the twelve. When not shooting, fishing, or bird-nesting, he can be hunting foxes. But in a similar strain Mr. Dewar sings the praises of the more open North Hants, and he makes out a good case for his favourite district. Mr. Dewar is as enthusiastic and partial as Mr. Hutchinson, but perhaps more of a professional: we mean that he is more of a scientific naturalist, though seemingly self-taught, and he has availed himself of more ample opportunities for methodical observation. Trained on such elusive chalk-streams as Test and Itchen, he has mastered the subtlest refinements of angling, and, having himself written on the 'Dry Fly,' can criticise Sir Edward Grey with authority. The patient pursuit of the gentle craft naturally leads him into sequestered nooks and corners: and if the big trout will sulk or only loll up indolently to the lure, he has always an alternative occupation. Bird-nesting will always be a passion with us, as it ought to have been with every boy worth his salt; and we have never come across a more sympathetic spirit since many a year ago we revelled in Howitt's 'Boy's Country Book,' or imbibed the lore of animated nature when poring over the woodcuts of Bewick. No one has been more persevering than Mr. Dewar, or has owned more frankly to his difficulties and disappointments. He holds that the *flair* of the bird-nesting boy, questing like the terrier crossed with the spaniel, is keener than the intelligent experience of the man. His pages are a revelation of the beneficence of Providence in the lavish bestowal of instinct, if instinct is to be distinguished from reason. The nursing homes of the sweetest songsters and the shyest or feeblest birds are so arranged as almost to defy detection. The nightingale will seem to trill a challenge from his leafy bower, and you know that the mate he serenades must be well within sight and hearing; but even a Dewar may spend many a fruitless hour in searching the undergrowth for the lowly nest. Then there are the nurslings of the birds that breed on bare moorlands, taking little trouble about nests and trusting their eggs to the harmonies of colouring. As soon as these precocious chickens have chipped the shell, they seem to come into their full inheritance of craft and superb self-possession. Mr. Dewar gives examples of parental astuteness and subterfuge in aquatic fowl which may rank with the most sensational stories of the sagacity of dogs. The butterflies, the night-moths, and the insects interest him as much as the birds and the wildflowers: and he finds the 'silence of the woods' in a scorching September as eloquent as the voices of the evening after sunset in a dewy June. A fortunate man,

he has found his home 'in the centre of dense and secluded woodlands,' where the most famous trout streams of Hampshire have their sources in the Downs.

Much of Mr. Dewar's book is an idyll in prose, and more poetical than many of the artificial effects of present-day poets, for there is no sense of effort; his is the spontaneity of intense enjoyment. Take his praise of leafy June, or his evening meditation on one of the old-world barrows, when the shadows of the night and the darkening boughs are falling on the resting-place of some forgotten warrior.

'The knowledge that one would have such a resting-place as this might half rob the "all-daring night" of its terrors. The straight dark fir trees make rare music, low and soft in summer days, deep and resonant in loud autumn or winter nights, and whether gently swinging to the breeze of June or rocking to the wild north-west, it is always true melody that they make. In the rich leafy mould which covers the clay and the chalk heaped up to form the mound, the primrose, wind-flower, and wood-sorrel grow in quantities in April and May, whilst all around, in the brambles intermingled with the hazel stems, the blackcaps and garden-warblers build their slender but well constructed nests. Could we choose a better resting-place through the centuries?'

His criticism of garden warblers and blackcaps, and the rival songsters in the sylvan orchestra, is characterised by feeling and fine discrimination; he admires these, but—

'Among our singing birds the nightingale comes easily first, and there is no other song of British bird in the faintest degree comparable to his. I would put the nightingale alone in the first class, and I would not suffer any bird to come in the second class. The blackcap and the garden-warbler should come in the third class, of which they should be the sole occupants. Blackbird, thrush, and lark should come in class four.'

This, however, is a matter of taste, in regard to which comparisons are more than usually odious. Shelley might have assigned a higher place to the soaring sky-lark. But as Christopher remarked in the 'Noctes,' when eulogising blackbird and thrush, 'why set such delightful songsters by the ears?'

With his catholic admiration of everything that is beautiful or sublime, soft or aesthetically sensuous, Mr. Dewar seldom misses any source of enjoyment, from the swell of the Downs and the tints of the foliage to the music of the birds and the lights on the landscape. Looking down upon his favourite district from a lonely and commanding height on a balmy summer evening, he gives a seductive description of its peculiar features, so that the reader who contemplates a visit may judge of the

attractions for himself. It is too long to quote entire, but we may extract some of the passages.

‘It was one of those alluring evenings when the winds, high during morning and afternoon, are “up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,” while the sun, hid through much of the day, reappears to sink in the west, a globe of fire. . . . There are not many spots in the south of England where with a single glance of the eye one can even dimly take in a country which is enriched by so many and sweet trout streams as these. Softness was the feature of this landscape to the south; a medley it looked of oak and hazel coppice, farms and great thatched barns among dark elms, with here a few cottages clustered together, and there the ornamental timber of some considerable country seat. But to the north I enjoyed a much rarer, if less extensive, view of southern scenery. Bare and severe lay the hills above Combe, as desolate of aspect as those irreclaimable hills of Exmoor Forest, one of nature’s last remaining fastnesses in the tilled and tamed south. . . . There is a glamour about such barren and severe spots in the midst of a country the features of which are softness and plenty. Green waving masses of oak and underwood, valleys watered by pellucid and never-failing chalk springs, trim cottages, their gardens ablaze through the summer with the flowers of our forefathers, lanes having great straggling hedges, laden in many parts with heavy masses of wild clematis, might save even a flat country from the charge of tameness; but a bit of wild open moorland, a bleak hill without a green thing save its grass upon it, will always be a welcome change to the lover of landscape.’

That prospect commands a rare fishing country. It looks down upon valleys which hold the sources of the Avon and Kennet, the Itchen and the Test. Humanitarians and sentimentalists may say what they please, but every man in love with the country should be something of an angler. The trouting season, when the May-fly is on and the fish are feeding, is the time when all nature is most enjoyable. It is the whistle of the snipe in spring-time that in memory and fancy transports Mr. Dewar to the wooded banks of the upper Test.

The water-meadows of this district, he says, are full of wild creatures that seek a shelter in their luxuriant vegetation, now that the Broads have become favourite fishing ground and the fens have for the most part been reclaimed. Here not a few of the rarer water-birds still have a refuge, though here as elsewhere the snipe, once so common, is said to be fast diminishing in numbers. ‘The constant associates of the snipe are the lapwing and wild duck.’ Now that the eggs fetch fancy prices no bird in the nesting season is more persecuted than the lapwing, yet we doubt whether it is much less abundant than formerly, and assuredly there is no

prospect of its being extirpated. It is true that the unprotected colonies have been broken up, where they used to congregate in certain favoured localities in rushy pastures almost as thickly as the black-headed gulls; but they have been dispersed over the length and breadth of the land, and there is scarcely a fallow or a bit of waste without at least a pair of these querulous denizens of solitude. But the borders of well protected streams like Test and Itchen are invaluable as breeding places for the kingfisher, which Mr. Gibbs describes as—

‘clothed in priceless jewellery, sparkling in the sun; sapphire and amethyst in his bright blue back, rubies on his ruddy breast, and diamonds round his princely neck’;

and on these Hampshire rivers the kingfisher has still free right of fishing, while his mate can hatch her brood in tranquillity in the badger-like burrow beneath the bank.

Mr. Dewar is skilled in the subtleties of fine fishing in limpid chalk streams. He says ‘the Test trout are very difficult to deceive,’ and no one who has tried the stream will dispute it.

‘Whitechurch, Longparish, Bransbury, Wherwell, Chilbolton—what enticing sounds these names have for the trout fisherman about the time when the yellow of palm and primrose begins to appear in the hazel coppices, and the note of the chaff-chaff is heard from oak and elm.’

But the mention of Longparish and its water-meadows reminds us of the changes that have come about in the course of the century. The Test trout were not always so wary. For Longparish House was the residence of the sporting Colonel Hawker, who in his ‘Diary’ makes constant mention of the river and the water-meadows. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey remarks, in the introduction to the last edition, ‘In the Test he caught literally thousands of trout, when trout could be caught without first crawling for them like stalking a stag and then throwing a floating fly.’

Mr. Gibbs’s ‘Cotswold Village’ is a fertile oasis in a bleaker district. But Shakespeare has thrown his charm over the Cotswolds; Justice Shallow had his hospitable hall in Gloucestershire, and Will Squele was ‘a Cotswold man.’ Mr. Gibbs was a devout admirer of the poet, and cherished the memory of the Justice; but it was not Shakespeare or Shallow who tempted him to rent his old Manor House. It was a case of love at first sight, and affection soon warmed into passion. We know how much there is in piquancy of expression; it can

give charm to features that are plain or even positively ugly. Mr. Gibbs admits that to a superficial observer his surroundings might seem almost forbidding. 'On the wolds all is bleak, dull, and uninteresting; the air is ever chill; walls of loose stone divide field from field, and few houses are to be seen.' At first he was inclined to say with Shallow that all was barren. But when he caught sight of the little hamlet, sheltering under its stately trees, on the copse-fringed banks of the pellucid Colne, a change came over his spirit. The sharpness of the contrasts had an irresistible fascination, and the vision of beauty decided his fate. The first view of his village impressed itself indelibly on his memory and affections:—

'Suddenly, as I was wondering how among these never-ending hills there could be such a place as I had been told existed, I beheld it at my feet, surpassing beautiful! Below me was the small village, nestling amid a wealth of stately trees. The hand of man seemed in some by-gone time to have done all that was necessary to render the place habitable, but no more. There were cottages, bridges, and farm-buildings, but all were ivy-clad and time-worn. The very trees themselves appeared to be laden with a mantle of ivy that was more than they could bear. Many a tall fir, from base to top-most bough, was completely robed with the smooth five-pointed leaves of this rapacious evergreen. Though the thick foliage of elm and ash and beech I could just see an old manor-house; and round about it, as if for protection, were clustered some thirty cottages. A running of waters filled my ears, and on descending the hill I came upon a silvery trout stream.'

In the 'five-pointed' leaves of the ivy we note the exactness of knowledge which gives *craieemblance* to the work of great poets and artists—*craieemblance* gave their *cachet* to the landscapes of Millais, for Millais passed half the year in the country. So old Mr. Holbrook in Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' appreciates the poetry of Tennyson, because the young poet had written of the black ash-buds in March; and so Scott explained from the artistic point of view the value of the minuteness of truth, when he was gathering the wild flowers that grew on the banks of the Greta.

Mr. Gibbs's decision to settle in his Cotswold village was a fortunate one for the natives. He took up his abode in the Manor House and became the Providence of the parish. In his book there is nothing of egoism, but it is full of personal experience and fond reminiscences, and it brings us into the closest touch with the writer. In the overflow of irrepressible feeling it is the frank revelation of a beautiful life, and yet the shadow of a premature death seems to darken the brightest pages. Gibbs

might have taken 'the night cometh' for his motto, and he set himself, in the highest sense, to make the best of the passing world. He was not righteous over-much, and there was nothing in him of the Puritan or the sentimentalist; rather was he the lay counterpart of Charles Kingsley. Devoted to all manner of sport, he was as patient an angler as Mr. Dewar, and as pleased with a wild bag picked up by hard walking. No man went straighter when hounds were carrying a scent breast-high; he complains that the stone walls on the wolds were not stiff enough; and his recollections of good days remind us of runs by Whyte-Melville in 'Market Harborough' or 'Kate Coventry.' But there is a serious undercurrent in his lighter vein, though it may sink out of sight in an occasional chapter, as the Colne disappears for a space beneath its chalk bed, the fact being that he took his responsibilities seriously, spending means and talents for the good of his neighbours. His system may be summed up in his relations with his head-keeper, the son of a venerable tenant, and one of a family long settled on the land. As Scott had his Tom Purdie, so Gibbs had his Tom Peregrine, and he made the most of him. Tom may have been embellished by an indulgent fancy, but in essentials he is evidently true to the life. An incarnation of sylvan knowledge and rural lore, he was exploited by his friend and master to their mutual advantage. Tom was the Leather-Stocking of Gibbs's old English scenes:—

'I liked the man: he was so delightfully mysterious. And the place would never have been the same without him; for he became part and parcel with the trees and the fields and every living thing. Nor would the woods and the path by the brook and the breezy wolds ever have been quite the same if his quaint figure had not appeared suddenly there. Many a time was I startled by the sudden appearance of Tom Peregrine, when out shooting on the hill: he seemed to spring up from the ground like Herne the Hunter. . . . The dog was almost as mysterious as the man himself. When in the woods, Tom's attitude and gait would at times resemble the movements of a cock-pheasant: now stealing along for a few yards, listening for the slightest sound of any animal stirring in the under-wood: now standing for a time with bated breath. Did a blackbird—that dusky sentinel of the woods—utter her characteristic note of warning, he would whisper, "Hark!" Then after due deliberation, he would add, "'Tis a fox!" or, "There's a fox in the grove"; and then he would steal gently up to try to get a glimpse of Reynard.'

Mr. Gibbs was happy in the God-given gift of mingling with the under-educated or ignorant without a suspicion of condescension. His was the familiarity of a patriarchal chief—

with animals who were bound to him by a thousand kind offices. It seemd hardly he said that with such a man no day was ever too long, and no month was ever dreary. When not actively amusing himself he was doing something for others, and he could possess himself in patience with his pen among his books till sun-burns or snow-storms had blown over. Not that he shrink from facing the elements. Some of his sharpest cameos are cut from the desolation of the downs in winter, when crows, magpies, and green plover had been driven to shelter on the Cotswold banks, and when the hares had buried themselves beneath the snow, only leaving scarcely perceptible breathing holes. Naturally he enjoyed the country most when woods and fields were most luxuriant. His angling rambles down his river, from its sources to his own village, will be another revelation, for the district has no great notoriety, and is beyond the range of the tourist. He is never more sympathetically poetical than when dilating on the beauties of his own special oasis, when the sun is sloping to the west in the flush of a September evening, or when the moonbeams fall glimmering through the lattice-work of the ash boughs. In his sympathy with animal nature, he is the rival of Jefferies, the disciple of White. He identifies himself with the shrewd strategy of the crafty old dog-fox who laughed all the packs in the neighbourhood to scorn; and he makes himself at home with the house-parties on his lawn in the autumn, when swans and ducks waddled up to the banquet to meet hand-bred pheasants and the songsters of the bushes. We said that the shadow of the future falls on the pages, and, strangely enough, on the last of them—with speculation on the future of the soul—is a solemn word of affectionate warning to the reader:—

‘When the sun goes down, if you will turn for a little while from the noise and clamour of the busy world, you shall list to those voices ringing, ringing in your ears. Words of comfort shall you hear at eventide, and “sorrow and sadness shall be no more.”’

ART. VI.—GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

1. *Il Piacere*. Di G. d'Annunzio. Milano: Fratelli Treves, 1889.
2. *L'Innocente*. By the Same. 1891.
3. *Trionfo della Morte*. By the Same. 1894.
4. *Le Vergini delle Rocche*. By the Same. 1898.
5. *La Gloria*. By the Same. 1899.
6. *Il Fuoco*. By the Same. 1900.

MANY are the kinds of story-telling, from Homer's 'Odyssey' to yesterday's *feuilleton* in the French daily paper. But may there not be among them, enquires Signor d'Annunzio, as he offers his 'Triumph of Death' to a sympathising friend, 'some ideal book of modern prose'—call it a novel if you will—that in its variety of cadence and by virtue of its style shall compare with the finest poetry? a book, he goes on to argue, almost with passion, that might be 'exact as any science yet visionary as any dream'; not bound in the fetters of fable, not merely or chiefly an adventure, but showing through all his moods one single *dramatis persona*, whose thought creates the world outside him, and who realises himself at last in victory or perhaps even in ruin? Yes, we answer, such a book, at least in the author's mind, was 'Obermann'; such the episode of 'René,' which made Chateaubriand famous; such, too, for readers of a certain daintiness in their studies, was 'Marius the Epicurean.' Not all these figures attained to popularity or could endure it. The school from which they came boasted of its indifference to the mob; it was never democratic; and it breathed an air of disquieting romance, of antinomian audacity, mingled with some strange attraction for what was pathetic or mysterious in the Christian usages. To that school Gabriele d'Annunzio belongs, nor is he the least significant among its disciples.

In what way significant, then? it will be asked. As a grand expounder of moralities and the laws of life? Certainly not, if we attend only to the letter, the ample rhetoric in which he speaks; for this, again and again, shocks all the proprieties, rides roughshod over good breeding, and is an offence which makes it impossible ever to circulate his stories in English without excision. Yet, when we pass beyond the letter we may find him prophesying, as in sackcloth and ashes, the downfall of evildoers. He will, therefore, at any rate serve to point a moral if he does not adorn one; he may be that highly desirable object, a sign of the times, symbolic to us, and to his

fellow-countrymen, of the course upon which New Italy is driving or getting driven. His 'tales of the rose, the lily, and the pomegranate'—thus fancifully named by him—may turn out to be chapters of a present history, in which sentiments, opinions, and even methods of aesthetics will play their part with all the momentum of solid facts. For D'Annunzio is by no means a lonely thinker; except in style he is scarcely to be termed original; and the 'vision of the universe' which, with incomparable luxury of art, he unrolls for our contemplation, is no doubt shared by thousands. We may discover at last, that it is not utterly foreign to Englishmen, in spite of its Roman eloquence, its curious dilettantism, its pride in the Latin genius and scorn for the Barbarians, whose achievements trouble the sleep from which Italians are awakening.

'The grand style,' says Frederick Nietzsche, with his accustomed decision, 'is an imposture.' We are not strangers, we English, to the grand style; it may point out its trophies, never yet surpassed, in Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, and Ruskin, to name no others. But we, too, like the German philosopher, are given to suspect that every deliberate magnifying of speech, oral or written, carries with it the taint of insincerity. Imagine now a Ruskin at his most superb moments who should indite a 'psychological romance.' How would it be taken? As a mere display of fireworks probably; not as a serious attempt to paint the moods of the soul. Yet D'Annunzio weaves his cloth of gold on as large a loom as Ruskin ever plied; and in the utmost heat of passion—for he knows how to yield when the frenzy comes leaping at his throat—when he is most out of himself, we say, he is still choosing and tessellating his words, like an artist in mosaic. Over one scene, one little action, in his latest romance, 'Il Fuoco,' he spends full fifty pages, every line of which has undergone the chisel. 'The Triumph of Death' cost him five years of research and resetting; mainly, we do not question, because he would exhaust the goldsmiths' bazaar and select the rarest stones from choice old jewelleries of Italian before he had done with it. To invent the simple tale, as it stands, would tax no man's energies beyond some twenty-four hours. But these lucid, harmonious, and often surprisingly beautiful rhythms were purchased with a world of trouble. D'Annunzio, to say it tersely, is the Italian Flaubert; as enthusiastic in combining the real of experience with the ideal of language, as hard to please, as infinite in toil, as much of a sceptic in all things save Art alone, as certain that poetry thus shaped, and held up to a generation rotting in mere dead matter, is the supreme Truth. On weak temperaments, as both

authors would allow or insist, their writings must work as deadly poison; but to the heroic and the distinguished they will come like the notes of a trumpet. For they have life in them and breed life, as Nature does, in a struggle of existence.

We commend this parallel to the reader's attention. Flaubert is now pretty well known to that section of the British public—a small one—which cares for style in literature; D'Annunzio, in spite of some translations, has yet to be introduced. The problem which both these men illustrate, is however not French or Italian, but modern and universal; it is the relation of Art to Democracy, of genuine poetic achievement, whether in colour, words, or music, to a state of society in which, as thoughtful observers long ago perceived, what we know as culture is seriously imperilled. And culture, though distinct from morals, and furnishing no adequate substitute for religion, has ever betrayed its affinities, positive or negative, for these goods of the spirit. D'Annunzio tells us boldly that Art bears within it the secret of life; he is a mystic, and he calls the world 'a gift of the few to the many, ever growing in beauty and sadness.' If this be dilettantism, how much more is it than a devotion to painted canvas or the anxious counting of syllables in a line? Plainly we are here in presence of a religion, true or false, with its articles of belief, its conquering impetus, its secret of setting the spirit on fire. Let us look into it then for a brief moment, and endeavour to pluck out the heart of its mystery, to ascertain its drift, and see what may come of it in the end.

That it has charm, if not coherence, the reading of a few pages, taken at random anywhere in these half-dozen volumes, will prove. The grand style may dazzle, but surely it fascinates. Dante, Virgil, Sophocles are no impostors, and D'Annunzio will find room in their pedigree for his own descent. His Italian is impregnated with Dantesque idioms. Though it never flings abroad the careless graces of Boccaccio, any more than it can rival that prince of story-tellers in his tripping movement, it bears upon its firm sentences once and again the imperial seal of Leonardo da Vinci; it plays, to our astonishment, with the prettinesses of Marini; it dyes itself in the purple of ecstatic saints, like Catherine of Siena and Frate da Scarperia. It is not humorous or familiar; when, as in 'Il Piacere,' it apes the ugly colours of M. Zola or the corrupting elegance of M. Bourget's unregenerate days, the form seems to reject the content, and D'Annunzio appears at his worst. But his genuine manner is the Dantesque or that of Leonardo, 'a thing of Nature beheld in some great glass'; it

has the 'preservative aroma' which art bestows on reality; when it isolates, it makes the figure immortal with some balm that no Egyptian craftsman ever knew. There are pages in this last of the moderns worthy to live by the side of any prose though dating from Italy's golden periods. The master has told us of his obstinate effort to create an Italian that should be fit for 'works of loveliness and poesy,' at once latter-day and archaic, no less real than magnificent, subtle and fugitive as the music heard in a dream, curious in its 'motives,' while graphic as the rendering of outward and visible forms by the most objective of painters. In much of this daring attempt he has triumphed openly. The charm which his writing does in fact exercise over thousands is indisputable; if he fails to become a classic, his language, assuredly, will not have furnished the reason, but will plead mightily against too rigid an exclusion.

All this the English reader must, we fear, take on trust. Italian is not now, as in the reign of Elizabeth, a fount of poetical inspiration to every budding songster. German has seized the empire of music; Goethe's 'Faust' remains the consummate modern masterpiece; while the 'Ring of the Nibelungs' challenges Europe to find, not a rival, but a second, to its Wagnerian harmonies. The laurels of Bayreuth overshadow D'Annunzio's dreams; he knows not whether to envy or admire, but he does at last, in that singular mixed piece 'Il Fuoco,' melt into pity and love as he contemplates the exhausted musician, who chose for his retreat from so much glory, darkened with even greater sorrow, the Vendramin Palace on the Grand Canal at Venice, and died there. The problem of Art in its strife with Democracy is thus entangled in old rivalries of nations: shall the Teutonic Athena, cold and austere, win the apple of beauty, or Aphrodite from the South, glowing with innumerable charms, yet somehow eclipsed by the night which Tristan or Isolde calls up out of magic underworlds? For Italian genius would seem now to be a ghost lingering about formal picture-galleries, shown for a *buonamano* by the Baedekers who personally conduct tourists, often mechanics with money and no polish, as into catacombs, where the dust lies thick on faces of the dead. How unlike is Bayreuth—a living temple to which artists flock from the four winds! Is, then, Italy quite finished, not 'made' by its unity and independence, but unmade, in the wide, grey, lamplless sleep of Democracy?

Thoughts like these, which torment D'Annunzio and spread above his pages their thunderous gloom, assure us that we are

dealing with no idle singer of an empty day, but with a philosopher and a patriot. Proud of his descent from the masters of the world, himself enamoured of the marble Greek tragedy, he throws down his glove to the lumbering one-eyed giant called civilisation with a scorn as great as his courage. Not that he lays under a ban the thirst for knowledge, or contemns authentic science. He is far from being the decadent that we know in recent French literature, the school of Huysmans and his kind, who propose to patch up the bankruptcy of much pseudo-science with a superstition at least as chimerical. Though too often working with poisoned tools, borrowed from his enemies, if he did but know it, D'Annunzio has caught a glimpse of the only sure way to Italian greatness. With Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites he has learned where inspiration must be sought—in such men as the religious Primitives and in the atmosphere of their unsurpassable sincerity, whether they painted the walls of cloisters, or broke into naïve songs and ballads, or wrought the architecture that is yet alive in its gracious flowers of stone, its epic of wild creatures enchanted, its glorious portraits of saints or heroes. But, unlike the mere mediævalist, D'Annunzio has seen what was imperishable in the Renaissance also; he studies without truce the high masters, Leonardo, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto; his ambition would be to fix 'an immovable light, kindling all things equally,' in which the Roman, the Tuscan, the Venetian should form one world of art. He is, therefore, in some sense eclectic or even miscellaneous in his choices; but he moves within a sphere of diamond clearness, free from the mists and shadows and the ruins touched with moonlight which we Northerners term the picturesque.

It is, no doubt, the classic style once more, on which M. Taine has discoursed volumes, though penetrated with some new elements and refracted often into strange colours. To render this complicated modern life in a mosaic of everlasting transparency was, we repeat, Flaubert's colossal undertaking, in which he did not prove wholly successful. D'Annunzio has attempted no Dutch miniature on the pattern of 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' He puts humour from him, drops the *bourgeois* out of his catalogue, reduces the story to a group, and is happy when the group becomes a *tête-à-tête* of the artist with Beatrice, or, it may be, with Bianca Capello. In his hands the anecdote is transformed to the myth, a situation takes on the air of a parable; as Dr. Johnson said of 'Clarissa,' if you were to read D'Annunzio for the story, you would hang yourself. There is no story in the milliner's sense; not action, but feeling, is the instrument on which this exquisite performer

plays his voluntaries. And so, unless we will give ourselves to him as we yield up heart and fancy when the musician strikes his chords, letting the time fleet as in the golden world, we shall cast his books away, loathing their spun-out analysis. Popular he cannot be, for he disdains to amuse. He is not entertaining, or light, or even persuasive. Often we must rebuke him, as the critics rebuked Huysmans, whom in this point he resembles, for his *tristes turpitudes*, that weary with their 'sad study of corruption,' and do but show us, as the author himself allows, 'tutta la miseria del piacere.' We could have spared the argument and the illustration.

Nevertheless, D'Annunzio conceives that he has a mission, which he loudly proclaims. Poets to-day, he says, 'count the colours of the fallen leaves'—an admirable picture of their decadent saunterings through the ways of life—but they were sent 'to preserve the world's beauty, to dream and dream'; not to exalt in double rhymes universal suffrage, or preach to the unconverted, including themselves, that in the mob is all 'strength, right, thought, wisdom, and illumination.' Theirs is the duty to laugh at and satirize 'la Gran Bestia trionfante,' as Giordano Bruno speaks, which now perambulates the universe and is trampling down art, intelligence, refinement, making all men alike as nails struck on the head by a smith, every one to be driven in where some vile utility calls for him. Better than this would be 'the lightning of a splendid crime'; but the best if heroic dreamers seized what is their due and governed like the gods, throned above a humanity which left to itself is a 'mere inert basis,' from whose ignorance and superstition no great thing has ever come.

To describe the life of the gods—that is D'Annunzio's mission. But because in our lower world the gods always suffer, and, as Plato believed, were more likely to be hanged on a gibbet than to reign over adoring multitudes, their biography, thus circumstanced, will often enough be tragic; nor does Hercules go straight up to the stars, but rather finds himself, in spite of his twelve labours accomplished, girt with a poisonous garment, and dying in the flames on Mount Cēta. Again, there are sham gods, idle, luxurious phantoms, parading as deities in an age of dissolution: these, too, must be photographed, that we may know and avoid them. Goddesses also walk the world, disguised or manifest, as well as other beings who put on some of their shining raiment, yet in their own nature are by no means divine. To speak without allegory, genius, original and creative, is rare; it has many counterfeits; a thousand perils lie in ambush on its path, of which the most

formidable are passion that enervates, and introspection that paralyses. But when it has conquered these, it calls up the new universe from its teeming brain, and the morning stars sing together.

Introspection—analysis, not victorious, but suicidal—is the keynote of that long, difficult, and melancholy book, 'The Triumph of Death.' Travellers who have had a morning to spare on their Roman journey from England will remember the immense, the lugubrious fresco, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, which bears this name and was during ages attributed to the mighty Orcagna. But amid its horrid scenes, Death, as the mediæval artist pictured him, appears to strike with outward and visible weapons; he is an enemy distinct from his victim, not a miasma which the heart itself exhales. Giorgio Aurispa, whose interminable agony we now observe, without pity, not without interest, is his own death; he breeds a malaria in the soul, too dense for any drugs to heal or scatter; he suffers from Hamlet's disease of 'thinking too much.' Hamlet, as we are aware, doubted of all things in heaven and earth, and could not master his destiny by clear resolve. Aurispa—shall we pronounce him a deeper psychologist than Shakespeare?—did not doubt; he knew that he was 'a simple flux of sensations,' or, poetically described, 'all sails set in the hurricane,' which an adulterous passion had awakened. Not that he believed in sin as a dogma, evident though it is, and surely remarkable, that it weighed on his conscience as a fact; for the sentiment which he is always dissecting is lawless, and he feels it. Fitly, therefore, the narrative opens in Rome, which has become to this diseased soul 'the city of mental stagnation,' where he could only think of suicide. D'Annunzio has the eye of a landscape painter; we may fancy him taking notes incessantly as he passes by on his travels; he is familiar with all the hours of city life, though preferring the silent and the desolate; he marks every tone in the sky and the clouds, with all the changing reflections they cast upon fields and waters. In this book, as in 'Il Piacere,' his sketches of the Roman colours are singularly true and delicate. He employs landscape symbolically, making the correspondences of weather and season as it were a diagnosis of what the spirit feels; nor is he wanting in great examples of a device to which the ardent Realist will object.

Here is a specimen of these harmonious touches—Orvieto, in a tiny mosaic. Aurispa speaks:—

"Orvieto? Were you never there? Imagine, perched on its rock of tufa, above a melancholy ravine, a city so speechless that
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it might have no soul within it. Windows all shut; grey narrow streets where the grass is growing; a Capuchin crossing a piazza; a bishop alighting from his sable coach where it halts in front of a hospital; some tower rising into a white showery sky; a church clock that rings out the hours languidly; all at once, down at the end of a street, that wonder—the cathedral!" Ippolita said, a little dreamily, as if her eyes took in the silent place, "How quiet it all is!"

'The dead alone cannot doubt,' says Ippolita, who plays here a curious double character, as do most of D'Annunzio's heroines, strong where the man is weak. Beneath Aurispa's faltering yet violent steps she spreads a flowery carpet over which he treads to the everlasting bonfire. Of her long enchantments what need to tell? They are known to the reading world from of old; she is Calypso, or the Lady of the Venusberg, in whose net valour has fallen subdued, or the supreme artist has forgotten his vocation. But she is all this by instinct; and it is only some wise Diogenes of a Schopenhauer—whom the storyteller believes in, as is evident here and elsewhere—that can unravel the motives which lead women to distrust the poet's inspiration as fatal to their sovereignty. D'Annunzio, in agreement with Balzac, and, of course, with the truculent ascetic Nietzsche, is profoundly convinced of the antagonism that ever springs up between creative genius and the Ovidian romance. In Aurispa the lower attachment prevails; the fine intellect clouds over and lapses to a self-tormenting mania; but some fibre in him revolts, with murder and suicide to close the scene, as a protest on behalf of the soul that never could get free. Will any one deny that the situation is grandly conceived, or has in it the contents of a tragic volume? Ippolita, the fool of her own mixed emotions, which are not altogether base, can no more help this Hamlet than Ophelia could help the Dane. She hates to be 'dissected alive' by his ever-returning doubt, and she tells him so. The real drama which is acted in her sight—nay, in which she is acting—passes in a country of the spirit where all creatures of her mould are foreigners. She understands none of it; and when the madman takes her in his grasp, to leap down the cliff with her by way of *dénoûment* or deliverance, her last cries appeal to the old insatiable motive, as though it were not from its suffocating flames that Aurispa was fleeing into the unknown.

To call this victim of his own listless philosophy a hero would be absurd. Perhaps he is not even the artist we have allowed, but a sheer idiot, masquerading in the properties of dilettantism. He had many ideas, we are told, both fixed and

fluid; a subtle dissolving thought which left no substance intact; astonishing powers of contemplation; visions of happiness that he knew could never be realised. He was rich and idle, having inherited a fortune from his uncle, Demetrio, mystic, atheist, and player on the violin, who committed suicide, apparently in a mood of weariness such as an old Roman might have felt. Uncle and nephew—we suppose on the lines of heredity—were cowards in grain; neither could face the duties of life; both had exhausted nerves and reacted feebly against the course of events. This description of sterile genius will call to our remembrance 'Obermann,' which takes up the sombre theme amid Alpine snows and paints it with glacier-like chilliness. But the modern instance, Alpine too in its associations, is Amiel, whose 'Diary' might have served for Aurispa, had there been no Ippolita to burn up its pages like tinder in her consuming fires.

On this showing, 'love is the greatest of human sadnesses,' for it is irretrievable. Aurispa had taken refuge in his country home, to find it haunted by a vicious father and consumptive horrors. He was tempted to put his trust in religion; but he leaned on a broken reed, which pierced his hand. D'Annunzio invariably writes on this deep subject like a man who has long since abandoned faith. He betakes himself to a secularised monastery—Santa Maria Maggiore, in the Eastern Apennines—when he is busy with his novels; and he watches calmly as a physician the strange outbreaks of popular feeling that send thousands on pilgrimage to sanctuaries little known beyond their neighbourhood, to the Madonna of Castel Bordino, or St. Michael's Mount, called Il Gargano, close to the Adriatic Sea. He is fond of searching into the vagaries of a fanaticism which invents a new Messiah, like that Oreste de Amicis who died in his bed ten or eleven years ago after a long period of deification; or like the ill-starred David Lazzaretto, shot in a scuffle by the gendarmes, as he came, with banners spread and enigmatic symbols, preaching his gospel to peasants among whom the legend ran that 'Christ was once more abroad in the world.' Our wide-sweeping romance enlarges on the distressing sights which accompanied these epidemics of religious revival, not less unpleasant in Calabria than in Kentucky; but, though they might shake, they did not convert Aurispa. The 'languid home-sickness of the cloister' affects him one moment, to be discarded the next. As an artist he yearns after the Vita Nuova, dear to poets from the hour when Dante wrote of it in grave musical periods or soaring canzoni, praising its flights and raptures. But in such old religion he

discovers no prophecy of the man that is to be; he reaches forward to some 'overman' beyond it; his art is more than a creed; it is a life, could he only live it. But he cannot live it, for he recognises in Ippolita the enemy of all transcendent illusion; and to the sound or the echo of Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde,' this disciple of many masters slays her with himself.

Winnowed from bushels of chaff, purged with the mystic fan of reticence, this might be a tragedy in the Greek manner, though wearing the double vesture which we call symbolism. Unhappily, D'Annunzio falls in with a principle that forbids reticence; he does not perceive what the Shakespeares have constantly felt, though not always followed, how infinite is the power of deep shadow cast upon the less honourable elements in human things. And if whatever stains our imagination pollutes the ideal atmosphere in which we should be living, then this author is diseased and his art an infection. Yet he means something else. He cannot be accused of 'hiding the grossness with fair ornament.' There is no seductiveness in 'The Triumph of Death' where it turns to folly, but a nausea that even the 'cold searchers into life' must experience. The horrible South European ways—an offence amid scenes of excelling beauty—are drawn to scale, no kindly humour softening their features, a disdainful rhetoric, indeed, showing them under lights which make their outlines more hideous than before. We shall have occasion to observe in D'Annunzio the hardness that goes with eloquence, of the Roman type. He is severe upon man's frailties of the flesh or the spirit; nor does the feminine beguile him of his knotted cords; he loves, in his lofty style, to be a man-queller and a woman-queller, holding up his Aurispas, Sperellis, and various artistic puppets to scorn, merciless when he is executing on his great crimson scaffold the women he has dragged thither in no compassionate mood—this wretched Ippolita; the Duchess Elena Muti in 'Il Piacere'; her splendid criminal sister, the Princess Comnena, in 'La Gloria'; and others less significant but miserable enough to be pitied, were pity in the man. By this cruel temper he is akin to the Renaissance, which also delighted in a blaze of colour and stripped itself of shame, lest it should be taken for Christian.

We bid farewell to this Orcagna 'Triumph,' in which there are pages, descriptive of the inner or the outer landscape, that deserve not to perish, by quoting another sample of its author's style, so far as it can be reproduced in translation:—

'It was the deep calm of July. The sea looked white and milky, turning to green in spots near the shore. A mist, touched never so

slightly with purple, dimmed the coasts far away—the Point of Moro, Nicciola, the Point of Ortona, Penna del Vasto. . . . The strange symphony of twilight unfolded itself, a gentle *crescendo* under a heaven of violets, through whose ethereal blooms glanced the first timid constellations, not yet putting off their veil. Wandering airs lifted and drove the waves, at first not many, then more of them, which by and by lost their strength—waves that just blossomed on the surface, caught splendour from the twilight, foamed up one instant, fell back fatigued, sometimes like the dull sound of cymbals, and again as though silver disks were struck together, or as the clash of crystals flung down a steep—such was the music made by these waves, falling and dying. . . . One and beyond number, passing and imperishable, the sea had in it all these voices of our life and our dreams.'

Now we take up 'The Virgins of the Rocks,' a title suggested by Leonardo's well-known painting, though in subject most unlike it. Here is the first of a trilogy, a prose-poem, which cannot be sentenced except as we judge dramatic compositions in verse. For it has nothing of the ordinary novel. D'Annunzio is no longer, in this singular and striking rhapsody, the ape of French analysis. He puts under lock and key his modern reading, to become the pure Italian, spendthrift of harmonies and images, in close touch with old forgotten history, which slumbers between alive and dead in castles hidden by Calabrian forests, or among the bare mountains of the South. It is 'a fiction that signifies great facts,' as the cunning deliberate style is meant 'to draw from realities their utmost sweetness,' abounding, says Leonardo once more, 'in visions and vain hopes.'

The subject, handled with lyric passion, in a key most original, is ancient—none other, we may affirm, than the Judgment of Paris, if we will let the shepherd on Ida come forward as a modern Italian prince, Claudio Cantelmi, and the goddesses transform themselves to his three cousins of the house of Montaga, among whom he is to choose a wife. Paris himself tells the adventure which, it is clear, might easily become satirical and even ridiculous on his young lips; for the ladies can neither draw lots nor refuse him beforehand; they wait until he decides. And he is a Byronic young man, haughty and self-confident, one of D'Annunzio's demigods, in revolt against the 'drunken slaves,' the 'Jew-bankers,' on whom he would use not the sword but the whip, did he begin to cleanse and revolutionise 'the third Rome,' which he terms a cloaca and quits in disgust. He reads much Greek and admires Socrates for his disdain of death, but also for his

enthusiasm for knowledge and beauty. He thinks Alcibiades 'a light wild creature, crowned with ivy and with violets,' whom he would not be grieved to resemble; and fancies he can guide, in these foolish uncertain times, the fiery chariot of the ideal. Claudio, it must be admitted, is not the Englishman's hero; his enemies would tell him that he has 'de la pose et de la phrase' more than his deeds warrant; but his thoughts are Italian, such as Leopardi might have conceived in moments of rare exhilaration; nor would it be impossible to catch some echo of them still among the youth who are dissatisfied with a prose version of Italy and look to the Risorgimento which carries in its coming.

We have quoted from his sayings already; but no quotations will give back the strange effulgence of speech and metaphor which streams along these pages, filling them with noon-day light. The author is at home in vast regions of the Apennines where tourists are seldom seen. He knows stately houses like Rebusa, 'the imperial fantasy,' where Claudio lives not far from Reggio; and Trigento 'in the country of rocks,' with its beauty of the sepulchre, and the great moribund races that inhabit these, of whom he tells us, in a phrase reminiscent of the Florentine, that they have 'passion without hope.' Like their dumb volcanoes, they are 'troubled with a silent rage,' flames underneath heaps of ashes that we pass by and label history. The old Kingdom of Naples; Ferdinand the leper; Francis II, a figure carved in pale ivory, as some will remember him yet; and the princes who were not paladins but mere shows in picturesque grave-clothes, 'all the sovereign ideas breaking down into putrefaction', these dreamers in their palaces are made visible as the true poet sees them. To D'Annunzio they cannot but appeal, hard as he is on their imbecility; for their decadence was refined, not vulgar, and they are now perishing because they cannot stoop so low as the herd which sells itself to advertisement and usury.

Thus the outspoken Claudio. But gleaming words will not satisfy where deeds are wanted; he has to perform his tragic part. The cousins among whom he seeks a wife—Violante, Anatolia, Massimilla—stand as unmasked divinities before him; they are drawn with few strokes; they live in a still intensity of emotion, disease and madness near at hand, the immeasurable past making a gloom against which their faces shine pathetically. Each has her own way of meeting this death-in-life. Violante feeds on perfumes; Massimilla thinks she must take the veil; Anatolia, in whom 'great virtue seems to waste,' has dedicated herself to serve the mad princess, her

mother, and her slowly dying brothers, until they shall be no more. Into this world of hallucination descends the young hero who feels himself magnificently alive, and who hopes for the day when popular corruption will demand a new tyrant to sweep it away, and he or one of his descendants shall be the man. We must fancy these things uttered, not in dry speeches or the jargon of Parliaments, but as from a fount of poetry, amid touches that burst into flame, descriptions clear yet glowing in which every syllable is music, and large simple scenes, gracious now and again with almond-blossom or the 'voluble symphony of waters,' but more commonly over-cast, as in the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' with memories of preter-human legends, that make the place haunted. Our poet is fond of moralising his situations by Latin couplets, or Leonine rhymes, often happily turned. For Trigento, with its dolorous record of past and present, these verses, which contain his whole philosophy, may seem apt enough:—

'Spectarunt nuptas hic se Mors atque Voluptas;
Unus (fama ferat), quum duo, vultus erat.'

'Marvellously sad,' like the ladies beheld in a dream of the 'Vita Nuova,' are these maidens, one of whom, Anatolia, seems the chosen bride, while her fiery-hearted sister, Violante, breathes a note of warning, which their future, we suspect, will multiply to unhallowed issues. D'Annunzio, child of the Renaissance in his lust after joy, strikes in many scenes the attitude of a Dionysus—the image or ritual is of his own naming. But, says the profound Leonardo in another proverb, 'where is feeling, there is martyrdom'—a truth which experience bears out eloquently. Young Claudio, indeed, talks of renunciation as 'a crime against the sun.' His creator would fain think so too. Nevertheless, we cannot open these volumes without tasting straightway the sorrow, the disappointment turning to bitterness, which is their doleful content. A splendid desolation spreads over them; airs parching to the spirit or heavy with desires never satiated breathe out of them abundantly. Were it not for the infinite witcheries of their style, the phrases at once idiomatic and fresh-minted, the scene-painting so faithful to reality and still so dreamlike, their melancholy burden would compel us to lay them aside for ever.

Surely, we cannot help arguing, there is some mistake in the author's reading of his own manuscript. Or does he, again with Schopenhauer, distinguish between Art and Life, confessing that our adventures all end in tragedy, but that we may yet, for a passing moment, escape into the Heaven of invention,

where 'destinies great and sad' are seen as beautiful? The 'Virgins of the Rocks' bring us, perhaps, a message in this far from ignoble strain. But in the least attractive story which he has written, 'Il Piacere,' D'Annunzio lowers the tragic to something, we will say after Bossuet, that has no name in any language. Was it his design to lay bare the roots of Hedonism and blast them with a burning sun? He has fulfilled it, at the cost of much pain to himself and his readers. The story, like so many which have enjoyed a vast popularity, belongs to the moral dissecting room. We may leave it there. But its chief personage, Andrea Sperelli, incarnates a dangerous and widely prevalent type, which it would be unfair to pass over in silence.

This wealthy young man, living in Rome but not a Roman, full of ambitious projects in poetry, engraving, and the decorative arts, eager also to drain the cup of experience, is a delicate *histrion*, mere phantom of the 'strong lonely man,' whom D'Annunzio elsewhere paints with enthusiasm. He is own brother to the nerveless Giorgio Aurispa, but more lightly sketched, and made ridiculous by the discreet laughter which, as from the wings of the stage, plays round his sayings and doings. Of course, he is decadent, 'spoilt by culture, travel, and life,' says our biographer; a charlatan in the adventures which he calls affairs of the heart; a Don Juan without passion, a Cherubino whose sole virtue is the physical courage that does not draw back from a duel. He has nerves, and the slightest stroke wounds them; but he is depraved, subtle, false, cruel, and empty: in short, he is fashioned inside and out like a young Roman Emperor, with one permanent conviction, that life is the sum of possible pleasures. The question, forced upon him during these expeditions in search of his chimera, which are told us with a Meissonier-like fidelity, is how much that sum may be. It promises well, but shrinks surprisingly: at last, indeed, 'the full sum of it is the sum of nothing.' This contemptible Andrea had within himself 'neither assurance of strength, nor the presentiment which implies fame and felicity.' His moral sense had been gambled away; he could live and breathe simply as a dilettante. But where the artist is really wanting, dilettantism cannot mean much more than carefully sought sensations, which, as philosophers know and physicians will explain, decrease in agreeableness according to the square of their frequency. As we read in 'The Virgins'—and it is a fine saying—'too long a habit of the same visions will take from the eyes all desire.' The senses cannot be satisfied; they can be exhausted. Andrea was to learn this

truth and to perish as a moral *caput mortuum*, nay almost to yield up his physical being, when he had laid it to heart.

Preachers do not always drive their lessons home with this terrible energy. Yet we buy our instruction from D'Annunzio at a great price. 'Il Piacere' is not in the author's vein; in his choice but sometimes repulsive language, we are sensible of a Parisian accent, borrowed from Cosmopolis, the world-city of dissipation, which Rome is not. Are the Roman youth, after all, such poor creatures as he paints, without manliness or self-respect, given over to Belial, but Zolaesque in tongue and taste? Let us hope these are fictions. Else we may dismiss them with Carlyle's anathema on certain loud-crowding unmusical fowl which were his torment: 'Why at least are not all those corks and cockerels,' we must ask, 'boiled into soup—into everlasting silence?' In a choice of evils, we prefer Andrea when he is sentimental to Andrea the cynic, at ease among his lewd companions. 'His heart, we learn, 'empties and will not fill again.' He has drunk the *elixir mortis*. After his duel, which might be a chapter in Daudet, the convalescent takes a little rest at Schifanoja—Sans Souci—hard by the Adriatic, where on certain days 'all things lived in the happiness of light'; and he could have been happy with them, but he must set his traps for a weak-minded, half devout, and wholly narcotised Donna Maria, who is caught and torn, thanks to her old-world music, her readings in Shelley, and her want of skill to know an idiot when she sees him. It is a cruel comedy, the pitch often tragic, and so the more discordant to listening ears.

But although there is not one single character we can love, and even our pity for the self-accusing Donna Maria is tempered by impatient scorn, we feel that never was a post-mortem held on the corpse of Hedonism with keener instruments, while through the open window views of sea and sky in their immense purity heighten the effect. Our surgeon is a poet—bizarre combination, less frequent than might be supposed in this age of psycho-physicians. He lays down the scalpel, which he has driven into the dead heart, to take up his Stradivarius and play on it a singular searching theme into which every fine impression steals; for the modern notation has this power of suggesting a universe. It is not Andrea's large foolish dreams that hold the reader, who is sure he will never translate them into realities, never chant his new lyrics, or finish the great book he meditates on Bernini, or illustrate the third and fourth days of the 'Decamerone' in aquafortis. He will do nothing but rot in his own soul. Our thoughts

linger about D'Annunzio himself. Will the astonishing power of reproduction which he displays in his word-painting lead him on from these heroes of *bric-à-brac*, these human scare-crows tricked out in 'æsthetic' half-tones, ludicrous at once and disgusting in the splendid rags pilfered by their maker from museums, sacristies, and the altar itself, to some unheard-of creation, in which we may acclaim the Leonardo of our century? The artist drawn by himself would be such a figure as the world does not possess among its literary masterpieces. Yes, it will be said, there is Benvenuto Cellini; and is there not Goethe? But neither of these quite fulfils our meaning; Cellini comes near it, yet is the historian of his adventures rather than of his creative moments; Goethe is much more than the pure artist. How would Titian and Michael Angelo have pictured in words the coming of the spirit upon them? And what were the imaginations out of which their works drew breath and nourishment? That is the subject we demand of our writer.

In his passionate plea for Italian genius, which is again the first of a trilogy—'Il Fuoco'—the mighty enterprise is begun. D'Annunzio warns us that it is 'a song of hope, sung to the god,' a challenge to the Nibelungs, and a daring attempt in which he, or another, will wrest from them the kingdom of dramatic poetry, translating it to Monte Gianicolo at Rome, where the new theatre is to inaugurate this Saturnian reign. He has first striven to clear his eyes from illusive spectres, sham gods, and parodies on the genuine artist, by depicting as in a caricature the demagogue who falls by a woman's hand—this in the stage play 'La Gloria'—and the poor bundle of nerves, Tullio Hermil, in 'L'Innocente,' who kills a helpless child by way of avenging his wounded honour. These side-pieces need not detain us. Their subject is but hysteria in one or other of its innumerable forms. When Tullio thinks himself a rare spirit we cannot help smiling; our interest in his rival, the story-teller Arborio, is simply that he 'teaches with supreme elegance disdain of the common life,' yet by means of a psychology which 'though extremely complicated is often false,' and so reminds us of D'Annunzio himself, if we may be permitted to speak openly. Both studies deal with a species of *lucida demenza*: in the play it is a third-rate Rienzi who is eaten up with his vain importance, while Tullio is the faithless yet jealous husband better known to the Comic Muse, and quite undeserving of sympathy. Let us come to the most ambitious, as it is likewise the most successful, of D'Annunzio's prose poems.

'Il Fuoco' has much in common with a book now seldom opened, but famous in its day, and, though not so profound yet more virile, we mean Madame de Staël's 'Corinne.' But 'Corinne' glorified Rome; 'Il Fuoco' is the transfiguration of Venice. We gaze upon that unique spectacle in 'the sunset hour of Titian,' from a gondola in which is seated Stelio the inspired, who is to draw from its dead waters a life vertiginous in the ardour with which he conceives it, yet equal to the task of creating its own romance with joy. The book is a parable, of which every figure and incident looks towards this high mark—shall Italy become a living ideal once more, embodied in her noblest offspring? Is Stelio Effrena the voice for which his generation waits? He has faith in himself, boundless and sometimes slightly insane; he is a rhetorician, palpitating with gorgeous words, liable to fantasies that take him captive on a sudden, and will not depart until he has found their rhythm, set them marching towards their *dénoûment*, acted them out in situations statuesque or agitated, and thus proved a maker, not a dreamer of dreams. He is unmixed Italian, therefore he can improvise, as Corinne improvises; but his unpremeditated flights are in a kind of metrical prose, not in rhyme. He is very arrogant, a celebrity girt round with disciples, and worshipped by youths and women. The great poet bears a likeness to some actor who lives upon glory and excitement. In all such cases it is natural to ask where is Beatrice. We know there will be a Muse not far from Stelio, and she appears in the gondola with him on the very evening when he is to make his immortal speech, having chosen a fit place for his Italian Renaissance, no other than the hall of the Grande Consiglio, in the Doge's Palace. The lady's name is Foscarina; she has a world-wide reputation as an actress, and she means no harm to Stelio, but all good. Thus the story opens.

We must often question with Montaigne whether art is the product of reason or of madness. 'Is there not,' enquires the sage Michel, 'hardihood in the philosophy which reckons that men produce their grandest effects, and the nearest approaching divinity, when they are out of themselves, furious, and insane?' That, however, was Stelio's opinion. He trusted himself without notes to the influence of his environment, to the vast council-chamber, crammed with heads; to the Paradise of Tintoretto, largest painting ever stretched on wall, magnificent in its dim colouring still; to the glory of Venice flung upon the ceiling by Veronese; and to his own genius. The author dares to give us his oration. It is not

rhetoric but something greater; the marriage of Venice and Autumn, sketched in words caught from the burning zone—a wealth of imagery and allusion that only the Venetian painters could rival. Stelio himself thus strikes its dominant note:—

‘I was thinking on a late afternoon, as I came from the Gardens along that Riva degli Schiavoni which, to the soul of the wandering poet must often seem a magic golden bridge, stretching out over a sea of light and silence into an endless dream of beauty,—thinking, then, I was, or rather I stood and watched within me the spectacles of Venice wedded to Autumn beneath her own skies. . . . There is no dawn nor sunset equal to that hour of lustre spread over stones and waters which I beheld. All the city as I gazed was lit up with expectation, palpitated in her thousand zones of green. Things had a mysterious eloquence, as if some invisible meaning lurked behind them, and by the privilege of gods they were living the higher life which we call Art. For the soul of Venice is autumnal. Such truly appears to me the period that elapsed between Giorgione's youth and the old age of Titian. It is purple, golden, opulent, expressive, like the pomp of earth when the sun's last rays fall upon her.’

We think, instinctively, of our English Ruskin, and well we may; nevertheless D'Annunzio kindles a passion above all this learning such as no mere description will breathe. To him Venice, though dispeopled, silent amid her green lagoons, is yet the City of Life. She bears within her the souls of all her creators, and ‘rises chimerically into the morning or evening sky,’ like a dream, but endlessly inspiring. She is the sublimation of reality. And the speaker's fiery thoughts are flung into music that same night, under the palace roof, when the symphony composed by an almost forgotten genius, Benedetto Marcello, celebrates Bacchus and Ariadne in Naxos with a multitudinous orchestra. From the Palace they are taken up—these heart-stirring appeals to Italy—by the thousands in St. Mark's Place and along the Riva degli Schiavoni. The city rings with them; Venice seems to be rising once more from her swoon of centuries into the divine atmosphere of art; the sky itself breaks out into starry splendours.

No one, certainly, has uttered this resounding trumpet-call to his people as D'Annunzio utters it. The lyrical passion is worthy of the highest poets; and Leopardi, to whom we must liken him once more, would have envied his enthusiasm, and his gift of hoping against hope. For the soul of Venice, which he declared was akin to Giorgione—a miracle that works in flame—appears by and by, when the Grand Canal is thronged with festive singing boats, to be something airy and frivolous, not Giorgione, but Rosalba the courtesan. His ‘great scenic

arch opened on life' turns to an idle blaze of rockets; Stelio himself lapses, on broken wing, from 'the luxury of Veronese, the ardour of Tintoretto,' by a change as violent as unedifying, to the prurient man-about-town, whose instincts leave him in the mire. Is he to fall, like his brothers Aurispa and Demetrio, into the purgatory of suicides? Did his eloquence mean only that he was a consummate actor? We read the parable with misgivings and a slight contempt for Stelio.

Frankly, it is a contempt we never quite overcome. The unparalleled artist left to himself would have been like Samson, 'effeminately vanquished'; but our pity, after some uncertain fluctuations, is bestowed on the Foscarina, who, though 'a creature of night, fashioned on a golden anvil,' has neither tempted nor seduced the frivolous creature. He it is, rather, that drags her down. She confesses her deep faults, but she has also endured miseries and humiliations; for a moment D'Annunzio ceases to be the dilettante—we could almost fancy that he was on the point of quitting his ivory tower and plunging into the troubled sea of life as we know it—and he suffers this poor soul to tell her story in speech unadorned. Here, as in the character of Giuliana, who sins and repents in the pages of 'L'Innocente,' we listen to a rare note of pathos. After all that talk of Stelio's in which he pronounces for the gospel of joy, calling the old faith a 'palace without windows,' despising in his lordly attitude the 'cowardice of tears,' it now grows manifest to the reader, if not to the writer, that Foscarina will save the artist only because she has suffered, and therefore sees where he is blind. He, with Bacchic revellings, stumbles along, not so much dancing to this wild music as driven about aimlessly, the prey of many appetites. His Beatrice takes a heroic resolution; she will do that which to mere love is impossible—give up all claim on his devotion, but share with him in the hazards of the new drama, as a simple artist, otherwise strange to him. The struggle between her better and worse instincts fills a succession of scenes; though tarnished by superfluous realism we feel its truth and power; it is a motive not often before touched in fiction, or, when handled at all, Delilah has shorn Samson's locks and the giant become a weakling. We now listen to a finer rhythm, a tale of strength and unselfishness.

Foscarina, by a miracle of intuition, recognises that the world of the ideal in which Stelio lives when he is most himself has a claim more mighty than her own. The faculty by which, on the stage, this remarkable woman plays her part, presenting

to thousands the characters which otherwise they could never grasp, in Shakespeare, Mozart, Beethoven, teaches her now that a courage greater than Juliet's is demanded of her; she must die as a woman to inspire as an influence from the pure realms of the Ideal. It is done in the end, not without tears, but without parade. For once the Eternal Feminine is 'consumed in her own shadow, melted into *his* dreams.' Foscarina departs; the new tragedy is safe and will be acted on Gianicolo when the day arrives, this Beatrice wearing her golden mask, which hides a broken heart. The catastrophe is novel, majestic, adequate. Nevertheless, we feel bound to ask our tragedian whether he has not refuted Stelio, and thrown a fresh radiance over the old Christian theme, which he so heartily despised, of self-sacrifice, or the 'Religion of Sorrow.'

Foscarina is, by much, the grandest figure D'Annunzio has drawn. She is not immaculate; her fallen nature betrays the woman into excesses and even paroxysms which the artist by her side has no virtue to subdue, for he sways and turns like a feather, as he is blown. She, on the contrary, when the light of life dawns upon her, follows it, alone and without encouragement. The vileness that was more a misfortune than a choice wears out in the furnace of her suffering. Few scenes on the Greek stage deserve to be set to nobler music than that in which the trembling actress, fighting down her emotion, joins with Stelio in creating, by an intense yet impersonal effort, the character which she is afterwards to play in his modern-antique drama. The situation has a resemblance to 'Pygmalion and Galatea'; but it plagiarises nothing, and will quicken the reader's breath if it does not fill his eyes. Foscarina, who was a woman, turns to marble, severe, sightless, astonishingly beautiful, but with a heart on fire, which speaks through the tragic mask, not her own words, only the poet's verses, destined to an eternity of fame. It may be questioned whether D'Annunzio, who adores the unconscious, knew what a creation he had wrought in this and the scenes that follow. His actress, we may say it with confidence, transmutes art to life; with her the stage becomes real; and Foscarina suggests or illustrates a higher and more complex type of womanhood than the elder dramatists would have deemed possible. She stands on the brink of a new world: or is she only the Christian Saint modernised?

We may leave D'Annunzio now, when his fortune is at its height. He has done great things; if to have attained the secret of style, and to give back the enchantments of landscape, were all, he would deserve to rank with the masters. Amid

the chaos of journalism, with its piebald jargon, its vulgarities of thought and tone, he has fulfilled his own message which declares that 'the word is life and perfection.' Submitting to what seems a law of human growth, he takes the prose which is on men's lips, since they will not endure rhyme or formal poetry, and refines, adorns, deepens it, until it astonishes yet charms as if it were the style of gods. He breaks in pieces the artificial Italian, showy but unmeaning, a pedant's exercise, which has made it impossible almost to write a living book in that language since the seventeenth century, as Manzoni bore witness and every student will acknowledge. But instead of merely resuscitating the antique forms, becoming a *secentista* or a *trecentista*, the man throws himself boldly on the current of his inspiration; he snatches from painters their palette with its rainbow; from mystics their incomparable metaphors, imagery, fire of spiritual emotions; from musicians their minors and chromatics; from every art something, provided it be individual, not a fancy hung out on the void, but a fact burning as in the spectrum with its peculiar flame. In the 'grey flood of Democracy'—by which he means the marsh-level that covers old institutions, yet sees no imperial Venice rising above it with palaces and towers—language remains, for those who will handle it like fine gold, an inheritance beyond the assaults of barbarism. And language, the creative Word, shaping itself into drama, into ideal forms, will, as D'Annunzio believes, call to its aid the plastic arts, sculpture, painting, architecture, and some larger music even than we know; making, let us say, a swan-like end, should the inner barbarians prove too strong for it. His own six tragedies, whatever be their defects, moral or religious, do aim at this consummation. They are intended 'to shake, to inebriate,' if not the crowd, yet the choice spirits of our time, 'as with the spectacles of sky and sea, with dawns and tempests,' and thus in good measure to revive the dying energies which no babble of enlightenment will protect against a universal but most shallow education, itself destructive of ancient legend, not in touch with nature, as abstract and unreal as the dialect in which it is taught.

This vehement protest may be heard on many lips: it has found expression in a literature not always reasonable or self-controlled, too often, we must say, anarchical and godless, but, as in D'Annunzio, lit up with splendours that cannot be hidden, arresting in its subtle esoteric eloquence, learned also in technique, in the old masters of beauty, in the pedigree of genuine creation. At its voice the Renaissance comes

out of its tomb; the Pre-Raphaelites join with the Dutch Primitives; and Religion, though no longer believed in by these new followers of Plato, is held up to admiration as the mother of myth and tragedy, in her sacred rites, her hymns and processions, her narratives of the Divine. From a second point of view the school in which D'Annunzio takes a foremost place may seem Romantic or even German. He is not ashamed to own himself a disciple of Wagner; his philosophy utters a thousand echoes of Schopenhauer's Pessimism, of Nietzsche's Titanism, hard as these will ever be to reconcile. Again, he is Decadent like Baudelaire, Huysmans, and the Goncourts; so that we might imagine him all 'reflection and reverberation,' if we did not perceive, in the wide and barren lights which he scatters upon his Calabrian Apennines, in the purple-grey clouds of his Rome, in his lonely palaces on the Brenta, and, above all in his evocation of Venice from her waters to meet the descending Ideal, that he is the Latin genius, magnificent and direct, as smooth as adamant to the touch, and not less unyielding. He possesses a rhetoric which may kindle into love or scorn, but which is never sentimental, which knows nothing of our domestic or picturesque, which appeals by its form to the senses, and which seldom touches the heart, though it excites our highest admiration as a feat of intellect. D'Annunzio is, at last, neither Romantic nor Decadent; he is one born out of due time, meant to be the companion of princes in the age of Leo X, a hero of the Renaissance who must employ his pen where the sword or the pencil would be more to his liking. One gift he calls his own—the 'inviolable style' which frames all his thoughts 'lucid or terrible' in words of immortal comeliness. It has brought him European fame; it may herald the dawn of a new Italian literature.

ART. VII.—ROME AND BYZANTIUM.

1. *Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire.* By Samuel Dill, M.A. Second edition. London: Macmillan, 1899.
2. *Byzantine Constantinople; the Walls of the City and adjoining Historical Sites.* By Alexander van Millingen. London: John Murray, 1899.
3. *Geschichte des Untergangs der antiken Welt.* By Otto Seeck. Bd. I. Berlin: Siemenroth and Worms, 1895.
4. *O tainoi Istorii Prokopiya (On the Secret History of Procopius).* By B. Panchenko. St. Petersburg: Press of Imperial Academy of Sciences, 1897.
5. *The Roman Empresses.* [Translated from the French of Jacques Roergas de Serviez.] Two vols. London: The Walpole Press, 1899.
6. *Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages.* The Rede Lecture, by Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan, 1900.

‘**I**NSTEAD of enquiring why the Roman Empire was destroyed, we should rather be surprised that it had subsisted so long.’ This was Gibbon’s conclusion when he had accomplished the ‘laborious narrative’ of the decline of the Roman Empire down to its fall in the West in the fifth century of our era. It seemed to him that this narrative itself had sufficiently exhibited the causes of that series of events which culminated in the subjection of Italy to the barbarian Odovacar, and that no further analysis was needed. Yet we suspect that the more thoughtful of his readers will hesitate to agree with the historian. His brilliant narrative will have impressed them rather with a sense of the strength than of the weakness of the Empire of Rome, and they will be disposed to wonder that it ever fell. This was the view of Finlay, a most acute enquirer, who observes that ‘few events, in the whole course of history, seem more extraordinary than the success of the uncivilised Goths against the well disciplined legions of imperial Rome’;* and, although he applied this remark especially to the inroads of the Goths in the third century, it expresses the attitude of his intelligence to the whole phenomenon of the conquest of Rome and her provinces by the barbarians. Those who regard the facts as Finlay regarded them will find the ‘General Observations on the Fall of the

* ‘History of Greece,’ i, p. 91.

Roman Empire in the West,' with which Gibbon wound up the first half of his work, unsatisfactory and disappointing.

In these 'Observations' Gibbon seems to lay most stress on the excessive power of the army in the early Empire, and the partial dissolution of its strength at the beginning of the fourth century by the policy of Constantine. He touches upon the want of national vigour in the provinces, and he remarks acutely that the Romans were unable fully to grasp the extent of their danger. He ascribes a share in the decline to the Christian religion, pointing to 'the doctrines of patience and pusillanimity' which were inculcated by the clergy, to the attractions of the cloister which withdrew men from public life and military science, to the demands of charity and devotion which diverted wealth from secular purposes, and to the discords of Christian sects. At the same time he points out that 'if the decline of the Roman Empire was hastened by the conversion of Constantine, his victorious religion broke the violence of the fall, and mollified the ferocious temper of the conquerors.'

The slightness and superficiality of these remarks is hardly excused by the author's statement that he regarded an enquiry as superfluous. They are far from explaining why the Roman Empire fell, and we turn to later historians who have had a clearer perception of the problem and have attempted to find a solution. At the close of the second volume of his work on 'Italy and her Invaders,' Mr. Hodgkin has set out under six heads what appear to him to be the efficient causes of the fall of the Western Empire, namely: the foundation of Constantinople; Christianity; slavery; the free distributions of corn, which pauperised the Roman proletariat; the destruction of the middle class; and barbarous finance. To these he adds, but as symptoms rather than causes, the depopulation of the Empire and the demoralisation of the army; yet he would doubtless admit that, though themselves derived from deeper causes, both these evils promoted effectively the decline of the Empire. The prefatory disquisition on the final cause of that decline, which Mr. Hodgkin offers us, throws no light on the subject, but his treatment of the efficient causes is more satisfactory than Gibbon's. He appreciates certain economic facts to which Gibbon did not give due weight, and he apprehends the importance of the decay of the middle class. We must demur, however, to the cause which he places as the head and front of his enumeration—the founding of Constantinople. On this point he might, with advantage, have consulted Gibbon, who justly observes that the rise of the younger Rome 'more

essentially contributed to the preservation of the East than to the ruin of the West.'

One of the chief defects in Mr. Hodgkin's discussion is his inadequate treatment of the depopulation of the Roman world. This question takes us back to three suggestive lectures on Roman Imperialism which the late Professor Seeley delivered in 1869.* In the second of these lectures he announced and dealt with the problem, 'What was the cause of the Fall of the Roman Empire?' By the 'Fall of the Roman Empire' he meant, according to his own statement, more than Gibbon and Mr. Hodgkin mean by the 'Fall of the Western Empire,' for he included not only the occupation of the West by the Goths and their fellow-Germans, the conquest of Italy by Odovacar and Theodoric, but the later mutilation of the Eastern Empire by the Saracens. This difference in the statement of the problem has, however, made no difference to his solution; he deals with causes which operated before the fifth century.

Seeley pointed out that the Roman Empire did not succumb to either of those causes of weakness which have usually brought about the collapse of great empires—the antipathy of conquered nationalities, and the difficulty of controlling a realm of vast geographical extent. The Romans were strangely successful in extirpating national feeling in the conquered provinces; there were only two grave rebellions of subject nationalities under the Empire—that of Civilis and that of the Jews—and neither was fatal. This danger, which was averted by the policy of Rome at an early period, must be carefully distinguished from a natural tendency to fall asunder, in empires of unwieldy size and composed of heterogeneous parts. In the latter case the impelling motive of rebellion is not the aspiration of a nationality, but the ambition of a viceroy. Both dangers may operate together, as in the revolts which threatened the existence of the old Persian Empire in the middle of the fourth century B.C. But they are essentially distinct, and the second did not make itself seriously felt in the Roman Empire until the third century of our era, although the revolt of Avidius Cassius against Marcus Aurelius indicated the rocks that were ahead. The Empire would have gone to pieces on those rocks, had it not been rescued by the reorganisation which was initiated by Diocletian and completed by Constantine. These Emperors—Professor Seeley, it may be observed, did not give due credit to Diocletian—averted for

* They were published in 'Macmillan's Magazine' in July, August, and October of the same year, and were subsequently included in the volume of 'Essays.'

a time the danger of over-powerful viceroys by splitting up the large governments into small provinces, and separating the military from the civil administration.

Having thus shown that Rome succeeded in avoiding the Scylla and Charybdis which beset great empires, Professor Seeley puts the question anew, Why, then, did her empire collapse? This question may now be cast in a more precise form, Why did the Roman prove inferior in strength to the barbaric world? The cause must lie either in an increase of the power of the barbarians or in the decay of the power of the Romans, or in both these processes combined. Professor Seeley observes that through their prolonged contact with the Roman Empire the barbarians were growing in civilisation, in intelligence, and military skill. He also thinks that they were learning the habit of co-operation, which effectively increased their power. But if the barbarian world was thus progressing, the progress of Rome, as a civilised State, ought to have been greater still, if we may judge from the analogy of modern States. Analogy may indeed be deceptive, and it is impossible to compare an ancient and a modern civilisation without many reserves. The industrial force, which plays the chief part in progressive countries in modern times, was almost wholly absent in the Roman Empire. But, allowing for this, there must have been some deep cause, according to Professor Seeley, to account for the retrogression of Rome, as compared with the progress of her barbarian foes. The solution which Seeley presented with such force, is clear and concise. The ailment which afflicted Rome was want of men; her children were barren; her power was undermined, not by moral but by physical decay. In depopulation, which Mr. Hodgkin regards only or mainly as a symptom, Seeley sees the cause of the fall.

This carefully argued and enlightening study has brought out vividly two indisputable facts. Firstly, the events of the fourth and fifth centuries cannot be explained by the mere might of the barbarians who invaded and conquered large provinces of the Empire. The successes of the Germans, who were never able to cope on equal terms with a Roman army, must be imputed, not to their own resources, but to internal diseases which made the Roman world their prey.* We may illustrate this point further by observing that in early times there was no strong national feeling among the German tribes. This fact strikes every reader of Tacitus. We find, for

* Compare Boeck, in the work named at the head of this article, pp. 197 *et seq.*

instance, the Chauci choosing a Canninefate chief to reign over them. The various tribes were ever splitting asunder and forming new combinations. It would be a mistake to consider the Alamanni as a federation of peoples, each of which preserved its separate identity within the league; it was rather a composite folk in which diverse tribes had coalesced, losing their distinct individualities. The Germans were even ready to form such combinations with peoples of non-German race—with peoples which did not speak an Aryan tongue. The part played by the Alans in the invasions of Gaul and Spain at the beginning of the fifth century is a notable example. The readiness which the Teutons displayed to settle on Roman territory under Roman rule, side by side with Roman provincials, from the time of Marcus Aurelius, likewise illustrates this feature of their character. Hence it seems to us that the immigration of the Germans at this epoch, which Seeley regarded as a sign of their increased strength, was rather a symptom of their want of national feeling, or, in other words, of weakness. Against these unstable enemies the Empire was protected by the great natural barriers of the Rhine and Danube, which were always difficult for the barbarian armies to cross. The second fact emphasised by Seeley is that depopulation was one of the gravest causes of the decline and dismemberment of the Empire. The number of deaths exceeded the number of births, and room was left for the barbarians to enter in, first as soldiers in the army and settlers in the country, afterwards as hostile invaders. If Gaul had been thickly peopled, the Rhine, aided by its powerful line of artificial fortifications, would have been a permanent and effective defence. Depopulation was an old evil. Polybius complained of the sterility of the human race in his own day in Greece.* The elder Pliny marvelled at the large families which, if they were not common, at least occurred in the days of the Gracchi. The well-known legislation of Augustus, designed to encourage fruitfulness and check celibacy, confirms, and more than confirms, all that we learn from literary sources respecting the decline of the population in Rome and Italy.

How is this decline to be explained? If depopulation was a cause of the Roman Empire's fall, what in turn was the cause of the depopulation? It cannot be explained as an effect of continuous warfare. The wars of the second and first centuries B.C. would not account for the disappearance of the

* *Hist.*, bk. xxxvii, fr. 4.

physically fittest and the survival of the weakest ; the chances of war tend to weed out the feeble rather than the strong. War never touched the island of Eubœa, and yet in the days of the Flavian Emperors, according to the testimony of Dion Chrysostom, Eubœa was well-nigh desolate. The ancient practice of exposing children cannot be held accountable. For although it may have accelerated the process, once the human species had begun to diminish, it could not originate the deterioration of the race : on the contrary, the best and fittest individuals were selected for preservation. By sacrificing females, equality in number was roughly maintained between the sexes, and one of the features which distinguished ancient from modern society was the rarity of old maids. The Roman view of marriage as a disagreeable burden, which no man in his senses would undertake except as a duty to his country, was of course closely connected with the decline of the population. But there can be little doubt that the radical cause was a certain physical degeneration. In this Professor Seeley, and the most recent student of the subject, Professor Otto Seeck, are at one ; and it may be that, as Seeck thinks, a general consciousness of the degeneration of the world made men less inclined to propagate the race, and thus intensified the disease. Such a spirit accords psychologically with that suicidal impulse which is so marked and strange a feature in the days of the early Emperors. It was a similar impulse that made the Christians eager to suffer martyrdom. It may be observed, in this connexion, that the great religious reaction of the first century A.D.—a reaction of which the Christian movement was only a part—absorbed many of the most intellectual and energetic men ; and aversion to marriage was characteristic of this reaction.

It is the merit of Seeck to have insisted on the fact that the degeneration did not display itself merely in sterility, but was strikingly shown in the want of intellectual originality which marks the Imperial period from its very beginning. The Romans of the Empire originated nothing. It is not too much to say that, from Augustus to Augustulus, poverty of ideas, incapacity for hard thinking, and excessive deference to authority, characterised the Roman world. These features, as they appeared in the last century of the Western Empire, have been exhibited in Mr. Dill's vivid picture of the Roman society of that period. Professor Seeck sees a symptom of degeneracy in the absolutism of the monarchy, which he attributes to the moral weakness of the Senate. 'If men had sat in the Senate,' he says, 'the Roman Emperor would not have been

more powerful than any constitutional ruler of our own time.'* It was the fault of the servile senators if Tiberius treated them as they deserved. This is strongly put, but there is a large grain of truth in it; the difference between the Senate of the days of the Gracchi and the Senate of Augustus and Tiberius is a striking part of the general phenomenon of degeneration. 'Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.'

Familiar fallacies have been invoked, and loose thinkers will never desist from invoking them, to account for this decline which is apparent in Roman society from the beginning of the Empire. It is said that the nation was senescent—a false and misleading metaphor; for there is no analogy, as the history of modern nations is sufficient to show, between the development of a society and the life of an individual man. Again, it is said that the radical evil was the excessive luxury of a too advanced civilisation. The condition of the world of to-day, in which civilisation is far more highly developed and luxury far more widely diffused, is sufficient to refute this fallacy. The extravagances which Roman satirists hold up to ridicule were confined to a few persons of exceptional wealth.† The mass of the people were poor and lived simply. Neither the charge of over-civilisation nor the phrase 'old age' throws light on social degeneration, and some other explanation must be sought. Professor Seeck propounds a remarkably ingenious view. He thinks the best individuals in Italy were effectually extirpated by the terrible proscriptions which are associated with the names of Sulla and the Triumvirs. Such proscriptions, he points out, differ from the bloodiest wars, inasmuch as war, if it is not more fatal to the weak, at worst deals havoc among strong and weak alike. But the purpose of the proscriptions was to destroy the best, the strongest, the most formidable; and thus the survival of the unfittest was secured. It would be difficult to decide how much truth there may be in Dr. Seeck's contention. We are far from being convinced that it supplies a complete solution, though there can be no question that the results of the proscriptions were calamitous.

If the cause of shrinkage is no longer discoverable, the early depopulation of the Empire is a leading fact, on which Seeley was manifestly right in laying great emphasis. But not less important is a series of economic facts which Seeley does not

* *Op. cit.*, p. 271.

† It is hardly necessary to add that the debaucheries of certain Emperors and imperial ladies, from Julia to Heliogabalus—retailed, without any attempt at winnowing truth from fiction, in an eighteenth-century work recently republished by the Walpole Press—have little bearing on the decline of the Empire.

appear to have duly appreciated. We must briefly summarise them. In the first place, free industrial development had been let and hindered from the very beginning by the influence of conservative prejudices, an inheritance from the agricultural habits of early Rome which her rulers were never able to shake off. If there is any single measure or event to which the responsibility of the fall of Rome might plausibly be imputed, it is the plebiscite of Claudius (in 218 B.C.), which forbade senators to engage in commerce. In consequence of this fatal law, the Roman nobles, who were growing richer and richer, as the sway of the Republic spread over the world and governors reaped golden harvests from the conquered provinces, were driven to invest their capital in land, as it was illegal to invest it in trade. They began to purchase estates in Italy, buying up the small proprietors; and this was the first step in the destruction of the free peasant population of the peninsula. Thus the plebiscite of 218 B.C. not only placed a ban upon industry and commerce, but indirectly caused the ruin of agriculture, by leading to the growth of those *latifundia* or large estates which, aided by the institution of slavery, wrought the economic ruin of Italy. Another cause subsequently accelerated the destruction of the small proprietors. The cheap corn which was imported from over seas, from Sicily, Africa, and Egypt, to feed the proletariat of Rome, lowered the price of grain, so that it became impossible for the Italian peasant to grow wheat at a profit. The ruined farmers, when they did not live as labourers on the lands of the lords who had bought them up, often joined the colonies which were established in conquered countries, and thus helped to Romanise the provinces. But as soon as a province became Romanised, rich speculators swooped down upon it, and there too the growth of *latifundia* began.

Notwithstanding the ruin of the free agricultural population in parts of the Roman world, we are of opinion that prosperity might have been secured if Augustus or one of the early Emperors had possessed any knowledge of sound economy. If the Government had recognised the expediency of helping industry and commerce, if a Minister of Commerce or a Board of Trade had been appointed, consequences might have ensued which would have postponed for many a decade the disruption of the Empire. But nothing of this kind was done, and various attempts which were made to resuscitate Italy—for instance, the ‘alimentary’ institutions of Nerva and Trajan—were no more than local and temporary alleviations of distress. By the middle of the second century of our era a great part of the

Empire was depopulated; and the fierce ravages of the plague in the reign of Marcus Aurelius reinforced the effects of human ignorance and blindness. It would be difficult to overrate the significance of the reign of Marcus, or overpraise the ability of the statesman who was also a philosopher. It was long indeed since Rome had been called upon to face such a crisis as the Marcomannic war. Central Europe was becoming overcrowded, and the Marcomanni and their allies, in the dire need of new homes, were bent upon crossing the Danube barrier and finding abodes in the thinly populated provinces of the Empire. Through the skill and energy of Marcus the frontier was defended; Pannonia was saved; even Dacia beyond the Danube was preserved. But if the Germans wanted habitations, the Roman provinces wanted inhabitants; and Marcus, following indeed a precedent which had been set by Augustus,*—definitely began the system of replenishing the population of the Empire by large settlements of barbarians.

The new policy seems to have borne fruit, and it is significant that about forty years after the first settlements of Marcus, we meet, instead of the usual descriptions of depopulation and desolation, a complaint that the world is becoming overpopulated.† Although Tertullian, who utters this rhetorical complaint, is mainly a witness for his own Africa, yet his description of prosperity in 'the whole world' may fairly be cited as significant of a general improvement in the condition of the Empire. But if the prospect might seem more hopeful in the reign of Severus, men's hopes were soon shattered. Few periods of history are so obscure, and few have been so critical, as the third century. We know too little to apportion the blame and the causes; but we can at least discern that the collapse from which the Empire was rescued only at the last moment was due, directly or indirectly, to the errors of policy which had been persistently committed in the past. We must call attention to one special feature which marks this time of troubles. Gibbon noticed the deterioration of discipline in the army as a main cause of the fall of the Empire. Now this deterioration was due to a new spirit introduced by a new element. The decline of the population had rendered it necessary to replenish the ranks of the army, as well as the fields of the provinces, by men of German race; and it was found that German soldiers could not be held by all the strict regulations of ancient

* Barbarian settlements under Augustus, 'Monumentum Ancyranum' (ed. Mommsen), p. 140, and Strabo, vii, 3, 10; under Claudius, Tacitus, 'Ann.', xii, 30; under Nero, Wilmauns, 'Exempla Inscr. Lat.', 1145.

† Tertullian, 'De Anima,' 30. See Seeck, *op. cit.*, 388.

Roman discipline. The free spirit, impatient of control, which animated the Teuton in his forest home, waxed within the camps of the imperial legions; and Septimius Severus was forced to take account of it by introducing the remarkable innovation that all soldiers should be permitted to marry.* This was an immense concession to German custom. There is good reason to suppose that the appearance in the third century of that danger which, as Professor Seeley pointed out, has constantly threatened great empires, namely, the rebellions of ambitious viceroys, was largely connected with the growth of the German element in the army.† The old feeling, which bound the army to the interests of a dynasty and kept the soldier true to a Caligula or a Nero, had disappeared; the soldiers began to criticise the Emperor to whom they had sworn allegiance; they were even ready to dethrone him and set up any pretender in his stead, for the Germans did not attach much sanctity to the Roman military oath and had little scruple in breaking it. We believe that this change in the constitution of the army explains more than anything else the circumstance that the third century, in contrast with the earlier period of the Empire, was an age of pretenders and usurpers.

The troubles of the third century, the civil struggles, the war with Persia, the invasions of the Goths, dealt a terrible blow to Roman commerce, to which, as we have observed, the Government had always proved itself a stepmother. Capital was destroyed, the routes of trade became unsafe, and the general depression was expressed by the ominous depreciation of coinage, which was itself a new disaster. The Empire was rescued by the statesmanship of Diocletian and Constantine. But though their sweeping reforms of the administration met certain dangers and enabled the Empire to stand out against its enemies, they did not arrest, but rather increased, the economic decline. The new system augmented the expenses of the administration; and a shortsighted fiscal policy, which violated all the principles that modern political economy lays down for the imposition of taxes, crushed the population under burdens too heavy to be borne. The middle class, which should have been the mainstay of the State, had long been steadily declining; it was irretrievably ruined by the pressure of the Constantinian system. The decay of the middle or 'municipal' class is one of the most essential facts of the fourth and fifth centuries, and it was not properly appreciated by Professor Seeley. Our knowledge of this process is based

* See Seeck, *op. cit.*, 392, 395.

† Seeck, *ibid.*, 393 *et seq.*

on the best and most trustworthy kind of historical evidence, the laws of the Emperors, contained in the Theodosian Code. In his instructive work, to which we have already referred, Mr. Dill devotes a chapter to this subject, and lucidly explains the condition of the municipalities :—

‘The municipality . . . was not confined to the walls of a town ; it included, besides the town, a wide area of rural district extending round it, often for many miles. From the end of the second century the municipal constitution . . . had undergone serious changes. In the century following the reign of Constantine, it had fallen into irreparable decay. The centralisation of government and the multiplication of imperial functionaries had extinguished the free civic life which was in an earlier period the greatest glory of Roman administration. The popular assemblies lost their right of electing to the municipal magistracies ; the local senate, or curia, was no longer composed of men who had held these offices, but of the landholders who possessed more than twenty-five jugera. At the same time the curia became less concerned with the local interests of its municipality, and more and more burdened with duties to the imperial Government . . . It was the practice of the Roman Government to devolve the collection, and even the apportionment, of a tax on the class who paid it. When the Imperial authorities issued their precept for a certain impost payable by the landholders of a district in money or in kind, the members of the local curia had not only to fix the assessment on the proprietors in proportion to their holdings, but they had, through some of their members, the even more invidious task of collecting the amount payable by each. In addition to all this, and it was a portentous addition in those times, the curiales were liable personally for the whole amount, and had to make good any deficiency in the collection. . . .

‘The Emperors were fully aware of the importance of a class on which had been laid such a weight of responsibility. No fewer than one hundred and ninety-two enactments in the Theodosian Code, together with some of the Novellæ, deal with the position and duties of the curiales. . . . Conventional language or policy indeed kept up the fiction that the position of the curialis was an enviable and dignified one. . . . From Constantine to Honorius the Emperors were vainly struggling to stop a movement which had begun long before Constantine, and which threatened the curial body with utter depletion. The ‘flight of the curiales’ was quite as menacing a danger of the later Empire as the inroads of the barbarians. The curiales fled in all directions, and sought a refuge from their perils and ruinous obligations in every calling. Some of the more wealthy and ambitious managed to get themselves enrolled on the lists of the Senate by diplomas surreptitiously or corruptly obtained. Numbers procured admission to some office in the vast Palatine service. Others enlisted in the army or took Holy Orders. Many of the humbler sort were willing to exchange their position for the

practical servitude of corporations, such as the corn-importers or the armourers. Many more in sheer despair took refuge on some great estate, in a dependence almost amounting to serfdom, and sank even to the degradation of marriage with a woman of the servile class.*

While the number of the *curiales* steadily diminished through the flight of those who were unable to meet their liabilities, the burdens which fell on those who remained increased. The Emperors in their fiscal legislation erred simply through the helpless ignorance of political economy in which the world was then sunk; it would be a mistake and an injustice to look upon them as tyrannical or even as callous rulers, deliberately intending to oppress their subjects, or indifferent to the sufferings of the provinces. It may be argued that even that irrational system of finance would not have been irretrievably disastrous if, with all its evils, it had been honestly administered. But the corruption of the revenue officers from the reign of Constantine to the fall of the Western Empire was appalling. The Government was unable to control them; they defrauded the treasury as well as the taxpayer. So far as we can discover, men seldom suffered during this period from oppression on the part of the powerful officials, the governors of the provinces, the vicars of the dioceses, or the great prefects; the guilt of these persons lay in their supineness in failing to afford vigorous protection to the people against the rapacity of the tax-gatherers, whose—

‘insolence is described most vividly and punished most fiercely in some of the latest laws in the Code. By demanding receipts which had been lost, by over-exaction, by fraudulent meddling with the lists of the census, by mere terrorism and brute force, they caused such misery and discontent that the Emperor had more than once, at all costs to the revenue, to order their removal from a whole province.’*

The laws of the Theodosian Code supply material for a vivid picture, such as that which Mr. Dill has sketched, of the distress of the provinces groaning under the scourge of unscrupulous and inhuman tax-collectors; and they likewise exhibit the constant but futile solicitude of the Emperors to check the gross abuses that prevailed. It is evident that the execution of the Imperial wishes in such a matter depended entirely on the loyal support of the prefects and governors; and it can easily be discerned that these great officials were unwilling to intervene with vigour. Moreover, the difficulty of dealing with the corruption of the treasury officials was increased by the

* Dill, p. 228.

circumstance that the great landowners were equally corrupt. The large estates of the senatorial class, which enjoyed immunity from many imposts that weighed upon the rest of the community, were gradually absorbing the small estates of the impoverished curials, who, as we saw, were frequently driven into becoming dependent on their rich neighbours. These landowners resorted to every device to shirk their obligations to the treasury, and entered into collusion with the officials of the revenue.

'They bribed the officers of the census to make false entries of property liable to taxation, and the land-inspectors to relieve them of the burden of unproductive estates. If they purchased an estate from a man in difficulties they would often, by a surreptitious contract, shift the burden of the capitation-tax, payable on the coloni of the estate, to the shoulders of the needy vendor. By influence or bribes they induced the book-keepers to cook their accounts in favour of themselves or their clients.'*

The corruption of the great landlords encouraged the agents of the revenue in their evil courses; and, as Mr. Dill puts it,

'the allurements or the protection of the great, the collusion of comrades equally bent on plunder, remoteness from the seat of empire, the dumb patience of the rustic folk, who could not defend themselves and whose natural protectors were often in league with their plunderers—all these things produced a sense of impunity which the distant sound of imperial menaces seems to have hardly disturbed for a moment.'†

It appears then that, if Diocletian and Constantine saved the Empire, in one respect their work was a failure. They did not solve 'the problem of combining efficient administration with constant responsibility,' and they created, as Finlay acutely observed, 'that struggle between the administration and the governed which has ever since existed, either actively or passively, in every country which has inherited the monarchical principle and the laws of Imperial Rome.'‡

The Empire was weakened by the diseases which we have briefly pointed out: the gross corruption of the administration, the decay of the middle class, the increase of large landed proprietors, who were (with a few brilliant exceptions like Sidonius Apollinaris) lost to all sense of public duty. At the same time another change of the highest significance was befalling the Empire. We have seen how it had been found expedient to establish large settlements of barbarians in thinly populated pro-

* *Ibid.*, p. 226.

† *Ibid.*, p. 227.

‡ Finlay, 'History of Greece,' i, p. 104.

vinces, and how the German element in the army had made itself felt. The inevitable results of this policy appear in the fourth century. If the Germans had undergone a process of Romanisation, they had also exerted a reciprocal influence, and their presence had begun to break down the barrier which existed between Rome and Germany. We now find men of German birth holding exalted posts of trust in the army and the public service. If we would understand the nature of the dismemberment of the Empire, it is imperative to appreciate the fact that five of the most influential men in the second half of the fourth century were of Teutonic race—Merobaudes, Arbogastes, Richomer, along with Bauto and Stilicho, both fathers-in-law of Emperors. Of the two most powerful and famous ministers of the Western Empire in the fifth century, Aetius had German blood in his veins and Ricimer was a Sueve. If we take a comprehensive view of history from the second to the fifth century, we can see that the disintegration of the Empire at the latter epoch was simply the culmination of the process which had begun with the barbarian settlements of Marcus Aurelius. Throughout the intervening ages the Germans had gradually extended their part and lot in the Roman State; and it should never be forgotten that Alaric, and the other invaders of the later period, aspired to be the subjects and viceroys of the Emperor, and were wholly unconscious that they were dismembering the Empire. It never entered into their dreams to 'stand up against the spirit of Cæsar.' Odovacar, whose occupation of Italy marks the epoch of the 'Fall of the Western Empire,' is indeed, from one aspect, simply an invader, but from another aspect he is the successor of Ricimer, Aetius, and Stilicho. He deposed Romulus Augustulus, but he professed allegiance to another Emperor, Julius Nepos. It is equally significant that when Theodoric went forth to found his Ostrogothic kingdom by the overthrow of Odovacar, he went as the vicegerent of the Emperor Zeno. So too, when the Visigoths established their kingdom, first in Gaul, then in Spain, it never occurred to them that they were cutting off provinces from the Empire; they regarded themselves as part of the great 'Republic,' and honestly intended, though of course on their own terms, to maintain their allegiance to the revered name of Rome.

We have now touched on the essential features of the process which ended in the dismemberment of the Roman Empire; and we cannot help seeing that one of the radical causes of the decline was a profound ignorance of economic facts, coupled with a neglect or indifference to industrial interests. It would be impossible to estimate how far Christianity promoted

or accelerated the decline. In 412 A.D. Volusianus, a pagan noble, suggested that the religion of Him who enjoined that the other cheek should be turned to the smiter was really responsible for the decay of Rome. St. Augustine replied No; but all Christians were not animated by St. Augustine's pride in ancient Rome. That there were forces in Christianity violently opposed to the old political order is proved by such utterances as that of St. Paulinus in a letter to which Mr. Dill has called attention. This letter was addressed to a soldier who felt leanings towards a spiritual life. 'The evangelical counsels of perfection are construed in the sternest and most uncompromising fashion. Christian obedience is boldly represented as incompatible with the duties of citizenship and the relations of family life.' But ascetic and other-worldly tendencies, as we have already observed, were not confined to this religion; and their influence must not be exaggerated. Christianity helped to promote the disintegration of Roman society, but in itself it need not have led to the dismemberment of the Empire.

We have still to face the *crux* of our problem. We have seen how depopulation forced the Emperors to replenish their territories and armies by barbarians; how this remedy introduced a new element of disintegration and smoothed the way for the ultimate barbarian occupation; how the municipalities and the middle class decayed; how the provinces were oppressed by the injustice of corrupt treasury officials, so that the people often welcomed the rule of a German chieftain as an alleviation of their sufferings; how unsound finance and discouragement of trade checked progress and prosperity. But the question arises—how came it about that, while these things were fatal to the West, the Roman Empire survived in the East, amid various vicissitudes, for well-nigh a thousand years after Italy had passed under the rule of Odovacar, and Gaul under the rule of Chlodwig? The most serious criticism to which those English writers whose views we have noticed lay themselves open is that in endeavouring to account for the fall of the Western Empire they assign causes which they describe as true of the whole Empire. They fail to show why the West was taken and the East left, why Constantinople stood and Rome fell.

The foundation of the City of Constantine was in the first instance a recognition of the fact that the Empire was too large, in its altered circumstances, to be controlled from a single centre. Henceforward, whether governed by one or by more than one head, it was, according to the design of

Byzantium.

... the pavots, Rome in the west and a
... The elevation of Byzantium to be the
... by some to an exaggerated fear

... 'Illustration,' writes Mr. Hodgkin,* 'of
... the dangers that are really most
... the *Persophobia* (if we may coin a
... which, down to the very days of the
... beyond them, seems to have haunted

... men, but only a part. If it had been
... a Persian invasion that haunted the
... would probably have chosen Antioch
... if we do not greatly err, the special
... Constantinople is disclosed by the
... nearer than Rome to the Persian
... indeed to the Danube. For it was
... Danube above all that danger at first
... the Empire; it was on the side of the
... the side of the Rhine. Historians
... his truth. It was on the Danube that
... entered the first great German peril; it
... the Black Sea and the Balkan peninsula that
... terrible Gothic invasions of the third
... crushing humiliation that was dealt the
... century was the defeat of Valens at
... already called attention to the south-
... Germans. The efficacy of the Rhine
... towards the Sarmatian steppes in
... when the Empire began to exhibit signs
... from this quarter that the first effective
... came. The Gothic peoples who had
... the Don began to press back westward
... that step was across the limits of the
... were not blind to the perils in
... of Adrianople sadly justified the
... It showed that the gravity of the
... outweighed the dangers which were
... the successes of Julian and Valentinian

... which was most menaced proved best able
... several years which followed the death
... certain momentous differences between

the eastern and western provinces were exhibited. The two Emperors, Honorius and Arcadius, were alike weak; yet Honorius and the West might seem to have had a fairer chance of weathering the storm, inasmuch as they leaned upon a tried warrior, the German Stilicho. But things fell out strangely. In the first place, while the east had rest from Persia and could deal unhampered with the Gothic and Hunnic dangers, the West was rudely reminded by the Gildonic war that the Upper Danube, the Rhine, and Caledonia were not the only quarters demanding military vigilance, but that Africa also, the granary of Rome, had not ceased to be a source of danger. In the second place, the movement in Europe initiated by the Hunnic migrations was directed towards the Rhine and the Upper Danube; partly perhaps owing to the fact that on the Lower Danube the Goths were in possession. The government of Honorius was unable to defend both the Upper Danube and the Rhine. Stilicho protected Italy against the hordes of Radagaisus, but he did not prevent the fatal host of Vandals, Sueves, and Alans from marching across Gaul, to found kingdoms in Spain and Africa. In the third place, the danger of rebellious viceroys had reappeared, and the Imperial Government had to deal not only with the invaders but with a crop of tyrants in Gaul and Spain. In the fourth place Alaric the Goth now turned his arms against Italy.

This is a brief summary of the superficial facts of the situation at the moment when the dismemberment of the Western Empire began, and we may now attempt to explain why the West bore the brunt. How came it that, when multitudes of Germans were clamouring at the gates and within the gates of the Empire, the Danubian provinces, the first to be attacked, were, though harried and plundered, nevertheless preserved? How came it that Alaric determined to turn his arms against Italy? This is a crucial question, and it has a wider application. Not Alaric alone, but afterwards Attila the Hun, and later still the great Theodoric, suffered themselves to be diverted from their hostile attempts upon the Balkan peninsula, and moved away to achieve conquests in the West. It would be foolish to suppose that this significant fact depended merely on the superior diplomacy of statesmen at Constantinople. It depended ultimately on certain differences in the condition of the Eastern and of the Western provinces. Finlay is almost the only historian who has grappled with the problem of the preservation of the Eastern Empire, and in the following remarks we will take account of his acute analysis, which has been unduly neglected.

The causes of decline did not operate equally in all parts of the Empire. Thus Egypt did not share in the general depopulation; and the Asiatic provinces seem not to have been affected to the same extent by the evils which led, in the West, to the destruction of the middle class and the growth of vast estates. In the fourth century, the commerce of the Mediterranean and the carrying trade of Western Europe were mainly in the hands of the Greeks; and, in general, the Eastern half of the Roman world was more prosperous and wealthy than the Western. Moreover—

‘the numbers of the Greek population in the Eastern Empire gave a unity of feeling to the inhabitants, a nationality of character to the government, and a degree of power to the Christian church, which were completely wanting in the ill-cemented structure of the West.’*

This unity and quasi-nationality assumed some shape and substance when the Empire was finally divided after the death of Theodosius.

‘In the Western Empire, the people, the Roman aristocracy, and the imperial administration, formed three separate sections of society, unconnected either by religious opinion or national feelings; and each was ready to enter into alliances with armed bands of foreigners in the Empire in order to serve their respective interests or gratify their prejudices or passions.’†

It is an essential moment in the situation that in the East there was no powerful pagan aristocracy. ‘The popular element in the social organisation of the Greek people, by its alliance with Christianity, infused into society the energy which saved the Eastern Empire’;‡ and the clergy in the East seem to have possessed more influence, and to have been able to protect the people to some extent against the oppression of the Government officials.

If we examine the resistance which the Illyrian peninsula presented to the barbarians, we are struck by the following points. European Greece, which had declined under the early Empire, had recovered in some measure its well-being and populousness, and though an invader might plunder it easily enough, it was so populous and homogeneous that a permanent occupation would not have been an easy matter. The task which faced an invader who aimed at permanent conquest was vastly increased by the number of strongly walled towns in the Illyrian peninsula. The cases in which even a small fortress successfully defied Goth or Hun illustrate this difficulty.

* Finlay, i, p. 147.

† *Ibid.*, p. 138.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 138.

Moreover, geographical configuration defended the Eastern Empire.

'The sea which separated the European and Asiatic provinces opposed physical difficulties to invaders, while it afforded great facilities for defence, retreat, and renewed attack to the Roman forces, as long as they could maintain a naval superiority.'*

The mountain ranges in the Balkan peninsula and in the Asiatic provinces, though not a safeguard against invasion, afforded the inhabitants a bulwark which rendered them more active and daring in resisting the invaders. It may be added, that while the wealth of the Eastern Empire† invited the barbarians, 'it furnished the means of repulsing their attacks or of bribing their forbearance.'

In short, the East was more united and vigorous than the West, more populous, richer, and physically less easy for an invader to occupy. But with all these advantages it might not have escaped dismemberment if Constantine had not had the inspiration to plant a new capital of the Empire on the shores of the Bosphorus. The advantages of its site have been so often described that they are almost a commonplace, but they have been put so strikingly and freshly by Mr. A. van Millingen, in his recent scientific work on the walls and gates of Constantinople, that we need not hesitate to quote a part of his description ('Byzantine Constantinople,' p. 4).

'No city owes so much to its site. . . . Nowhere is the influence of geography upon history more strikingly marked. Here, to a degree that is marvellous, the possibilities of the freest and widest intercourse blend with the possibilities of complete isolation. No city can be more in the world and out of the world. It is the meeting point of some of the most important highways on the globe, whether by sea or land; the centre around which diverse, vast, and wealthy countries lie within easy reach, inviting intimate commercial relations, and permitting extended political control. Here the peninsula of Asia Minor, stretching like a bridge across the seas that sunder Asia and Europe, narrows the waters between the two great continents to a stream only half a mile across. Hither the Mediterranean ascends, through the avenues of the *Ægean* and the *Marmora*, from the regions of the south; while the *Euxine* and the *Azoff* spread a pathway to the regions of the north. Here is a harbour within which the largest and richest fleets can find a perfect shelter.

'But no less remarkable is the facility with which the great world,

* Finlay, i, p. 163.

† Due especially to its commerce, and the gold and silver mines of Thrace and Pontus. Cp. Finlay, i, p. 167.

so near at hand, can be excluded. Access to this point by sea is possible only through the straits of the Hellespont on the one side, and through the straits of the Bosphorus on the other—defiles which, when properly guarded, no hostile navy could penetrate. These channels, with the Sea of Marmora between them, formed, moreover, a natural moat which prevented an Asiatic foe from coming within striking distance of the city; while the narrow breadth of the promontory on which the city stands allowed the erection of fortifications along the west, which could be held against immense armies by a comparatively small force.*

This impregnable fortress was the palladium of the Balkan peninsula. We believe that its proximity was, above all others, the consideration which drove Alaric, Attila, and Theodoric to turn away from the Illyrian provinces. There was no city to do for the West what Constantinople did for the East. If Honorius had decided, like Valentinian I and Gratian, to make Trier the seat of empire, he might have saved Gaul, but he would have sacrificed Italy; by choosing Ravenna, he saved Italy and lost Gaul. If he had established his government at Rome he might have saved her from the humiliation of Alaric's sieges; but from a geographical point of view no city was less fitted to be the centre of her Empire, or even of the Western half of her Empire, than Rome herself. At this time she was equally unfitted from a political point of view; and this is the secret of the choice of Ravenna by Honorius. There was a distinct lack of sympathy between the Roman senators, most of whom were still devotedly attached to paganism, and the Christian court of the Emperor. This antagonism is in marked contrast with the state of things at Constantinople. There might be a pagan party there, but it was not an influential order, it was merely a handful of individuals. Arcadius was enveloped by a congenial atmosphere in Byzantium; at Rome Honorius could never have felt himself at home.

The population of Constantinople had increased so enormously since its foundation that it became necessary to extend its area by taking in the suburbs and erecting new fortifications. The enlargement had been foreseen in the reign of Theodosius the Great,* but was not carried out till the reign of Theodosius II. The able and experienced prefect Anthemius, who guided the helm of the Eastern Empire in the infancy of Theodosius, undertook this task and determined the future shape of the city. Anthemius did as much for the East as Stilicho did for the West, though the world has remembered

* This is clear from a passage in an oration of Themistius quoted by Mr. van Millingen, p. 42.

Stilicho and forgotten Anthemius.* He had to face the Huns, who were now, under their chieftain Uldin, beginning to attack the Illyrian provinces. Anthemius beat them back beyond the Danube, and established upon that river a flotilla of two hundred and fifty vessels; he took care that the walls of the Illyrian cities, which had suffered through the Visigothic devastations, were rebuilt; and in planning the new walls of the capital he was preparing consciously for the Hunnic war which he foresaw, unconsciously for the assaults of successive hordes of barbarians, still beyond the Roman horizon, but destined to arrive one after another and vainly knock at the mighty gates for more than a thousand years. The inner of the two western walls is the wall of Anthemius, and it probably saved the city a siege by Attila. But violent earthquakes—Constantinople had no deadlier enemy—destroyed portions of this wall before the end of the same reign, and we may wonder that Attila did not seize the opportunity. The prefect Constantine met the crisis with an energy worthy of Anthemius, and his name, in Greek and in Latin, may still be read on one of the gates. He not only restored the Anthemian wall but he erected a second wall in front of it, outside of which was constructed a broad and deep moat. Thus the city was placed behind a triple line of defence.

‘The walls were flanked by 192 towers, while the ground between the two walls and that between the outer wall and the moat provided room for the action of large bodies of troops. These five portions of the fortifications rose tier above tier, and combined to form a barricade 190–207 feet thick, and over 100 feet high.’ †

The reign of Theodosius II was thus of the highest importance in the history of Constantinople, and thereby in that of the Eastern Empire. But the military fortification of the great citadel does not exhaust its importance. A university was founded at Constantinople, and the Theodosian code of laws was issued.

‘The Theodosian Code,’ says Finlay, ‘afforded the people the means of arraiguing the conduct of their rulers before fixed principles of law, and the University of Constantinople established the influence of Greek literature and gave the Greek language an official position in the Eastern Empire.’ ‡

* Anthemius too was celebrated by a poet, named Theotimus; but the work of Theotimus is lost, and we may be sure that it did not approach the level of Claudian.

† Van Millingen, p. 46.

‡ Finlay, I, p. 173.

The point which it here concerns us to insist upon is that these measures are significant of a steady desire for solid reform and the good of the people, a desire which is also shown in the alleviation which was afforded by two large remissions of arrears of taxation, wiping out the claims for unpaid taxes over a period of sixty years. Fortunately the reign of Theodosius did not stand alone. He was followed by a series of able sovereigns—Marcian, Leo, Zeno, Anastasius—who, whatever their faults may have been, were steadily bent on reform. They were 'men born in the middle or lower ranks of society,' and 'appear to have participated in popular sympathies to a degree natural only to men who had long lived without courtly honours.' It is certain that these strong intelligent men, who form such a striking contrast to the later Emperors of the West, contributed incalculably to the conservation of the Eastern Empire. They had no brilliant or showy qualities, and they are now well-nigh forgotten; but Leo, Zeno, and Anastasius were exceptionally able statesmen.

In the fifth century, then, a healthy spirit of reform, due to the fact that the Government was in touch with the people, manifested itself in the East, while in the West the pathetic and terrible appeals of such Emperors as Majorian, seeking to arrest decay and suppress intolerable abuses, evoked no response. But there was another moment in the situation which, if we mistake not, had considerable significance. We have already referred to the fact that the chief ministers of Honorius and his successors were men of German race. We would not detract from the great services of Stilicho, or from the greater services of Aetius, but we would point out that these statesmen were sources of weakness, as well as strength. This will be readily admitted in the case of Count Ricimer, whose policy clearly paved the way for Odovacar; but it is also true of Stilicho and Aetius. If Honorius had been a strong ruler and had not consigned his power to Stilicho, or if Stilicho had not been a German, it is highly probable that the Empire would not have been divided by the revolt of Constantine, whose tyranny helped the successes of the barbarians. It has been said that the Vandals would never have occupied Africa if they had not been invited by Count Boniface; and though this statement is an exaggeration, the fact remains that the disasters of the reign of Valentinian III were partly due to the jealousy and antagonism which existed between Aetius, a minister of German stock, and Romans like Boniface. Now the Eastern Empire was also threatened by the ascendancy of men of foreign extraction, first in the reign of Arcadius, and again in the reign

of Leo. Each time the danger was averted. On the first occasion it took the form of an actual rebellion of Gothic troops under an ambitious leader named Gainas, whose programme was to revive the lost cause of Arianism. After the death of Marcian (457 A.D.) a powerful general of Alan race, named Aspar—an Arian, like most of the barbarians who embraced Christianity—assisted Leo to ascend the throne, and it might have seemed that he was destined to play in the East the same part, and to exercise the same authority, which had fallen to Stilicho, Aetius, and Ricimer in the West. But Leo apprehended the situation; he averted the immediate peril by assassinating Aspar, and he forestalled future dangers of the same kind by a reform of the military system. He began to recruit the army out of native troops, and ceased to rely, as his predecessors had relied, on foreign mercenaries. What Leo thus began, Zeno carried out. The great work of Zeno's reign, as Finlay observes, 'was the formation of an army of native troops to serve as a counterpoise to the barbarian mercenaries who threatened the Eastern Empire with the same fate as the Western.'

Within the limits of an article we have been unable to do more than indicate the various causes which determined the dismemberment of the Empire in the fifth century. Each, if it were to be illustrated fully, would almost demand an article to itself; but it may be of service to bring them together thus into a connected statement. We are now in a position to give a summary answer to the enquiry which we have attempted—an answer, however, which cannot be so briefly expressed as Professor Seeley's 'depopulation.' The Roman Empire as a whole was weakened by depopulation; Italy suffered eminently; and the original causes of this evil are not clear, though we can observe the forces—fiscal oppression, economic ignorance, the institution of slavery, and a new spirit of asceticism, which hindered the population from recovering itself. Like other ancient States, the Roman Empire suffered through ignorance of sound principles of economy; but to this universally prevailing evil it added a limitation of its own, which it inherited from the Republic, a certain antipathy or indifference to commerce. If an Adam Smith had arisen, the Empire might have been rescued from decline; but the only means which its rulers found to strengthen it was the settlement of barbarians in the provinces and the admission of barbarians into the legions.

This Germanising of the Empire (which was accompanied by a reciprocal process of Romanising the Germans) chiefly affected

the European, Latin-speaking provinces; and it smoothed the way there for the ultimate ascendancy of the German race. One of its immediate effects was a relaxation of military discipline, the upgrowth of a free spirit in the army; and without this the rebellions, revolutions, and usurpations of the third century would hardly have been possible. The disunion within the State at this period would have soon made it a prey for its enemies unless Diocletian had reorganised it and Constantine consolidated and completed the work of Diocletian. But though these statesmen restored the unity and defended the frontiers of the State, their new system aggravated, instead of removing, some essential weaknesses. The municipal classes declined in prosperity and were ultimately ruined; and this process was hastened by the incredible corruption of the collectors of revenue under the Constantinian system. Here again, however, the West suffered more severely than the more populous East. Neither Government did much for commerce and industries, but the industries and commerce which existed were mainly in the hands of the inhabitants of the Greek and Asiatic provinces. In these parts of the Empire men were better able to bear the fiscal burdens. Moreover Constantine, by his greatest work, the foundation of Constantinople, did for the East what he was unable to do for the West, and not only gave it a citadel but supplied a rallying-point for a sort of national unity. Christianity and the influence of the Church acted as a cement of such a unity, whereas in the West the members of the wealthy senatorial class were largely pagans and were out of touch both with their humbler fellow-subjects and with the Government.

In the same connexion it may be observed that there existed in the Eastern Empire a public opinion which was able more easily to make itself felt than in the West. The Eastern provinces were also more favourably situated in point of geographical configuration. Accordingly it came about that, though the East had to bear the first brunt of the northern barbarians pressing in upon the Empire in the fourth century, and though it suffered severely from their devastations, yet the invaders saw that they would be unable to make good a permanently satisfactory lodgment in the East, and decided to divert their efforts to the feebler and distracted West, where men of their own race were influential in the State. Delivered of the presence of Alaric and his Visigoths, the Eastern Empire had escaped from its first great danger; and its future safety was confirmed and assured by a succession of able statesmen, from Anthemius to Anastasius I. It may be said that the strength

of the East was a cause of calamity to the West, since Visigoth, Hun, and Ostrogoth turned successively from the Balkan lands to seek conquest in Italy, Gaul, or Spain; but this is no reproach to the rulers of Byzantium, who could reply that if the realm of Arcadius and Theodosius had been weaker, such weakness would assuredly not have saved the realm of Honorius and Valentinian. In the West all the causes of decline operated without check, and the ascendancy of Germans at court was a source of division and discontent which led to rebellions. With the help of all these considerations we may be able to understand how the Latin half of the Empire was dismembered, while the Greek half held together and perpetuated the Empire of Rome.

Our enquiry, finished here, might naturally lead us on to meditate on the causes which brought about the subsequent dismemberment of the Eastern Empire by Persians, Saracens, and Bulgarians in the seventh century. Professor Seeley bracketed this later series of events with the events known as the fall of the Western Empire, and sought to embrace both under the same solution. We regard this view as completely erroneous. The causes which led to the success of the Saracens were wholly distinct from the causes which led to the success of the Germans. In one, but only in one, respect was there a continuity in the process. The ravages of Goths, Huns, and other barbarian hordes in the fifth century in the Illyrian provinces caused anew a decline in the population which facilitated the gradual infiltration of a new set of strangers, the Slavs. This influx began actively in the sixth century, and smoothed the way for the Slavonic and Bulgarian conquests in the seventh century—a repetition of the same process which we witnessed in the case of the German conquests. The Slavonic settlements were one cause of disintegration. A second, and perhaps the most vital and far-reaching, was the religious disunion of the Empire. The political importance of the theological controversies which raged in the fifth century as to the nature or natures of Christ can hardly be too highly estimated. In Egypt and Syria men's intellects did not move on the same lines as in the Greek provinces; and this fundamental divergence in spirit and modes of thought expressed itself in rival doctrines touching Christ's nature and personality. Never was the decree of an ecclesiastical council more fatal to the State than the wire-drawn formula issued by the Churchmen who met at Chalcedon. Egypt and Syria were alienated, and the tendency towards a quasi-national unity, which had been perceptible, was checked by this religious division. The

mistake of Chalcedon must be largely imputed to the unfortunate influence of the Bishop of Rome; and when it had been committed, no more urgent problem faced the Government of Constantinople than to discover some means of rectifying it. Zeno and the able Patriarch Acacius, a Churchman exceptionally free from bigotry, grappled with the difficulty, and an Act of Union (*Henotikon*) was proclaimed, which recognised the doctrines of Nicæa and Ephesus and ignored the decision of Chalcedon. On this basis the Churches of Alexandria and Antioch were reunited in communion with Constantinople, and the religious peace of the East was restored. Statesmanship and tact could have maintained this union, but the disastrous policy of Justinian undid the work of Zeno and revived the political error of Chalcedon.

If any man can be regarded as distinctly, if partially, responsible for such a vast event as the dismemberment of the Eastern Empire, first by the Persians and then by the Saracens, we say deliberately that it is the Emperor Justinian. We fear that this statement will appear startling and paradoxical; for we are accustomed to look upon Justinian's reign as an epoch of singular glory and brilliance. Two glorious achievements, beyond all blame or cavil, were accomplished under his auspices. Lawyers of unrivalled learning enriched the world with the 'Digest,' the 'Institutes,' and the 'Code'; architects of matchless skill and soaring imagination built the Church of St. Sophia. But the famous conquests of the ambitious ruler were purchased at an exorbitant price. In the first place, seeing that in order to carry out his scheme of recovering Italy and the Western provinces from their German lords it would be of the highest importance to reconcile the Roman Church, which had been alienated by the policy of Zeno, he revived the doctrine of Chalcedon. Thus Rome was conciliated at the expense of the unity of the East, and the attempts which Justinian subsequently made to alleviate the consequences of his act only served to make the evil worse. The East was irrevocably disunited; Egypt and Syria were alienated from Constantinople. In the second place, Justinian's conquests were an enormous strain on the treasury. The grave struggle in which the Empire was then involved with the great Persian king Chosroes imposed such a heavy burden on the revenue that a ruler in Justinian's position was not justified in gratuitously undertaking other wars. If Justinian had merely spent the fund which had been accumulated by the economies of his predecessors, it might have been well; but in order to meet the expenses of his policy he overtaxed his subjects and revived financial oppression in

its worst form.* Alleviation of fiscal burdens had been one of the best features of the reigns of the Emperors who preceded him; and Anastasius had even reformed the curial system by doing away with the principle of joint responsibility. But the progress which their discreet policy inaugurated was undone by Justinian; the merciless system of impositions, associated with the abominable name of John the Cappadocian, impoverished and ruined the people, and precipitated the Empire down that path of decline which ended in the disasters of the next century.

It would exceed the space and scope of this article to go on to show how within its diminished borders the Eastern Empire recovered its strength, so that during the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, as Mr. Frederic Harrison observes in his eloquent Rede lecture, 'the Emperors of New Rome ruled over a settled State which, if not as powerful in arms, was far more rich in various resources, more cultured, more truly modern, than any in Western Europe.' In the second decline, if we may so speak, which began in the eleventh century and culminated in the Latin capture of Constantinople (A.D. 1204), we see repeated some of those economic causes which induced the decay of the early Empire. We can mark especially the fatal growth of vast estates and the ruin of the small proprietors—a process against which the Emperors had legislated and struggled in vain. The day of doom came for the Younger as it had come for the Elder Rome. It is perhaps seldom realised how much longer the sway of Constantinople as an Imperial city endured than the rule of Rome herself. Even if we date the Empire of Rome from the conquest of Sicily, her first province, in the third century before our era, and extend the duration of her power to the subjugation of Italy by Odovacar (A.D. 476), her period amounts to little more than seven centuries. On the other hand, even if we omit to count the two hundred years of the restored Empire of the Palæologi, Constantinople, from her foundation to her capture by the Crusaders, reigned for little less than nine centuries. We are satisfied that this advantage which the daughter city enjoyed was due, above all, to the incomparable strength of her situation and her walls.

* The evidence for this is treated in Panchenko's full and important study on the '*Historia Arcana*' of Procopius, named at the head of this article.

ART. VIII.—THE CONDITIONS OF GREAT POETRY.

NO two domains of thought could, at first sight, seem farther apart than those of poetical criticism and of sociological science. They are, however, in reality very closely connected, though the nature and importance of the connexion has only become apparent through the gradual comprehension of certain facts and principles which has taken place during comparatively recent years. Few conceptions have done more to transform the aspect which existence generally presents to the human mind than the principle now known to us under the familiar name Evolution. It has not only exhibited to us in a wholly new light the sequence of all phenomena, physical, mental, and social; but in the case of each class of phenomena it has cast a light equally new on the fact of their co-existence, revealing it to us as an inter-dependence. It has shown us that, as nothing can be understood apart from the things preceding it, so nothing can be understood apart from the things surrounding it. It has shown us this relativity in the sphere of commerce and industry, in the sphere of political government, in the sphere of class relationships. It has shown us the same thing with regard to thought and literature. There is no order of phenomena which is not conditioned by its environment, which does not depend on circumstances outside itself; and of this great rule poetry is a signal example. The greatness or the littleness of the poetry of any given period depends to some extent on the faculties of the poets themselves; but to some extent also, and far more than was once thought, it depends on the social conditions into which the poets have been born: and poetry being thus connected with social history, the criticism of it, within certain limits, is a portion of the science of sociology.

In pre-scientific days this truth was perceived but dimly. The greatness of the greatest poetry was once attributed without qualification to the peculiar congenital faculties comprised in the personality of the poets; and if the poetry of certain epochs and peoples has been on the whole greater than the poetry of others, the fact was explained solely by reference to the further fact, itself unexplained and inexplicable, that among certain races there appeared at certain epochs an unusual number of unusually gifted individuals. Modern scientific thinkers, among them Mr. Herbert Spencer, have been led, in their protests against the insufficiency of this theory, into an error which is even greater than that which they are anxious to displace. In emphasising the fact that the

greatness of great poetry is not due entirely to the greatness of the poet himself, they have tended to lose sight of the greatness of the poet altogether, and have treated his personal gifts as though they were practically a negligible quantity. The nature of the temptation which has led them to do this is intelligible. Their desire has been to reduce history to a series of calculable phenomena, to redeem it from the dominion of chance or from the arbitrary interpositions of a Deity; and they have no doubt been able to exhibit these phenomena under their wider aspects as arising and succeeding one another in obedience to certain general laws. But the phenomena of exceptional genius have entirely eluded their explanations. They can tell us why one race is intellectually more feeble than another; they can tell us why one age is intellectually less active than another; but they cannot tell us why, among men of the same race, individuals or groups of individuals appear from time to time, incalculably more gifted than the great mass of those whose racial antecedents and whose social circumstances are the same. The appearance of great genius, and of poetic genius especially, remains still an inscrutable mystery; nor is there any reason for supposing that the causes, which make one member of a family a genius and leave the rest dunces, belong to the same order of causes as those which make the average intelligence of the European greater than that of the Hottentot, or which made the intellectual atmosphere of the time of Queen Elizabeth more stimulating than that of the time of William the Conqueror. In so far therefore as exceptionally great genius is a factor in the production of exceptionally great poetry, the causes of great poetry are inaccessible to the science of the sociologist; and in the interest of his science he is consequently tempted to minimise them. He is tempted to argue that the greatness of such works as the 'Divine Comedy' or 'Hamlet' was due in reality not to the author but to the age. The truth of the matter is that both these causes were essential to the result, and that to dwell on the character of the age and practically ignore that of the author—as is done by Mr. Herbert Spencer—is as nonsensical as to dwell on the author and practically ignore the age. The man with the greatest congenital gift for poetry may be unable to produce any poetry that is really great if he lives in an age that is unsuited to its production; but the age most suited to its production will be no less barren unless, by a happy coincidence, it chance to possess the man whose exceptional poetic powers will respond to the stimulus which it applies to them.

Having, however, recognised that the personal, the incal-

culable element in poetry retains its importance despite all the attacks of the sociologists, we may profitably direct our attention to the truth on which the sociologists insist. Premising, then, that no great poetry can be written except by men with congenital faculties of an exceedingly rare kind, we must admit that such men might be very great poets in one age but would be very inferior poets, or hardly poets at all, in another; and we shall then see that the broad facts of history provide us with a partial, though not a complete, explanation of the curiously intermittent and irregular manner in which great poets and poetry have always made their appearance.

We have been led to direct attention to this aspect of the question by the condition of English poetry at the close of the nineteenth century, as compared with its condition during the larger part of that period. During the earlier portion of the century this country possessed poets in whose works the nation found an echo, and often a revelation, of all that was highest and deepest in its thoughts, its aspirations, and its feelings. Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, in their respective manners and degrees, dealing with life as seen through the medium of emotion, grasped it and interpreted it in such a masterly way that all contemporary emotion gradually ran itself into the moulds with which these poets supplied it; and when Wordsworth died, having long outlived his coadjutors, successors had already arisen to his position and theirs, in the persons of Tennyson and Robert Browning, and—at least during his earlier years—in the person of Mr. Swinburne. We have mentioned thus far poets of the first order only; but contemporary with these, and sharing not a little of their influence and inspiration, were Scott and Coleridge during the earlier decades of the century, and in later years D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, and Matthew Arnold. But now, since the deaths of these three last-named writers, together with those of Tennyson and Browning, and the gradual exhaustion of Mr. Swinburne's earlier and most distinctive inspiration, poetry of the first order has become practically extinct among us. To this observation we must make one partial exception, which we shall mention presently; but in a general sense it is true. We have still poets, no doubt, who are distinguished by many excellences. But true poetry, and even poetry perfect of its kind, need not be great poetry; and the voice of great poetry is, for the time, silent. We hear the notes of experts who are performing on minor instruments, but the sound of the great organ which flooded the aisles has ceased.

What, then, we ask, is the reason of this cessation? The

old-fashioned answer would have been that great poetry has ceased simply because the Deity or the incalculable operations of Nature had produced no new individuals with genius sufficient to write it. Whatever element of truth there may be in this answer, we shall invite the reader to consider whether, in the present case, there is not another, the scope of which has already, in general terms, been indicated. We shall invite the reader to consider whether poetry, at the close of the nineteenth century, may not owe its lack of greatness less to the deficiencies of its poets than to various changes which have come over the world generally—changes in the ideals and the political outlook of nations, and in the spiritual and intellectual atmosphere of the world at large. This is an enquiry which suggests to us many questions, highly interesting in themselves, apart from their present application. It involves, firstly, a consideration of what the general conditions are which history shows us to have been favourable to the production of great poetry in the past; and, secondly, it involves a consideration of what great poetry is. We will begin with the general conditions.

Under what conditions, then, did the great poets produce their masterpieces? Let us take Æschylus and Sophocles; let us take Horace and Virgil; let us take Dante; let us take Shakespeare and Milton; let us take Goethe and Schiller, and lastly the great English poets who have flourished during the nineteenth century. We shall find that all these writers produced their works during periods in which their respective countries were in a state of heightened national vitality; or in which mankind generally were dominated by some strong religious convictions; or in which old convictions were being discarded, and new ones were with eagerness being fore-shadowed, sought out, and formed; or in which some or all these conditions to some degree co-existed. Thus the period of the production of the great Greek tragedies was the period during which Athens, as a State, rose to its brief pre-eminence; when the guardian Goddess of the Acropolis, shining 'through the most pellucid air,' was more than a work of art, more even than an object of worship; when she was a visible and triumphant symbol to the City of the Violet Crown of a national life exulting over all rivals, in a solemn yet buoyant consciousness of freedom, strength, and beauty. And what the exquisite microcosm of Athens was to Æschylus and Sophocles the august macrocosm of Rome was to Horace and Virgil. Its effects upon the poetry of Horace are not, perhaps, immediately obvious; but in the 'Æneid' they are such that he who

runs may read them. Rome would never have possessed an 'Æneid' if it had not possessed a Virgil; but no Virgil could have written an 'Æneid' if he had not been a citizen of Rome. When we come to Dante the case is somewhat different. The conditions of Florence, and of his own life as affected by them, had no doubt a certain effect on his genius; but the most important relation of his personal gifts to his environment was not his relation to any secular State. It was his relation to the spiritual empire of mediæval Catholicism. In the 'Divine Comedy' we have a revelation of his own gifts and character. We see them in his mastery of language, in the rigid clearness of his imagination, in his unflinching judgments of individuals, in his passion for Beatrice, and in his sympathy for the lovers who kissed each other and who 'that day read no more.' But through all these, beyond all these, and greater than all these, we see an image of Christianity as it was in the Age of Faith—the depths, the heights, the terrors, the probations, and the blessedness which it created or revealed as possibilities for the human soul. In the case of Shakespeare, as has often been observed before, we see the poet set in an age of great national expansion, partly political, partly religious and intellectual; new continents offering themselves to the enterprise of action, new regions of speculation offering themselves to the enterprise of the mind, and new splendours and amenities introducing themselves into social life. Milton presents us with a phenomenon of the same kind. His genius too was conditioned by special and unusual circumstances. What the Renaissance of art and thought and the blossoming of a monarchical civilisation were to Shakespeare, the anti-monarchical revolt of the Puritans was for Milton; and for Milton the religion of the Puritans was what Catholicism was for Dante. The genius of Schiller and Goethe, that of Goethe more especially, was conditioned by circumstances which were less national than cosmopolitan. It developed itself and worked in an atmosphere of political calm; but its mental environment was that stress and ferment of thought by which all Europe was at the time agitated—the seeking for new philosophies, new spiritual ideals, and new conceptions of the manner in which the individual man might realise most fully the highest possibilities of his existence.

Of the environment of the great poets with whom we are more specially concerned—namely, those who have flourished in England during the nineteenth century—we will speak presently; but let us dwell a little longer on that of those with whom we have just been dealing. These poets are so eminent

and representative that they afford us materials from which to generalise with regard to the present question. They suffice to justify us in saying that great poetry is never produced except in periods in which the minds of men are excited by strong feelings, dominated by strong beliefs, or animated by strong hopes, which the poet, at starting, has had no share in producing. He may react on them by means of his poetry. He may stimulate them, he may clarify them, he may add to their vitality, he may exalt them; but he finds them ready to hand, as the materials with which his art must work. These feelings, beliefs, and hopes are, as we have seen already, national, religious, or philosophic, or all three in combination. To describe them thus, however, is not sufficient for our purpose. It is necessary that we should analyse them further.

Let us begin with those which are national—which spring into exceptional vitality in connexion with some expansion or development of national life and power. The principal point which is here to be observed is this. Every national expansion or development of the kind in question may be generally and broadly divided into two stages: the first being the stage of struggle through which victory and success are reached; the second being the stage during which the resources that victory has won are being consciously appreciated, and applied to further uses; and it is the latter stage alone which is favourable to great poetry. All the evidence of history tends to support this conclusion. Great poetry has no doubt been produced in nations which have not been going through this latter stage of success; but it has never been produced in nations during the stress and struggle that have preceded it. To illustrate this fact it will be enough to turn again to the age of Shakespeare. In the sphere of politics, of national religion, and of social civilisation alike, England was then, as it were, entering into a new inheritance. It was no longer fighting for its treasures. It was sorting them, admiring them, employing them in many ways, and dreaming of other ways in which they might be employed some day. The same thing may be said of the great poetic epochs of Athens and Rome, and of France under Louis XIV. But it is not necessary here to go into further details. Stated briefly, the truth amounts to this: that the national conditions most favourable to the production of great poetry are conditions of national vigour, confident of success and looking forward to further triumphs. Under these conditions the minds of men generally are in a state which is midway between the calm of speculation and reflection and the preoccupation of practical endeavour. It unites the intellectual vision of the one with the

ardent passion of the other. It is this state of mind to which the poet appeals, and which in the great poet reaches its most complete development.

We do not say that these national conditions are indispensable to the production of great poetry; but if they are absent, then it is all the more necessary that the conditions of religion or thought should be favourable. If we consider religious conditions, we shall find the one which most strongly affects the production of poetry to be a religious belief at once generally diffused and accepted with unquestioning and intense conviction. This of itself may be sufficient to admit of the production of great poetry, apart from any special heightening or development of national life; but, whenever such a development of national life takes place, religious belief is directly or indirectly an element of it. The precise nature of the belief—as we see in the case of Dante—will necessarily affect the character of the poetry that is produced under its influence; but the essential point is that the belief, whatever it may be, shall not be a belief confined to the poet himself, or to a band of struggling propagandists, but shall be accepted by the whole public whom he addresses, with a faith equal to his own. It must not be a flame which he has to kindle and tend, and which only shines precariously from the spot which he himself occupies. It must be a flame which burns for him and for all alike, illuminating life for all of them in the same way, and producing the same effects of spiritual light and shade. Dante, however devout a Catholic himself, could never have written his 'Inferno' had his lot been cast in a generation which, before it could listen seriously to any account of Hell, required to be persuaded that such a place as Hell existed; nor could Milton ever have written his 'Paradise Lost' in an age when no Christian of attainments similar to his own any longer believed that there was any literal truth in the Hebrew account of the genesis of the human race. Unless the poet's religion is, without any effort of his own, shared by his audience, and unless he can take it for granted in them, it will, if it moves him to public utterance at all, move him to use his genius, not as a poet, but as a missionary.

Finally, let us consider the philosophic or intellectual conditions favourable to great poetry—conditions which may co-exist with the others, or else may take the place of them. That some great and general outburst of intellectual and philosophical activity may have on poetry an effect very similar to that of some great national development, or of strong religious belief, is attested by the case of Goethe. In certain

instances such a movement may assume a national character; but the case of Goethe shows us that this is by no means essential. What influenced his genius was a quickening of thought throughout Europe, which had nothing to do with the fortunes of the State of Weimar. And just as it was independent of the life of any special nation, so was it independent of the dogmas of any special religion. It was not only independent of them; it represented a revolt against them; or at all events it involved a repudiation of them in their literal sense. Now if strong religious belief is favourable to great poetry, we might naturally expect that the disintegration of it, at the hands of philosophy, would be the reverse; and we might easily adduce examples to show that such is the case. The fact is, however, that philosophy, when it frees itself from dogmatic religion, and endeavours to reach truth by independent means of its own, is capable of doing this in two widely different ways. It may do so in a spirit which, so far as definite belief is concerned, is mainly negative and destructive; and it may do so in a spirit which, in the very act of negation, conceives itself to be re-expressing what it denies, and re-expressing it more completely. In the former case we have an extinction of belief; in the latter we have a transformation; and whilst an intellectual movement which tends to the extinction of belief is unfavourable to poetry, an intellectual movement which tends to the transformation of it may be no less favourable than the settled belief itself. For such a movement, so long as it remains in this stage, is practically an equivalent of the very thing which it seems to be destroying. It is itself a religion which, whilst it is losing the stimulus of definite conviction, gains what for the time is equally operative on the mind, namely, the stimulus of indefinite hope. Such was the movement in the midst of which the genius of Goethe expanded itself. It was a movement inspired by an exceptionally vivid belief in exuberant possibilities of life which till then had been hampered by man's unsuccessful attempts at expressing them, and which seemed to be then at last thronging vaguely into sight, ready, at the spell of genius, to assume some intelligible form. The words of religious dogma might be only 'sound and smoke'; but behind them was the 'heaven's glow' which they had obscured, and which would shine on us when they were swept aside. Who, asks Faust, can say he believes in the Deity? And yet who, having felt, can say, 'In Him I do not believe'? An intellectual movement which, whilst repudiating one set of beliefs, is not vivified by the conviction that it is replacing them by others

equally inspiring, may be favourable, or not unfavourable, to many efforts of human genius—to progress in the arts of life, to the advance of positive knowledge; or, as we see by the example of Rome, when its ancient faith was leaving it, to the elaboration of a great system of jurisprudence. But to great poetry such a negative movement is unfavourable: we may say, indeed, that it renders it impossible. But when an intellectual movement, however destructive on one side, is simultaneously constructive on another, the case, so far as regards great poetry, is reversed.

The explanation of this fact is simple, and is to be found in a general principle which applies equally to the connexion with great poetry of a quickening of the national life and of intense religious conviction. This principle is that at the root of all great poetry there is some form or other of strenuous and impassioned optimism, some heightened sense of the value and importance of existence. And this is as true of the poetry which expresses sadness, or even deliberate pessimism, as it is of the poetry which expresses the delights of love, hope, and endeavour, the beauty of good, or the majesty of great conduct. For all pessimism that is really impressive in poetry is neither more nor less than the shadow of some vivid optimism; and the gloom of the shadow is in proportion to the brightness of the light that casts it, just as the bitterness of a lover's loss is in proportion to the intensity of his passion. It is easy to see that a development of the national life such as that which took place in this country during the age of Shakespeare, and an intellectual movement such as that which conditioned the career of Goethe, were essentially optimistic, in the sense that they intensified men's consciousness of the value and richness of existence, and made them regard it with heightened and deepened feelings; and a moment's reflection will make it equally clear that the Catholicism of the Age of Faith, in spite of the terrors of its *Inferno*, and what many regard as the tyranny which it exercised over the human spirit, was an optimism, in the sense in which we are now using the word, of the most absolute and overwhelming kind. It was founded on a belief in the unerring justice of God, and it impressed on men, with a vividness which has never since been equalled, the inconceivable preciousness of every human soul. To these observations there is one more to be added, or rather to be repeated, for it is an observation we have made already. The hopes, the feelings, the beliefs, which are favourable to great poetry, which the great poet focalises, and which we have classed together under the name of optimism, must not be the

precarious possession of some small clique or party. They must be generally diffused throughout the poet's own country or throughout the world; and they must have a vigorous existence independent of the poet himself. His province must be not to initiate them, but to absorb, to reproduce and to interpret them.

And now let us turn at last to the poets of our own country who have flourished between the beginning of the nineteenth century and its close, and see how they have been affected by one or other, or all, of those conditions which we have just been examining. We will take Byron and Shelley, with whom we may associate Keats, as representing poetry during the earlier portion of that period; treating Wordsworth, whose full development belonged to a later time, subsequently. We will then pass on to Tennyson, Browning, and Mr. Swinburne.

Byron and Shelley, it is hardly necessary to say, were surrounded by the same general intellectual atmosphere as that which surrounded Goethe, though they assimilated its various elements in a very different manner. Goethe assimilated them as a philosopher, Byron as a practical man, and Shelley as a prophetic dreamer; but all three assimilated them as idealists. They all three gave expression to the hope of some larger and freer life, and they all found these hopes alive in the air around them—hopes partly generated by the political and the military convulsions of the time, partly by the growth of the democratic and the scientific spirit. But the idealism of Byron, and even that of Shelley, contained far more of the national and political elements than Goethe's; and these elements likewise were supplied by contemporary circumstances. Political ideas and ideals of the most incongruous and indeed conflicting character were then germinating in this country, and being more or less fused together in the crucible of the national imagination. On the one hand there was the democratic idea, which had been expressed by such writers as Godwin. On the other there was the remains of a sort of Strawberry-Hill mediævalism, with which the upper class invested itself, applauded and assisted by the public. Byron absorbed and reflected both sets of ideas, which, however otherwise opposed, possessed alike the charm of innovation, and appealed alike to some living faith in the future. Byron was, indeed, equally sincere in his passionate response to both. Shelley was touched almost exclusively by the former. But the two poets alike concentrated and reproduced ideas, hopes, feelings, passions, and aspirations which were not peculiar to themselves, but belonged to their generation, and were due to far-reaching and widely extended causes. The same observation applies also to Keats. The

same comprehensive spirit of sanguine and adventurous unrest, which spoke through Byron and Shelley as a spirit of romance and freedom, spoke through Keats as the spirit of a paganism born again, which to the life of sensuous beauty should give back the spiritual charm of which Christian spiritualism had defrauded it. The general optimism of the period was, in the case of each poet, coloured by his own genius and character. Whatever the conditions of the age in which each lived, he would probably have written poetry of some sort or other; but in each case the poet's volume of meaning, and the confident passion which inspired it, and which stimulated and sustained his utterance, were derived from that quickening of new hopes, sentiments, and philosophies which pervaded Europe at the dawn of the nineteenth century.

Let us now take the case of Wordsworth. If Byron, Shelley, and Keats were the exponents of a revolutionary optimism, that optimism was succeeded, and for a time accompanied, by a corresponding optimism of reaction, and Wordsworth was the exponent of this. During his earlier years, indeed, he too had been touched by the revolutionary fervour. His bringing poetry back to the realities of the simplest life was in itself a response to, and an expression of, the general revolutionary movement; and a response to it yet deeper was the quasi-pantheistic mysticism which led him to invest, like Shelley, the beauties of external nature with the spiritual and emotional meanings of a self-revealing religion. But for Wordsworth, unlike Shelley, this self-revealing religion was practically but another aspect of orthodox and dogmatic Christianity. And yet Wordsworth, no less than Shelley, was inspired and stimulated by a spirit which was diffused amongst a multitude of his contemporaries, and which therefore possessed a vitality altogether independent of himself. In spite of the non-orthodox transcendentalism which had spread itself through Europe, orthodox Christianity, especially in this country, retained a vigorous hold on many of the most powerful intellects, and the pulses of the old faith quickened under the attacks of the new philosophies. Wordsworth's poetry was an attempt to take the new philosophies captive, and apply them to the service of the old religion; and it was the religious faith and feeling still alive amongst multitudes, who were at once touched by the spirit of progress and distrustful of it, which sustained and stimulated him in constructing a retreat for the soul, in which faith and reason might together find rest amongst the most profound realities.

The genius of Tennyson developed itself amongst a different set of influences, and in a world which has been fast vitalised

by faiths of a new kind. As a great poet, and in his greatest poems, he represents the optimism of the earlier Victorian period. His very patriotism was a refinement of the patriotism of Mr. Podsnap. Everything seemed to him to be for the best in this best of all possible countries; and the same opinion was rife in the air around him. As we look back at it now, we can see that this opinion was exaggerated; and many of the hopes associated with it have by this time been falsified. But it is easy to see how it arose, and we can hardly wonder at its prevalence. It was due to various causes, which, though they had been long in operation, were then first beginning to make themselves generally felt. One of these was a multitude of social and political reforms, designed to ameliorate the mental and material condition of the masses: another was the enormous commercial and industrial development of the country, which, having made many of these reforms necessary, helped to render them possible; and a third was the development of the physical sciences, especially those that bear on the origin of the earth and man. All these causes tended to produce in this country an optimism of a peculiar kind. It was less violent, more definite, and more systematic, than that of the age of Byron. It was more concrete than what found expression in Wordsworth. It was the optimism of evolution, as distinguished from the optimism of revolution on the one hand and the optimism of reaction or quietism on the other. It was an optimism which saw in industrial progress the promise of universal peace; which saw in political freedom the promise of universal happiness; and which saw in the physical sciences the handmaids of Christianity generally, and especially of Christianity as interpreted by the English Church. War was to cease; all classes were to live in harmony; the church bells were to ring in 'the Christ that is to be'; and in the midst of these happy conditions the domestic affections were to develop themselves with a fulness unequalled in any previous period. Such was the optimism which nourished the genius of Tennyson with 'the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time,' and enabled him to find inspiration in the spectacle of the world 'spinning for ever down the ringing grooves of change,' and for ever getting nearer and nearer to 'the wonder that would be.' The same diffused optimism, though assimilated in a different manner, nourished the genius of Browning. Browning was less affected than Tennyson by the scientific spirit of his time; and he was more exclusively, though not more deeply, touched by its religious spirit. The elements of his religion were compounded in different manner from those of

...the mental atmosphere which surrounded him. The religion of Browning contained a protest against the selfishness of humanity; a protest that was as honestly uttered but in no sense as a protest against the Christian religion. It was a protest even to many of the most earnest of his contemporaries. But unlike the religion of Coleridge, and unlike the religion of Emerson, it had no stress on the power of the human progress which should make life a triumph over the material in what it is now. If man, his nature, his intellect, his feelings, his experiences, are worth anything, they are worth a better way than they ever have been or ever will be. On the side of the grave they always have been, and always will be, triumphant: and life on this side of the grave is a triumph over the material in what it is now. It was a protest against the selfishness of humanity which was the protest of Browning's poetry. It was a protest which was not with Positivism, and whose head was not with Positivism's head: and both these elements belonged to the world of which he formed a part. Of Mr. Swinburne we are sure that he was not. Mr. Swinburne's poetry is in every respect, even in its most advanced expression of the Positivist conception of human nature. It was the protest of man, as a being who was not to stay but to pass, against the world that was not and would not be—that would shut him out from the full fruition of his nature, and would call the fairest part of his own inheritance material: and this purely sensual protest was elevated or softened by association with the hope of some transfiguration of the human lot, which was somehow or other to result from revolutionary progress, and of which a redeemed and united Italy was to offer the world a sample.

But now, one after the other, all these movements, these quickenings of thought and hope, have exhausted themselves. Byron, Shelley, and Keats find no easy way to outlive the sources from which their poems derived its nutriment; and therefore we cannot accurately estimate how much in their poetry was due to their own rare individual faculties, and how much to the influence of the conditions which surrounded them. But the late of Tennyson, of Browning, and of Mr. Swinburne, has been different. They all lived long enough to experience a change in the mental atmosphere whose oxygen they inhaled when composing their greatest works; and we are able to tell how, though to all appearance their personal faculties improved as vigorously as ever, the quality of their work underwent a change, and lost much of the vigour and inspiration that originally made them great. The nature and the operation

of this change can be seen most clearly in the later works of Tennyson. We can trace in many of these the increasingly saddening impression made on his mind by the recent developments of science, and by the sinister transformation of a kind of knowledge which he had once welcomed as the handmaid of the religion of Christ into an enemy which threatened to be fatal to all religion whatsoever. In one of his later poems we find him writing thus:—

‘Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish’d
face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a
vanish’d race.

• • • • •
‘What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-
coffins at last,
Swallow’d in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown’d in the deep of a
meaningless Past?’

He does not yield to such thoughts: on the contrary, to the last he protests against them. But no longer, as in his earlier days, is he the spokesman of a faith that is triumphant; he is as one who is doing all he can to sustain the desperate courage of a faith that, with its utmost efforts, can but just keep itself alive. And as in the sphere of science, so has it been in the sphere of politics. The world, as it went ‘spinning down the ringing grooves of change,’ no doubt brought many improvements to the general condition of mankind; but the worst characteristics of human nature did not seem appreciably to decrease. If one kind of evil subsided, another kind of evil took its place; the reign of universal blessedness seemed as far off as ever; and freedom, though it ‘broadened down from precedent to precedent’ a great deal faster than Tennyson himself had anticipated, instead of realising his vision of an united national wisdom, seemed only to result, as he himself puts it, in—

‘Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn’d
by the Wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies
upon lies.’

In other words, the optimism which had been dominant whilst his genius was developing itself, had been gradually dissipated by the dispassionate logic of events; and with its dissipation there set in a decline, not indeed in Tennyson’s mental powers, but in his practical ability any longer to produce poetry equal to that which had first raised him to eminence. The case of Mr. Swinburne is no less instructive. His early beliefs in the

advent of some democratic millennium, with Mazzini for its John the Baptist, and a united Italy and a republican France as examples of it, have not survived the disenchantments of experience; and though his singing voice has, perhaps, as much volume and melody as ever, there seems to be little left for him to sing about with any real enthusiasm.

Now the same causes which thus affected the genius of Tennyson, and are still affecting the genius of Mr. Swinburne, are having a similar effect on our contemporary poets generally, and afford at all events a partial explanation of the fact that we have no living poet who can reasonably be called great. Whatever may be thought of personal faculties, the general conditions that go to produce great poetry are for the moment wanting. The faiths, the hopes, and the aspirations of the present generation are not in a state of sufficient, or sufficiently definite, excitement to generate the emotional atmosphere which great poetry requires. To the truth of this observation we have only one poet who offers even the semblance of an exception. That poet is Mr. Kipling. His genius to-day has found itself in its proper element; and he has in a very remarkable manner embodied in his poetry the one element in our national life which is, for the time being, in a state of exceptional vitality. He is the poet of the Imperial idea, of the sense of Imperial responsibilities, of the romance of Imperial expansion. He has indeed done more than any other poet to make his countrymen vividly conscious of the variety of peoples and civilisations which make up the British Empire, as it extends itself across all the seas and continents, and throughout all the zones and climates of the globe. But Mr. Kipling's poetic genius has many limitations. It certainly expresses the Imperial idea, but in its more vigorous manifestations it is altogether confined to the expression of it. It expresses, moreover, the mere fact of Imperialism. It does not express, as did the genius of Virgil and Horace, any of the deeper effects which Imperialism may have upon life and character. With the exception of Mr. Kipling, there is no one amongst the present generation of poets whose work even suggests greatness.

Amongst these poets there are two who, though less known, perhaps, as poets than some writers far inferior to them, illustrate better than any others the truth which we are now anxious to enforce. These are Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Their best poems, it is true, were produced some time ago; but so far as they depend on any conditions independent of the poets themselves, they might have been written yesterday. The poems we refer to are

Mr. Meredith's 'Modern Love' and Mr. Blunt's 'Love Sonnets of Proteus.' 'Modern Love' is unfortunately disfigured by something of that fantastic obscurity which Mr. Meredith has deliberately cultivated in his novels, thereby doing himself an incalculably greater injustice than could possibly have been inflicted on him by the most malignant critic, while Mr. Blunt's sonnets are as perfect in their lucidity as profound in their thought and feeling. But in Mr. Meredith's work, no less than in Mr. Blunt's, we have love-poetry of a very high order. We still recollect with pleasure that a critic in one of the most thoughtful of our weekly Reviews compared Mr. Blunt's sonnets with those of Shakespeare. Mr. Meredith's 'Modern Love' is worthy of the same comparison. A fact of this kind may seem to militate against our present contention that one of the elements essential to the production of great poetry consists in certain general conditions independent of the poet himself, which at the present time are lacking. The work of these poets does not, however, in reality, even form an exception to our rule; but for the moment let us treat it as though it did, and as such let us consider the explanation of it. Love-poetry such as that of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Blunt expresses love under its most exclusively subjective aspect—love as felt by the lover in isolation from all circumstances except those involved in his own direct experience of it; and though love takes its colour in different ages from different conceptions of itself, there is no reason why, as a personally experienced passion, it should not be as intense in one age as in another. At all events, as a stimulus to poetry, its power from age to age varies much less than that of emotions of other kinds. And the same thing may be said of all the primary affections, taken singly, and regarded merely as the experience of such and such individuals. But a poetic expression of the affections, taken singly, though it may make beautiful poetry, profound poetry, and enduring poetry, does not, as we will explain presently, make great poetry; and the main point on which we are here insisting is, not that exceptional conditions of national or intellectual life are essential to the production of all good poetry, or even of all perfect poetry, but that they are essential to the production of poetry that is really great.

To beautiful poetry of a minor or less comprehensive kind, the absence of these conditions may be more favourable than their presence; as it is easy to see by a study of the later Roman poets. In these poets, from Statius downwards, we may trace, for example, the gradual development of something nearly resembling the modern feeling for nature. In the charming

poem in which Statius describes the villa of Vopiscus there is a more intimate and imaginative association of natural scenes and sounds—of the glimmer of leaves, the gleam of still water, the murmur of the waterfall—with feelings and moods of mind than is to be found in the Augustan poets; and a yet more remarkable development of this modern mood is to be found in a poet almost unknown to the general reader, who belonged to a period when Roman literature generally is supposed to have entered on its final stage of decay. This poet is Ausonius. In two of his poems, 'The River Moselle' and 'Roses,' we have a most startling anticipation of Wordsworth's delight in nature; and in a third poem, 'Cupid Crucified,' we have an anticipation, equally startling, of the sentiment and the style of Keats. Ausonius lacks the vigour and mental grasp of Wordsworth and the enthusiasm of Keats, but these poems have something of the peculiar beauty of both—a beauty beyond the reach of the great classical age. So, too, we, in the poets of the present moment, may find frequent expressions of delicate and poignant feeling, great command over the metrical resources of our language, and a keen sense of the most elusive niceties of style; whilst two of our poets at least, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Blunt, have given us examples of the poetry of personal passion which have hardly been excelled by the poets of any period.

We have said, however, that none of this poetry is great. The fundamental difference between poetry that is great and poetry that is not great lies partly in the volume and quality of the emotion expressed and partly in the fact that great poets are masters of even the strongest emotion expressed by them, while smaller poets are mastered by it. More is implied in both these points of difference than may at first sight appear. Let us illustrate them by a few examples. Mr. Austin Dobson is a complete master of the emotions with which he deals. He is as complete a master of them as Shakespeare was of the emotions of Macbeth or of Othello. But Mr. Dobson's emotions are toys, exquisite playthings, which only suggest anything great or serious by exhaling a faint aroma of a seriousness which has passed away. His mastery of emotion, therefore, cannot possibly make him great. Let us take a converse case. We shall find one in the love-poetry of Mr. Meredith. Here the emotion expressed is really intense and serious; but the emotion masters the poet: he is not master of it. The really great poet stands in a double relation to emotion: he not only feels it, but he feels about it. The poetic expression, however vivid and beautiful, of a mere personal experience, however

intense, will never make a great poem. If the poem which expresses it is to be great, any personal experience on which it may be founded must have been first universalised by the poet, and apprehended in a multitude of relations to things outside itself. The poet must feel the passion not only as his own, but as the passion of all other lovers as well; and he must, moreover, have considered it as something which forms part of life as a whole, which elevates life, or illuminates it, rather than as something which hides from view every factor in the human destiny but itself. For this reason 'Faust' is a great poem, whilst 'The Sorrows of Werther' is not a great romance. When Goethe wrote 'The Sorrows of Werther' he was the servant of passion: when he wrote 'Faust' he was its master. The fact is that no love-poetry can be great so long as it is merely love-poetry; and the same observation applies to the poetry of all the affections, taken singly. If they are to form the material of great poetry, they must be enlarged and elevated by being connected with the whole of life, or the whole of life must be exhibited as elevated or irradiated by them. It is this universal quality, this grasp of life as a whole, that our contemporary poetry lacks—not only such love-poetry as that of Mr. Blunt and Mr. Meredith, but also the poetry of Imperialism, which has made Mr. Kipling famous.

And now let us pursue our analysis of great poetry farther; and in doing this we must ask ourselves the old question, the question what poetry, whether great or not great, is. The fundamental answer to this question relates, not to the means by which the poet expresses himself, but to the distinguishing, the generic, character of what it is his mission to express: and this, described in the briefest and most general manner, is emotion. Emotion indeed, as Count Tolstoi in a recent volume has shown, with a temperance of argument which does not always distinguish him, is the special something the representation of which is the generic function, not of poetry only, but of all art. Art, he says, is essentially a means by which emotion felt by the artist is externalised and expressed in such a way that the emotion is communicated to and reproduced in others. But though this definition shows us what is the essence of all genuine art, it affords us no criterion by which to distinguish high and healthy art from art that is low or morbid, or great art from art that is not great. We shall endeavour here to remedy this deficiency, confining ourselves to the art of poetry.

The quality of poetry, then, as distinct from the fact of its genuineness, and distinct also from the technical adequacy of its

form, depends on the quality of the emotion which it expresses. But first we must pause to observe that not its quality only but even its genuineness depends on one condition which Count Tolstoi does not mention. It depends on the fact of the emotion having a certain degree of intensity, or a certain degree of concentration. There are some kinds of emotion which are by no means strong, but may nevertheless inspire poetry of an exquisite though slight kind: such, for example, is the volatile and elusive sentiment captured and concentrated in the verse of Mr. Austin Dobson. But poetry as a rule differs from prose, not only in the fact that it expresses emotion rhythmically, but in the further fact, which alone makes the use of rhythm appropriate, that the emotion expressed possesses some exceptional strength. Poetry, says Wordsworth, is the natural language of all strong feeling; but it is certainly not the natural language of the mild preferences, dislikes, regrets, hopes, and disappointments which make up the every-day life of most people, though these are all emotion at a certain degree of temperature. To attempt to express them as poetry would be to make them ridiculous. In Kensington Gardens, on any fine Sunday morning, the ordinary observer may see any number of humble lovers 'keeping company,' and, if he be a good-natured observer, with some gift of kindly sympathy, he will be pleased rather than annoyed by the spectacle; but if he referred in a letter to the fact of his having chanced to notice it, he would hardly be moved to break into rhyme or into blank verse. If, however, the observer be one who is more than ordinary, if he have the insight which Arthur Hugh Clough had when this very spectacle was witnessed by him, his emotions would be intensified as Clough's were, and the natural expression of them would be poetry, as it was in the case of Clough, when he wrote the beautiful poem whose last stanza runs thus:—

' Ah, years may come, and years may bring
The truth that is not bliss:
But will they bring another thing
That will compare with this? '

Poetry, then, described in the most comprehensive way, is the expression—we need not here insist on its being rhythmical, it is enough to say adequate—the adequate expression in language, not of all emotion, but of emotion raised to a certain pitch of intensity. We may observe also that by the phrase 'adequate expression' is to be understood language which is capable of reproducing in the

reader the emotion felt by the writer. And now follows a question to which the foregoing remarks are preparatory. By what means, and under what conditions, is emotion raised to that particular pitch at which the adequate expression of it is, from the nature of the case, poetic, and rises inevitably above the common level of prose? Emotion is raised to such a pitch firstly by intense personal experience, or by vivid imaginative experience, and secondly by reflection on the facts which such experience offers to the mind. The mere emotional experience in itself is not enough. People, as we all know, may be very deeply in love; they may know all the joys and tortures which originate in that passion, and they may yet be unable to write even a tolerable love-poem. The language in which they express their feelings, if it be quite spontaneous and unaffected, will, no doubt, in accordance with Wordsworth's principle, tend to have something poetic in it; but they would be altogether unable to express them in any shape which an impartial critic would recognise as a poem. They would—to put their case in the light of Count Tolstoi's formula—be unable to express their emotions in a form of words calculated to reproduce the same emotions in the reader. Nor is this inability accounted for by mere absence of literary skill, or deficient command of language. To explain the matter thus is to put the cart before the horse. The truth is that a deficient command of the language of poetry is due to an underlying deficiency in mental and imaginative capacity.

This important critical truth is very clearly illustrated by the single stanza which has just been quoted from Clough, which refers to the prentice and the maid 'keeping company' in Kensington Gardens. Nothing can, at first sight, seem simpler than the sentiment there expressed; but if we examine the lines closely we shall see that the sentiment has been lifted into poetry by the action of thought eminently comprehensive in its character, and is fused with the sentiment by a rare power of imagination.

'Ah, years may come, and years may bring
The truth that is not bliss.'

In these words we have concentrated a whole philosophy of life—of the relations of thought and knowledge to happiness, and to the meaning of man's existence; and in the two last lines of the stanza this philosophy is applied to the affection of the prentice and the maid, which is transfigured into a universal symbol. Let us take one more example, equally

short, a complete poem of four lines only, by Walter Savage Landor:—

‘Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
Lest Charon seeing may forget
That he is old, and she a shade.’

The emotion here expressed is, in its origin, purely dramatic and imaginative. It is, taken by itself, fainter than a half-heard echo. But thought, through the vehicle of imagination, has lifted it to the poetic pitch, and has impregnated it with suggestions of all the dreams of youth and all the lost opportunities of age, with man's longing for the ideal, with man's failure to realise it; and has made of this one small stanza a shell whispering with ‘all regret.’

Now, beautiful as this poem of Landor's is, it is not a great poem. No one could compare it, for instance, with the ‘Inferno,’ or with ‘Hamlet.’ It bears the same relation to a great poem that a gem bears to a picture; and in the foregoing analysis of the reasons that make it beautiful we shall find an explanation of the reason why it is not great, and also an explanation of what the greatness of great poetry is. Poetry is great, or the contrary, in proportion to two things: firstly, the variety, the importance, and the representative character of the facts or experiences which it exhibits to us as the subject of emotion; and secondly, the extent to which the emotion in question is intensified, interpreted, and impregnated with significance by thought. The truth of the matter may be expressed accordingly in a statement which to some will seem a heresy and to others a paradox—that poetry is great in proportion as it is something more than poetry, and that poets are great in proportion as they are something more than poets. To say this is really not more than to say that no faculty can fulfil its highest functions when it works singly, and without the assistance of others. That such is the case can be very easily seen by a brief reference to the great poets and their works. The essence of poetry being, as we have seen, emotional, we shall find that in the production of the greatest poems there has always been involved the exercise of various faculties, judgments, and kinds of mental application which intrinsically are outside the domain of emotion altogether.

Consider the characters of the following five poets: Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Tennyson, and Browning. These all were men of high and commanding intellect, of profound and various knowledge. Dante was a scholar, a theologian, a philosopher, a philosophical politician. Shakespeare, in spite

of his want of ordinary educational opportunities, has astonished and perplexed the world by the intimate acquaintance evinced by him with the technicalities of law, with the medical science of his time, with the pursuits which occupy men and the sports and amusements which distract them; by his keen insight into the nature of the bonds which unite classes, and of the false theories and prejudices that cause division between them; and by his grasp of some of the deepest truths of moral and metaphysical philosophy. He sums up for us in a few pregnant words the practical teaching of Aristotle's 'Ethics'; and no poet who was not also a philosopher could possibly have written the passage in the 'Tempest' which begins with the words 'And like the baseless fabric of this vision.' Goethe's knowledge and mental activity were similarly comprehensive. Not only was he a philosopher, a scholar, a student of history, a keen and dispassionate critic, but he was a man of affairs, a man of the world, and a man of science as well. Browning was an indefatigable scholar, a historical and theological student, and his restless critical intellect was ceaselessly at work upon his knowledge; whilst Tennyson, though he lived secluded from society and from public affairs, and, as we venture to think, suffered from this seclusion, grasped the tendencies of the scientific discoveries of his time, and the nature of the difficulties and the changes which they were introducing into our conception of life, with an intellect which in point of masculine vigour and perspicacity was not excelled by that of any of his contemporaries. Portions of 'In Memoriam' concentrate in a few stanzas the essence of scientific volumes, and the applied results of the scientific thought of a generation. Could we abstract from the works of any one of these great poets the elements contributed by faculties other than the poetic their poems would no doubt not cease to be poetry; but the greatness which has given them their hold on the world would go. The mere emotional gift of poetry will no more make a man a great poet than the mere emotion of patriotism will make a soldier a great general.

The production, then, of great poetry is a process of the following kind. It is not the expression in beautiful and adequate language of any personal and private emotion as directly experienced by the poet. Logically it begins with the selection of some fact or incident, or some nexus of facts or incidents, which represent human life under an important and significant aspect. Some of these facts may have been supplied him by his own experience; but he will deal even with these as though they were the experiences of another person, as though they

were facts of human nature rather than of his own history. His selection of his materials will be made in accordance with some principle, some knowledge of life consciously or unconsciously organised, in the light of which such and such facts and incidents seem to be more significant and more representative than others; and as his intellect and imagination continue to concentrate themselves on these their significance will become greater, more various, more profound. In thus employing his intellect he will, as the case may be, employ it as a theologian, a man of science, a philosopher: he will not be employing it as a poet. Even if we take into consideration, at this stage of our analysis, the act of arranging his materials in some artistic order, he will not be engaged in a work that is itself specifically poetic: he will merely be doing what must be done by any great novelist. Indeed the point now before us may be partially indicated by the question of how a great poem differs from a great novel. For one thing, the poem differs from the novel in the fact that it represents emotion at a higher degree of intensity; but we must first consider where, in the production of a great poem, emotion makes its appearance, and what is its precise function. In the logical order of events, emotion makes its appearance after experience, observation, and philosophy have got together the poet's materials for him, and provided him with certain significant and typical facts of life, which he is ultimately to transform into a poem; and it is the specific function of emotion to effect this transformation. The poet's emotion fuses these materials by its heat; it irradiates them by its light. In proportion as this process is complete, the result is a true poem; in proportion to the amount, the value, the general significance of the materials, the poem is a great poem.

That the emotion in question shall reach a certain degree of intensity we assume. It is difficult to measure this intensity by any definite standard; but one sufficiently intelligible for our present purpose is afforded us by the degree of intensity which it reaches in a fine love-poem. We may say, then, that a great poem is a poem which does for life, or for life in its larger relations, what a love-poem does for one of life's elements. It presents to us what George Eliot called 'the human lot' as the one object of impassioned clairvoyance and overwhelming interest, similar to that with which a lover regards his mistress.

Now the capacity for emotion in the poet being taken for granted, for what reasons, and under what conditions, does the human lot, as distinct from his own experience of it, rouse his emotion into life? 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?'

What is Faust to Goethe? What is Goethe to Faust? The reason why the poet regards the human lot with emotion is that he sees it in the light of some unifying principle, and refers all its phenomena to some conviction, religious or philosophic, by which consciously or unconsciously he is dominated, and which invests all the facts of existence with some universal meaning. It is to these convictions that the emotion of the poet is due. And this observation brings us back to another, which has been made already. It is essential that the convictions in question, if the requisite emotion is to be roused by them, shall be not only intense in the mind of the poet himself, but shall also be prevalent amongst those whom the poet addresses. It is only on this condition that the force of his own emotion will be available for the production of poetry. He may have these convictions himself, but, if they are not shared by his contemporaries, the emotion which they excite in him will urge him not to exhibit life in the light which such convictions throw on it, but to prove that they are the convictions by which life ought to be interpreted. He will, as has been already said, be urged to address the world, not as a poet, but as a missionary or a controversialist. Here, then, we have the explanation of the intimate connexion which exists between great poetry and the general conditions of the age in which the poet lives. The poet need not always be conscious of the fact of their influence. Still less need he be able consciously to analyse the nature of it; or to say whether the vitality of the convictions which are the oxygen of his mental atmosphere is due to the prevalence of some definite religious faith or of certain intellectual principles, or to the sanguine and practical meaning imparted to either or both of these by some general quickening and development of national life. Shakespeare would certainly have been unable to describe the sources of his inspiration; but to us, viewing them from a distance, their character is sufficiently apparent. They lay partly, let us repeat, in the national development of England; they lay partly in that movement, full of restless hope, commonly called the Renaissance, by which Europe was still agitated; but behind all these, and bearing the same relation to them that the body of a violin bears to its strings, were the ethics of the old Catholicism, with its judgments of conduct and character, almost as fixed and vivid for Shakespeare as they were for Dante. Now, while conditions more or less analogous to those that surrounded Shakespeare have succeeded each other, as we have seen, during three quarters of the nineteenth century, it might be easily shown that during the last quarter they have

sunk gradually into abeyance. The optimism of the middle of the century have, in recent times, exhausted themselves; and although they have given place to a number of new ideas, new hopes, and new enthusiasms, none of these, except the idea of Imperialism, has acquired sufficient coherence, and become sufficiently prevalent, to impart any distinct and general character to the emotional conditions of the time. Even the Imperial idea itself, in spite of its vitality, is as yet but half developed; and its influence is calculated, as Mr. Kipling's work shows us, to produce stirring and spirited poems rather than great poetry.

It may be observed, however, that the period in question, though not favourable to poetry, has witnessed an unusual activity in the production of novels; and many of these have been of high, if not of the highest, excellence. The reason of this is to be found in a fact which has been already noticed. The novelist, like the poet, represents life as apprehended through the medium of emotion; but the emotion is less intense, nor does it fuse, pervade, and transmute the whole of the materials so completely as is requisite for the production of a great poem. Consequently, the novel may well flourish amid conditions which are not favourable to the production of great poetry; and we may even ask whether the mere fact that at any given period the novel becomes the most important kind of imaginative literature is not itself a sign that the conditions favourable to the production of great poetry are wanting.

It remains, however, to consider once more the other factor in the case, namely, the personal faculties of the poet, as distinct from the conditions under which they are exercised; and, whilst fully admitting that under unfavourable conditions the genius even of a Shakespeare would not produce Shakespeare's poetry, we must admit also that there may be periods in the life of the world or of a nation when the conditions seem unfavourable to great poetry only because there is no one with the genius of a Shakespeare to take advantage of them. This may be true to a certain extent of our own country to-day. We do not think that it is so, but it is difficult to prove a negative. One thing, however, we may venture to say with confidence, that were the conditions of the moment more favourable to great poetry than they are, we have many poets amongst us whose poetry would possess qualities greater beyond comparison than any which, as matters stand, the most partial flattery, unless it be the flattery of the poets themselves, can attribute to it. Could Mr. Meredith or Mr. Blunt treat life as a whole with a clearness of vision, with a genuine intensity of

emotion, similar to that with which they have treated one of its passions, they would have produced poetry as much above their existing love-poems as their poetry on any other subject actually falls below them. Mr. Blunt's latest poem, 'Satan Absolved,' supports us in this conjecture. It is a sort of mystical drama. The scene of it is laid in Heaven, but the subject of it in reality is the life and destiny of mankind. It exhibits Mr. Blunt as possessing the personal faculties of a poet of a high order; it shows him to us as gifted with a style at once delicate, vigorous, and incisive, a vivid imagination, and great capacity of emotion; but he has nothing on which to exercise these faculties that is in any degree worthy of them. His drama in Heaven, despite all its technical excellencies, is nothing but a querulous lampoon on the Anglo-Saxon race, the language of which is, in many places, so exaggerated that, the stronger the writer's emotion, and the greater his success in expressing it, the more completely does he fail to attain the impressiveness at which he aims. A poet of his capacity, setting himself to deal emotionally with a really great subject, could not have missed so completely any ideas with regard to it which were really great and profound, and calculated to give to it sane emotional unity, had ideas of the requisite kind been prevalent in the world around him. A similar judgment must be passed on the rest of our latter-day poets, among whom a high place must be given to Mr. Davidson. Mr. Davidson's ballad of the nun who left her convent, a poem deservedly well known, is the work of a man endowed with remarkable poetic gifts. No one but a man with a high poetic faculty could have described, as he has done, the cities which 'smouldered and glittered on the plain,' or the subtle influences of the external world which troubled the nun's being:—

' Sometimes it was a wandering wind,
Sometimes the fragrance of the pine,
Sometimes the thought how others sinned,
That turned her sweet blood into wine.'

But with all these technical gifts for producing poetry that might be great, this poem as a whole has nothing great in it whatsoever. The genuine poetic emotion, which is beyond doubt present in it, is inspired by, and ministers to the expression of, no great, no definite, no unifying belief with regard to human life, and no clear insight into it. And the same may be said of all our contemporary poets who are really poets at all—of Mr. Yeats, of Mr. Watson, of Mr. Symons, of Mr. Phillips, and others. The poetic impulse, the poetic

imagination, the sense of form, the command of language, are there. Everything is ready for the great poetic sacrifice, with the exception of a worthy offering; and of this fact a partial, if not complete, explanation is to be found, not in a deficiency of faculty in the poets themselves, but in certain peculiarities in the general conditions of the time, which, whilst eminently favourable to certain forms of mental activity, are not favourable to the development of that high emotion which, born as it is of some strenuous, some general optimism, intellectual or religious, is favourable, and indeed essential, to the production of great poetry.

The lovers of the English muse need not, however, despair. Sooner or later, in one form or another, the desired conditions will once more make their appearance. We may even now see them being slowly prepared around us, in the ferment of these unsettled opinions, and in the battle of these disunited enthusiasms, which seem, when taken singly, so exaggerated, so grotesque, so impracticable, or so unconvincing, but which will in time, with greater or less completion, coalesce into beliefs and hopes greater, more sane, and more moving than any one of them, and will unite instead of dividing and disintegrating the emotions of men. When that event takes place, the conditions which make great poetry possible will once more be present; nor do the accomplishments and character of the present generation of poets give us any reason to fear that, when poetry of a greater kind than theirs becomes possible, the personal genius will be wanting that shall convert the possible into the actual.

ART. IX.—A BRITISH SCHOOL IN ROME.

1. *The Imperial German Archæological Institute.* By Ad. Michaelis ('*Journal of Hellenic Studies*,' vol. x, pp. 190-215).
2. *Jahresbericht über die Thätigkeit des Kaiserlichen Deutschen Archæologischen Instituts.* 1899.
3. *Rapports de la Commission des Écoles d'Athènes et de Rome.* Paris: 1899.
4. *American Journal of Archæology.* Reports of the Managing Committees of the American Schools of Classical Studies at Athens and Rome.
5. *Annual of the British School at Athens, 1895-1899.* London: Macmillan.

IT is probable that to the great majority of the readers of the *Quarterly Review* the institutions, whose history and achievements are recorded in the above-mentioned works, are unknown even by name. It is true that an educated visitor to Rome or Athens can scarcely fail to become aware of their existence and to hear the names of the distinguished scholars who direct them, or to observe the traces of their activity in the excavation of ancient sites and the discovery and description of ancient monuments. But of their origin and constitution, of their methods and aims, so little is generally known that even to Germans Professor Michaelis' account of the Imperial Archeological Institute came as a surprise; nor were Frenchmen much better informed about the scarcely less distinguished École Française d'Athènes until the celebration of its jubilee three years ago arrested their attention.

Yet these institutions are worth considering, not only on account of the great services which they have rendered and are still rendering to learning, but because they afford the best possible illustration of the change which has passed over the study of archæology in the course of the nineteenth century. It is to the nineteenth century that they all belong, the oldest of them, the German Institute at Rome, having been founded in 1829, while the youngest, the American School at Rome, is only in the fifth year of its existence. They are, in fact, the product of what is called the scientific spirit, or, in other words, of the recognised necessity for the accurate study, comparison, and classification of originals, and for the organised and concerted labour of trained experts.

A glance at the yearly reports of the German Archæological Institute, of the French Schools, or even of the younger and

less perfectly equipped British School at Athens will show how far we have travelled since the days of the early Stewarts, when Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, formed the collection of ancient marbles which still bears his name, and which, it is pleasant to be able to add, has, after more than two centuries of neglect, been at last decently housed and properly arranged in the University Galleries at Oxford. Throughout the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, the study of ancient monuments was almost entirely confined to collectors and connoisseurs. The remains of ancient art were bought up in Italy or the Levant and transferred to English country houses or Roman palaces, where they were either kept as curiosities or, with the fatal assistance of the restorer, made to serve as effective decorations for the hall or gallery.

But the last fifty years of the eighteenth century witnessed a gradual change. Otfried Müller, in his 'Handbook of the Archaeology of Art,' dates the commencement of what he calls the scientific period at 1750. The publication of epoch-making works, such as Winckelmann's 'History of Ancient Art' and Lessing's 'Laokoon,' was accompanied and in part provoked by a great increase in the materials available for the critic's use, due to excavation and exploration. The buried treasures of Herculaneum had only recently been brought to light when Winckelmann visited Rome in 1755; and to the same period belong the researches of two Englishmen, Stuart and Revett, in Greece. These travellers, following in the footsteps of Spon and Wheler in the previous century, were themselves followed by a distinguished group of English explorers—Chandler, Leake, Gell, and Dodwell—who did as much to extend our knowledge of the sites, buildings, and other remains of antiquity as Winckelmann and Lessing had done to improve the methods of criticism and interpretation. A further result of the impulse thus given to the scientific study of antiquity was the formation of public museums, in which antiquities, till then scattered and difficult of access, were collected, arranged, and made easily accessible to the student. Among the most important of such museums was that established by Clement XIV in the Vatican in 1769, and that founded at Naples in 1787. The department of antiquities in the British Museum dates from 1772.

The outbreak of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars checked for a time the advance of archaeological study; but with peace in 1815 came renewed progress. The group of scholars who now took the lead in Germany and England, in France and Italy, aimed above all things at the reconstruction of the mind and life of classical antiquity by the exact

study and scientific interpretation of its remains. There was inevitably a change in the estimate formed of the comparative value of these remains and in the treatment accorded to them. Coins and inscriptions, which even Winckelmann left on one side, began to take their place by the side of statues and vases. Originals, especially those of a good period, however fragmentary, rose in estimation as compared with late or second-hand productions, however decoratively effective the latter might be. Above all, restoration, which had once been almost a duty, became a blunder, if not a crime. The transition from the older point of view was of course gradual, as any one may see for himself, who will disinter and read the Report presented by the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Earl of Elgin's collection of sculptured marbles (1816). Therein he may note the divergence between the old school and the new.

Above all things, however, the scholars of the early years of the nineteenth century were impressed with the necessity of increasing the facilities for the accurate comparison of remains; and this meant their exact reproduction and description in a form which should be fairly accessible. The idea of establishing channels of communication between students of antiquity, of making known to all persons interested the material dispersed among the collections, public or private, of Europe, and of notifying the discovery of new objects, found expression in various quarters. In 1827 E. Gerhard brought out the first part of his '*Antike Bildwerken*,' the object of which was to place in the hands of archæologists and scholars accurate reproductions of unpublished monuments. In the next year Böttiger at Dresden started, in conjunction 'with several lovers of antiquity at home and abroad,' a periodical entitled '*Archäologie und Kunst*,' which was intended to keep archæologists in touch with each other and with the new discoveries. Among the contributions to the first number is a letter from the English antiquary James Millingen, whose reproductions of Greek vases had already won him a high reputation.

The most conspicuous result of this desire at once to diffuse knowledge and to organise study was the foundation of what is now known to all scholars as the German Institute at Rome, the *doyen* of the archæological schools of Rome and Athens. It is now world-famous, and is worthily housed in its spacious home on the Capitol, with the Forum at its feet and with the Sabine and Alban hills bounding the distance. But its beginnings—and it is encouraging to those who are slowly building up the younger institutions that have followed in its wake to remember this—were comparatively humble, and its

resources, for the first thirty years of its existence, were of the slenderest.

The origin and development of this remarkable foundation may be briefly described. Bunsen, writing from Rome in 1829, relates how E. Gerhard had been impressed with the disadvantages of isolated and disjointed research, and with the need of some central point of union, where scattered details might be collected, sifted, and preserved from oblivion. Not only Bunsen himself, but the Duc de Luynes in France, eagerly caught at the idea. The latter suggested a '*Journal de la Société Archéologique*,' to be published in Paris, but this suggestion was put aside in favour of Bunsen's scheme of an '*Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica*.' The Institute was to be divided into sections, the centres of which were to be in the principal towns of Europe, but with a single seat of administration in Rome. The scheme obtained the approval of the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederick William IV, who became patron of the infant Institute, and assisted it with a small annual grant. It was warmly supported by scholars of various nationalities, and among the members of the first directorate—thirty in all—were, besides Bunsen, Gerhard, and the Duc de Luynes, James Millingen, Thorwaldsen, Borghese, Panofka, and Welcker. The original objects of the Institute are accurately defined by Gerhard himself, in an account of it written in 1840. It was intended to serve as a channel of communication between archæologists, to diffuse accurate knowledge of existing monuments, and to register new discoveries. With these objects in view the new Institute issued three publications, the monthly '*Bollettino*,' the yearly '*Annali*,' in which papers of greater length were published, and the '*Monumenti Inediti*.' The early years of the Institute were years of difficulty and of a constant struggle with inadequate means. But in 1835 it obtained a home of its own on the Capitol. 'I have succeeded,' writes Bunsen to Dr. Arnold, 'in setting up a spacious building for the Archæological Institute in the midst of the walls of the Porticus of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and have opened it with a lecture on Goethe's saying, "Rome is the high-school of Europe."' At the same time the Institute began to lose something of its international character. Rome became its one centre, both of administration and publication; and the management passed almost entirely into German and Italian hands—a change which was completed when the foundation of the French School at Athens, in 1846, turned French attention and sympathies in a different direction. With the appointment of W. Henzen as secretary in 1856 a new depart-

ment of work was established, and the Institute became—what it has ever since been—not only a centre for the diffusion of knowledge, but a training place for young students. Finally, soon after the establishment of German unity, it was placed on a secure basis as a German institution, with a central board of direction in Berlin, and an income of 5000*l.* a year from the State. At the same time the German Institute at Athens was established, and placed, like its elder sister at Rome, under the general control of the Imperial German Archæological Institute.

Germans may justly be proud of the work which these Institutes have accomplished, and which has extended far beyond the limits marked out by Gerhard and Bunsen. To the functions originally assigned to the infant Institute of Archæological Correspondence others have been added. The Institutes at Rome and Athens, in conjunction with the central board of direction in Berlin, still serve as channels of communication between archæologists, and register new discoveries. But they have also been for thirty years schools in which many of the best German archæologists have been trained, and workshops in which the labour of many scholars has been organised for the joint undertaking of tasks beyond the powers of any single worker. From the annual reports of the Imperial Archæological Institute—which include the separate reports from the directors of the Institutes at Rome and Athens, Dr. Petersen and Dr. Dörpfeld—some idea may be formed of the services which the Institutes are rendering to learning. The literary output is in itself of great importance. There are, first of all, the periodical publications, the '*Mittheilungen*,' from Rome and Athens, the central '*Anzeiger*,' and the '*Antike Denkmäler*.' In addition there are the costly and sumptuous serials, in which the work of reproducing the extant remains and monuments of antiquity is carried on with systematic German thoroughness; the '*Corpus*' of Latin inscriptions; the collections of ancient sarcophagi, of ancient terracottas, and, quite recently, of ancient ivories. Next to the publications, we may place the special missions undertaken by individual German scholars under the direction of the Institute; for instance, a visit recently made by Dr. Robert to England for the purpose of examining the rich but little known collections of prints and drawings which have long lain undisturbed, if not uncared for, in the library of Eton College. There is, lastly, what may be called the routine work of the Roman and Athenian Institutes—the training of young students; the observation and description of discoveries made by the Italian or Greek authorities; the archæo-

logical tours, such as the 'island journey' conducted by Dr. Dörpfeld in the Levant, or the excursion arranged by Dr. Mau for the benefit of German schoolmasters in Italy; and last, but not least, the meetings for discussion held at intervals during the session, which, in the case of the Institute at Rome, opens appropriately on December 9th, the birthday of Winckelmann, and closes on April 21st, the traditional birthday of the city of Rome.

Among the Schools of Archæology founded in imitation of the Institute of Archæological Correspondence at Rome, the first place belongs to the French School at Athens. At the time when Bunsen and Gerhard laid the foundations of the German Institute in Rome, Greece was still a closed land to the ordinary archæologist; and, when the Turkish rule came to an end, it was France, not Germany, who was the first to avail herself of the open door. In 1846, under the auspices of Louis Philippe and with the support of M. Guizot, the now famous French School at Athens was founded. In 1850 it was placed under the control of the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris, and since 1851 an annual grant has been made to it from the public funds. This, the first attempt to provide for the systematic study of Greek antiquities upon Greek soil, has been abundantly justified by its success. The journal of the French School, the '*Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique*,' has long taken a foremost place among archæological publications, and its pages testify to the admirable work done by French scholars on the mainland of Greece, in the islands, and in Asia Minor.

Germany was the first in Rome, France the first in Athens; but the scholars of both countries recognised, after a time, the importance of establishing seats of study at both great centres of classical civilisation. Almost simultaneously, about five years after the Franco-German War, a French School was founded at Rome, and a German Institute at Athens. Of the latter something has been said already. The former, at first a subordinate branch of the French School at Athens, obtained, in 1875, a separate existence, though it continued subject, like its elder sister, to the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris. It is now, under the able leadership of the Abbé Duchesne, among the most efficient of the existing Schools of Archæology.

The English-speaking peoples have followed at some distance, and with rather hesitating steps, in the wake of France and Germany. America was in advance of Great Britain, opening a School at Athens in 1882, and a School at Rome in 1895. It was perhaps in accordance with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race that the American Schools were not only started by private

enterprise, but have remained independent of Government control and receive no Government grant. They are administered by managing committees, subject to the general control of the Council of the Archæological Institute of America, and their income is derived from the contributions of American universities and individual Americans.

Until 1879 the educational side of archæology had been neglected in England, although English travellers and excavators had not been behindhand in their contributions to our knowledge of Greek art and antiquities. Indeed, the most important finds of the last generation were those of Sir Charles Newton in Asia Minor, which enriched the British Museum with sculptures worthy to be set beside the Elgin marbles. But between 1875 and 1880 came the marvellous discoveries of Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ, and the disinterested action of the German Government, which was persuaded by Professor Ernst Curtius to expend a large sum upon the excavations at Olympia, excavations which were extraordinarily rich in scientific results. These events gave a stimulus to the interest in the archæological side of Hellenic studies in England, both among classical scholars and among educated people generally; and in 1879 this interest was sufficient to lead to the foundation of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, which attained a considerable membership, and founded as its organ the '*Journal of Hellenic Studies*.' In the inaugural address, which was appropriately delivered by Sir Charles Newton, the hope was expressed that the new society would be instrumental in inducing Hellenists to learn the lessons that can be taught by the Greece of to-day; and in the first article of the '*Journal*' Professor Jebb gave the first hint of the more definite project of a British School at Athens. A few years later, in 1883, an article by the same scholar in the '*Fortnightly Review*' advocated, as a practical scheme, the foundation of such a school; an influential meeting was held at Marlborough House, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in support of the scheme; and, as a result, a committee was appointed, and a sum raised for building and endowment, the Hellenic Society and the University of Oxford each contributing one hundred pounds a year for a term of years. A site in Athens was generously presented by the Greek Government, and soon afterwards the committee felt justified in beginning the erection of the school building. The building was completed, and the School was actually opened in the autumn of 1886, with Mr. Penrose, its architect, as its first Director. Since that date its record has been one of steady progress; it has certainly

fulfilled the expectations of its founders, and has not only led to much useful and thorough work by English students in Greece, but has also had a perceptible influence upon Hellenic studies in England.

The avowed purpose of the School, according to its 'Rules and Regulations,' is, in the first place, 'to promote the study of Greek archæology in all its departments.' It is also intended to be, 'in the most comprehensive sense, a school of classical studies.' The centre of its work is the school building in Athens, which contains the library and the residence of the Director, who is expected to reside in Greek lands for at least eight months in every year. To this was added, in 1896, a hostel of residence for students. The students of the School consist of 'holders of travelling fellowships, studentships, or scholarships at any University of the United Kingdom or the British Colonies,' of 'travelling students sent out by the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of British Architects, or other similar bodies,' and of 'other persons who shall satisfy the managing committee that they are duly qualified to be admitted to the privileges of the School.' The conditions under which students are admitted are, in the first place, an expressed intention to reside at least three months in Greek lands, and in the second place the undertaking of some definite course of study or research. The number of students admitted to the School in each year has been, on an average, about seven or eight. The great majority of them come from Oxford or Cambridge, mostly within a year or two of their first degree; but there have also been some men of older standing, and, in a few instances, undergraduates. Many students have spent more than one season in Greece, several as many as four; thus both they and the School were enabled to take advantage of the experience they had gained, since they were qualified to pursue a continuous course of study or research, and to take charge of excavation or other work.

The work done by the Director and students of the British School naturally falls into two branches, according as its main object is education or research. The two are not, indeed, to be rigidly distinguished in practice. For a student who has mastered the elements of his subject, nothing is so instructive as the undertaking of some definite piece of research, whether it be in the study and classification of some set of objects in a museum, the supervision of an excavation, or a journey to collect inscriptions and to study geographical and topographical problems. But some students have not been sufficiently trained before they go out to be able to undertake at once such a piece of

research; others, forming a class which the School expressly includes within its scope, are concerned with Hellenic studies in general rather than with archaeology in a special sense; while even those who have gone through the archaeological course provided in some of our universities require assistance in attacking the complicated problems of topography, and in appreciating the unique collections of Athenian museums.

For a considerable part of the Athenian season, while the weather is unsuited for travel or excavation, the foreign schools in Athens devote themselves chiefly to the educational side of their functions. The students of each school naturally look to their own director both for advice in their individual work and for such lectures as they may require. But, by an international exchange of courtesy, it is customary for the lectures provided primarily for the students of any one school to be thrown open to the students of other schools; thus all have an opportunity of hearing the most distinguished foreign specialists, as well as their own lecturers. The foreign schools in Athens also hold open meetings, at which the directors and students read papers embodying the conclusions of their most recent study and research, or reporting the results of travel or excavation. It is impossible to imagine a more stimulating atmosphere for the young student, provided that he is duly qualified to appreciate it. He has an opportunity for hearing the opinions and studying the methods of those who are recognised throughout Europe as masters in various departments of archaeological study, and even of coming under their personal influence. He can also associate with fellow-students, both of his own and of other nations, who are employed upon the same subjects as himself; he can observe both the merits and the defects of their work, and so acquire a breadth of outlook and a command of resource such as could hardly be attained under any other circumstances. He is, moreover, in the centre of new discoveries and of new theories; and, whether it be his aim to become a specialist in archaeology, or, as is more often the case, to enliven and to deepen his interest in classical studies by a knowledge of the material features of antiquity, he will always look back to his residence in Athens as the most interesting and the most educative period of his life. The subsequent record of the students of the British School at Athens is most encouraging, as showing not only that they were capable of appreciating the advantages they enjoyed, but also that their training in Athens has been recognised as qualifying them for higher employment, especially in educational posts. A considerable proportion of them have held fellowships at

their respective colleges; many have been appointed to professorships or lectureships in the departments of classics, of history, of archaeology, or of architecture; some are in the Government Department of Education.

These results would have sufficed to justify the existence of the School; but there is another side of its activity to record in the excavations and other work which it has undertaken as its contribution to the sum of our knowledge of Greek antiquities. It is on this side especially that allowance must be made for the scanty resources that the School has had at its disposal. From its foundation until 1895 its income amounted barely to 500*l.* a year; and although this income was trebled from that year onward, it still compares unfavourably with the endowment of the other foreign schools at Athens. The French School enjoys an annual subsidy of over 3000*l.*; the German has about 2400*l.*, and the American 2000*l.* With its original income the wonder is, not that the British School was limited in regard to distant excavations, but that it could carry on its work in Athens; even this would, indeed, have been impossible but for what was practically an indirect endowment of the School, the assignment of fellowships and studentships to its Director and students by the universities and by some colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Moreover, the heavy expenses of publication were defrayed by the Hellenic Society, so that the 'Hellenic Journal' has served as the organ of the School since its foundation, and as its only organ down to 1895. The School has had to raise special funds for its excavations; but there was, of course, no question of such magnificent and disinterested grants as the 40,000*l.* which the German Government expended at Olympia, or the 30,000*l.* which the French Government has more recently spent upon Delphi.

In the first year of the School, Mr. Penrose made excavations in order to discover the plan of the colossal temple of the Olympian Zeus at Athens, and ascertained that it was octastyle, not decastyle as usually supposed—a discovery of considerable interest to the history of architecture in general and to the interpretation of Vitruvius in particular. The results of these excavations, as well as of other recent investigations by Mr. Penrose, were recorded in the second edition of his 'Principles of Athenian Architecture,' published by the Society of Dilettanti. In the following year, Mr. Ernest Gardner having succeeded Mr. Penrose as Director, the problem of excavation was solved by the Council of the Cyprus Exploration Fund, who offered to place their excavations under the control of the Director and the students of the British School

at Athens. These works included the investigation of a pre-historic cemetery at Leontari Vouno near Nikosia, and the country shrine of Opaon Melanthius at Amargetti, and the complete excavation of the famous temple of Aphrodite at Paphos, an excavation that brought to light a curious and unique if somewhat confusing plan, a large number of inscriptions, throwing light on the history and administration of the island, and a few works of art of high value—the finest being a head of Eros, now in the British Museum.

This work had, however, involved the practical transference of the official centre of the School to Cyprus, although two or three students had done some work in Athens; and it was felt that such an arrangement, if repeated, would imply a neglect of one of the chief purposes for which the School was founded. Accordingly, in the next season, the excavations in Cyprus were left in charge of two students of the School, the Director only going out for a short time at the beginning of the campaign; and the work of the School in Athens was organised on the same lines as that of the other foreign schools. The second year of excavation in Cyprus was devoted to the cemeteries of Poli tes Chrysochou, and to the temple of Apollo at Limniti; the third to the site of Salamis, where considerable light was thrown on the topography of the ancient town. The agora and several temple sites were excavated, and a good many inscriptions, and several interesting painted terracottas were discovered, some of which found their way to the British Museum.

But these excavations, though conducted by students of the School, had practically become independent of its organisation; and in 1889-90 it was decided to undertake a School excavation in Greece itself. The site of Megalopolis in Arcadia was offered by the Greek Government, and accepted after due investigation. For the next three years the chief energies of the School were devoted to the excavation of this site, with results which well repaid the labour bestowed. They brought to light a most interesting example of a town founded in historical times for a special purpose, to be the capital of the new Arcadian League. On both sides of the river Helisson are the public buildings, which must once have formed a most imposing array; on the north side is the great square agora, flanked by porticoes, precincts, and temples; on the south is that unique building the Thersilion, the huge parliament house of the ten thousand Arcadians, united by its great portico with the theatre, itself the largest in Greece. The chief feature of the Thersilion is the radiation of the rows of columns that support

its roof from a point in its centre; and the object of this arrangement must have been to allow a speaker in the centre of the building to be heard and seen by as many people as possible without the interposition of the columns. Among the smaller antiquities brought to light the most important was a large new fragment of the Greek version of the famous Edict of Diocletian, which was published in the '*Hellenic Journal*.' The complete clearing of the Thersilion and the theatre was a long, laborious, and costly undertaking.

The excavations at Megalopolis not only took up all that could be spared for this purpose from the income of the School, but necessitated the raising of an additional fund by special subscription. It was therefore impossible, until they were finished, to undertake any other excavations in Greece; and even then the financial conditions precluded anything but trial excavations upon a small scale. Such excavations were made at Bathos and Basilis in Arcadia, at Ægosthena, and at Abæ. This last site, from its historical record, seemed to be promising, for its oracle was the rival of Delphi in early days; but it was found that, whether from the conformation of the ground or from other causes, very little was left of the temple or its contents. The excavation was, however, final in its negative results; until Abæ had actually been thoroughly tested, it was a site from which much was expected. Meanwhile, students of the School had also been useful in directing or observing excavations outside Greece. Among these may be mentioned those of the British Museum in Cyprus, and those of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Alexandria.

Another branch of archæological work, the study and classification of the antiquities preserved in museums, has been carried on by members of the School, both in Athens and elsewhere. Numerous papers in the '*Journal of Hellenic Studies*' testify to the results of this work; the most useful, perhaps, were the cleaning and classification of the numerous smaller bronzes found in the Acropolis excavations, which was undertaken by Mr. Bather, and the catalogue of the Cyprus Museum at Nikosia by Mr. Myres, recently published by the Clarendon Press. Students of the school have also contributed to the exploration of Asia Minor, Arcadia, and Ætolia. Another valuable piece of work, undertaken with the assistance of a special Byzantine fund, is an extremely full and accurate series of drawings of the Byzantine churches of Greece, made by Mr. Schultz and Mr. Barnsley. Though the publication of these drawings has hitherto been delayed by various unforeseen causes, it is hoped that it will soon take place.

In 1895 an effort was made to obtain for the School both official recognition and more ample pecuniary support. The record of its nine years' work was such as to justify the assertion that there was a real need for its existence, and that it had shown itself capable of meeting that need. It had held its own beside the older and richer foreign schools in Athens; it had trained many students who had left it to hold responsible positions in England; and it had contributed its fair share to the advance of archæological knowledge. A petition, widely signed by the representatives of the chief universities, schools, and other educational institutions in the United Kingdom, was presented to Government on its behalf; and an influential meeting was held at St. James's Palace, again under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. The result was encouraging: the annual subscriptions of public bodies and of private individuals were almost doubled, and were supplemented by a Government grant of 500*l.* a year.

The chief advantage of the increased income was the possibility of undertaking excavations on a larger scale, and of devoting a certain sum, season after season, to this purpose, without the necessity of constant appeals for money. In 1895 the new Director of the School, Mr. Cecil Smith, decided to take the island of Melos as the sphere of the School's operations; and, for the last four seasons, excavations have been carried on there upon a considerable scale, first in the town of Melos, and later in the very interesting prehistoric settlement of Phylacopi. In the town of Melos, besides elucidation of the topography of the ancient city, the chief discovery was a very fine mosaic, which has been reproduced in colour in the '*Journal of Hellenic Studies.*' The site of Phylacopi, which has, after the first year, occupied most of the attention of the excavators, has proved to be an early centre of *Ægean* civilisation, worthy to be compared with Troy, Mycenæ, and Tiryns, but dating from an earlier period than the two latter. The excavations have not only disclosed the walls of three, if not four, distinct settlements, all anterior to what is generally known as the Mycenæan period, but have also led to the discovery of a great quantity of antiquities, especially vases, which throw much new light on the early history of art in the *Ægean*.

Excavations were also made in Athens in 1896, with the aid of funds provided by a private donor, in the region beyond the Ilissus, where the excavators found a large building, which they are inclined to identify with the gymnasium of Cynosarges. More recently, Mr. Hogarth, who succeeded to the directorship of the School in 1897, has continued the work of a former

Director of the School at Naucratis, in Egypt, where he has not only found a considerable amount of pottery and terracottas, but has also identified the Hellenion mentioned by Herodotus on a site to the north-east of the ancient town. During the present season the School is co-operating with the Cretan Exploration Fund in the excavations in Crete—a project for which some of the most promising sites in the island have already been secured, and to which all those interested in Hellenic or prehistoric studies are looking forward with the greatest eagerness. The discovery of many ancient inscriptions, written in a character hitherto unknown, may turn out to be a step of the greatest importance in the reconstruction of ancient Mediterranean society; and it appears not impossible that we may yet know the true story of the Minotaur.

The five years, for which the Government grant and many of the private subscriptions were promised in the first instance, have now expired; but the use that the School has made of its extended opportunities is such that its friends can look forward with confidence to a renewal of the official and private support on which its efficiency must depend. Austria and Italy have now come to take their place beside France, Germany, and America; it may well be hoped that the British School, instead of having to curtail its activity while all others are increasing theirs, will be placed upon an equality of resources with the older institutions with which it has hitherto been able to maintain a generous emulation.

The British School at Athens has fully justified its existence; but as yet Great Britain has no school at Rome. Germany, France, and America have all taken to heart the lesson taught by experience, that the effective organisation and prosecution of archaeological research demand the establishment of a place of study at both the great centres of ancient civilisation. The absence of any British School at Rome is the more surprising when we remember the close ties which for so long a time have connected Italy with this country. We are not referring only to the political friendship which makes the fortunes of Italy a matter of almost personal interest to thousands of our countrymen, and which keeps alive in Italy, almost alone of European countries, a warm regard for England and Englishmen. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, long before the struggle for Italian unity excited British sympathies, Rome and Italy attracted educated Englishmen with irresistible force. For every German who crossed the Alps there were twenty Englishmen who travelled, studied, and collected through the length and breadth of the Italian peninsula; and among these were

not a few who, like Sir W. Gell, may claim to rank with the foremost scholars of their age. At the present time, though the day of the connoisseur and collector is somewhat past, there is never a lack of English students at work in the wide area which Italy and Rome still offer to research. But though the fascination exercised by Italy remains as strong, and the interest in her history, antiquities, and art as keen as ever, British labour in this field, as in some others, undoubtedly suffers from the want of organised co-operation, intelligent direction, and careful training. An international union of workers, such as Gerhard and the Duc de Luynes contemplated in 1828, or such as, earlier still, Legrand dreamt of founding at Athens, has proved to be impracticable, unless based upon narrower and purely national organisations. For the promotion of British study in Italy, and the training of British students, a British School at Rome is indispensable.

It is for aid in supplying this want that an appeal has been issued to the educated public. The circular, which is supported by a long list of distinguished names, indicates with sufficient clearness the kind of work which a British School at Rome can do. It should aim, like the older schools, at being a centre of mature study and research, round which British scholars would naturally group themselves. Such a recognised centre would, as the circular truly states, 'stimulate intercourse and sympathy between workers who are now isolated.' It would also render possible, in course of time, the undertaking of large schemes involving concerted and continuous labour, such as those which have already been the glory of the German Institute. A British School at Rome would moreover be a training-ground for younger students, who would be able to study at first-hand the originals of which at home they can only read accounts, and to learn by actual practice and under skilled direction the methods of criticism and research.

In one important respect the proposed British School at Rome will differ from most of those already established. They are mainly, and one at least, the American School, exclusively, concerned with classical archaeology. It is satisfactory to note, on the other hand, that no such limitation is to be imposed on the British School. It would certainly be premature, if it were even possible or desirable, to delimit precisely the field of its operations. But in Italy, and above all in Rome, classical, mediæval, and modern interests are indissolubly mingled, frequently in the same building or on the same site; while the materials for study are as rich for the historian and for

the artist as for the archæologist. To quote again from the prospectus issued by the Committee, the students of the School should be found in the archives of the Vatican, in the libraries of Venice and Milan, in the galleries and churches of Florence, no less than in the Forum or on the Palatine.

It is surely reasonable to expect that the proposal to found a school on this wide basis will meet with cordial support. It has already secured the approval of a large number of eminent men. A thoroughly capable Director has been secured; and there are students ready and anxious to join him. Funds alone are needed to enable the Executive Committee to open the School in November next. The minimum amount required is a capital sum of 1,000*l.* and an annual income of 500*l.* But if the School is to be worthy of Great Britain, and is to take its proper place among the foreign schools in Rome, much more than this is wanted. We do not care to discuss here the question whether the money should come from private pockets, or in part at least from the public Treasury. Either source could easily supply it, if it would. What is of real importance is that the nation, as a whole, and the Government, as representing the nation, should realise the dignity of learning, the importance of history and art to national culture, and the educational value of what can seem only to the Philistine to be unprofitable research.

ART. X.—NEW CREATURES FOR OLD COUNTRIES.

1. *Wild Oxen, Sheep, and Goats of All Lands, Living and Extinct.* By R. Lydekker. London: Rowland Ward, 1898.
2. *The Deer of All Lands.* By R. Lydekker. London: Rowland Ward, 1898.
3. *Bulletin de la Société Nationale d'Acclimatation de France:* 1899-1900. Paris: au siège de la Société, 41 Rue de Lille.
4. *The Encyclopædia of Sport.* Two vols. Edited by the late Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peck, and F. G. Aflalo. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1898.
5. *Pheasants: their Natural History and Practical Management.* By W. B. Tegetmeier. Third edition. London: Horace Cox, 1897.
6. *Report of the Zoological Society of New York.* New York, U.S.A.: 1899.

ANIMAL acclimatisation in Europe is now mainly sentimental or is carried out in the interests of sport or the picturesque. The art of breeding domestic animals is so well understood that we can almost create new species in a few years, specialised to meet any particular want. It does not pay, and is not practical, to import and adapt foreign creatures, which rarely have the qualities we seek ready made, and need years of trouble and remaking afterwards to bring them into line with the requirements of the modern farmyard. We may possibly find a few more birds, like the guinea-fowl or peacock, which would at once take a place among our domestic poultry. But in the seventy years since the Royal Zoological Society was founded 'to promote the permanent domestication of foreign animals which might become of value to man,' practically only one wild species—the ostrich—has been reclaimed and acclimatised with commercial success. The ostrich is now bred in South Russia, New Zealand, California, and Australia, as well as in South Africa; and if it represents the single triumph of reclamation in our day, it must be admitted that, as the species is a truly and notably wild one, the success of the effort is singularly complete.

On the other hand, wild animals are eagerly sought for trial and establishment in this country, mainly for pleasure or for sport. All recent experiments of the kind, both here and in Germany and France, have had these for their principal objects, though much interesting and fresh knowledge has resulted from them. Recently they have been carried out on a scale never

before attempted, and with results so surprising that they have modified some of the accepted ideas as to what was believed to be natural law in the relations of animals to their environment. Habits have in some cases been rapidly modified. The typical jungle stag of tropical India, the spotted axis, or chital deer, has altered its time of breeding, and is now becoming a member of the park and forest fauna of France and England; and the black buck antelope of the Indian plains breeds regularly in Sussex, and produces two calves in the twelve-month. Some twelve or fourteen species of foreign deer, wild antelopes, gazelles, kangaroos, wild sheep, Japanese apes, beavers, bison, zebras, brilliant pheasants from India and China, water-birds and Oriental partridges, American trout and char, and American rodents, such as the cavies and prairie dogs, are now living in France and England in a wild and natural state.

The pleasure of watching these unfamiliar forms amid the familiar scenery of Great Britain, and the intellectual satisfaction of anticipating their needs or providing substitutes for their old environment and watching their adaptation to the new one, appeal strongly to the inborn love of animals and nature among our countrymen. Each year sees some addition to the number of parks or estates into which foreign species are introduced. Each year, too, the number of 'salted' or properly acclimatised members of each species increases, and the colonists become more settled. The colonies also grow in size and in the variety of their population. Twenty years ago Powerscourt and Colebrooke in Ireland, Knowsley, Vaynol (Mr. Assheton Smith's), Lilford Hall, and a few other estates in which two or three species of animal were kept, were the only centres in this country. In Italy Prince Demidoff created a 'paradise' for animals as early as 1850, at San Donato, near Florence; and the King of Italy formed one later at Mandria, near Turin, with such success that a herd of nilgai, ten in number, imported in 1862, increased in a few years to seventy-two, all living free and wild in the park. Italy was the earliest home of mediæval acclimatisation in Europe. It still retains the breed of camels imported to Tuscany by Ferdinand de' Medici II, for the purpose of carrying wood and straw from the domain of Russora to Pisa and other towns, duties which the herd still performs; and the buffalo of India has been a native of Italian marshes, and a more or less willing servant of man, since the fifteenth century.

But of all the early efforts of our great proprietors to import and establish a new and superior wild animal, that made by Lord Powerscourt was the only undoubted success. He

established the Japanese deer, and has made it a permanent and valuable addition to the animals of our parks. In the mountain valley, rimmed with walls of rock five hundred feet high, which forms his park, he placed the first Japanese deer in 1850. Here they steadily increased and multiplied, and from Powerscourt they were gradually drafted off to other parks belonging to friends of the owner. The Powerscourt Japanese deer are still among the strongest and best obtainable. They are thoroughly acclimatised, and are said to be unequalled by any later herds for south-country use.

Since this beginning was made, three great homes for new races of quadrupeds have been established in this country, with an evergrowing number of offshoots and imitators. They are all comparatively recent, but are all of sufficient standing to have achieved proved and practical success. These three chief 'paradises' are in the North, Midlands, and South of England respectively. The first of them is that at Haggerstone Castle, near Beale, which belongs to Mr. Christopher Leyland. In the South, at Leonardslee, in Sussex, is a park stocked with wild animals living in perfectly natural conditions, collected by Sir E. G. Loder. Lastly, and on the largest scale, is the vast collection of animals for experiment in acclimatisation made by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. This is far the largest existing collection maintained for such a purpose; but the ability of the management and diversity of success obtained at Leonardslee and Haggerstone are such that the interest attaching to all these paradises is one and the same in kind, though the number of species on trial at Woburn exceeds greatly those in all the other paradises or parks combined. Across the Channel, at La Pataudière, in the department of the Indre et Loire, a similar and parallel series of experiments, of the most successful kind, has for many years been conducted by M. G. Pays Mellier.

In Paris the Société d'Acclimatation has never relaxed its interest in the subject. Its members have been at least as enterprising as our landed proprietors, and have gradually succeeded in creating a 'salted' stock of many species of Oriental deer which are now inhabitants of the State forests of France. The existence of this society is of great use to any Frenchman who may wish to make a trial of new creatures on his estate. It is a bureau of information; its interests are specialised; and its records are easy of access. In England, if a private owner has a fancy to surround himself with new forms of life, he has to rely on the advice and help either of the dealers, who, with every wish to be of use, do not make this

part of their business, or of other private owners, on whose time and co-operation he may have no claim. The reports of their experiments are as a rule rather short and condensed, and are buried in back numbers of zoological papers. In France the Society will not only give all information possible, but will often supply the animals for experiments.

Dr. Truassart, President of the Department of Mammals, recently summed up the later history of French experiments, in an address to the Society. The chief difficulty has been the difference of season at which the new creatures produce their young. Those of Europe breed in spring and early summer. Those of the hot countries, where the winter is replaced by the rainy season, produce their young at a different period. Thus the axis deer and other Indian and Indo-Chinese species usually drop their young after the rainy season, in October, about the worst possible time for a fawn to make its appearance in England or France. Yet it often happens that at the end of one or two years the influence of the new environment works a change even in the phenomena of reproductive times and energy. Many of the females—not all, for the effect is different in individuals—seem able to postpone the birth of their young, and to adjust the time of reproduction to the seasons of their new country. It is known that roe deer do this habitually; but observations in the French forests have shown the gradual and real acclimatisation of Indian deer, marked by this adjustment of breeding time to climate. In a herd of axis deer the hinds will begin by dropping their calves at all seasons. Then, at the end of two or three years, the period of gestation becomes adjusted and regular, and all the females calve in early summer, like our own deer. Several other species, such as the Japanese sika, Chinese swamp deer, and hybrids, live wild in the French State forests, where M. le Président can gratify his friends by adding one or two to the bag when the forests are shot. The acquisition of the axis deer, which has been practically part of the French park and forest fauna for fifteen years, is an achievement for which the French acclimatisers justly claim credit.

At La Pataudière, M. Pays Mellier keeps his park as a 'paradise.' There he has introduced a great variety of species, by no means confining himself to the kinds commonly recommended as ornamental or easy to keep. Llamas and Barbary sheep, kangaroos and wallabies, all find his estate suited to their wants. The marsupials which breed most successfully there are the large red kangaroo, which Sir E. G. Loder also keeps; and Bennett's wallaby, which also flourishes

at Leonardslee and Haggerstone Castle, and which in France endures the severest winters without injury. Bush kangaroos do not thrive in France. On the other hand, M. Mellier has animals with which no one has attempted to experiment here; among them capybaras, the large water rodents of South America, and wombats. M. Pays Mellier keeps, at La Pataudière, two species of wombats which live wild and in the open, though they have not bred as yet. Though heavy and stupid to look at, he considers that they are very intelligent. One is quite famous in the neighbourhood. This animal, named Piéru, a beast 'original et sans façon,' has taken a great fancy to one of the keepers, and follows him about his business on the estate like a dog. Every morning in the summer, when Florimond, the keeper, goes his rounds to collect ants' eggs, the affectionate wombat trots stolidly after him, its nose almost touching the ground, never frightened, never surprised, never ceasing to be serious. He looks like one of the nondescript quadrupeds in a Noah's Ark. When the keeper's rounds are over he returns to the house, goes into the kitchen, lies down before the fire, goes to sleep like a gigantic dormouse, and snores.

Evidence of the success of the French in stocking their woods and parks with foreign deer is found in the commercial prices named for different species. There is a 'quotation,' as they say on the Stock Exchange, for these animals. So there is in England. Last year, for instance, Sir E. G. Loder was announced to be ready to sell Japanese deer, and the price was named in 'Country Life.' In France the current price for a pair of Japanese deer is 17*l.* 9*s.*; of Muntjac deer, 7*l.*; and of hog deer, 15*l.* They were said to prove remunerative to breed from at these prices. In the present year the following prices are named in England for foreign animals, either already acclimatised or suited for living in this country:—

Japanese deer (<i>Cervus sika</i>) . . .	8 <i>l.</i> to 12 <i>l.</i> each.
Sambur deer	20 <i>l.</i> to 30 <i>l.</i> "
Manchurian deer	12 <i>l.</i> each.
Moluccan deer	15 <i>l.</i> "
Wapiti	25 <i>l.</i> "
Virginian deer	12 <i>l.</i> "
Mouflon	25 <i>l.</i> "
Barbary sheep (males)	10 <i>l.</i> "
" " (females)	30 <i>l.</i> "
Hog deer	10 <i>l.</i> "
Indian black buck antelopes . .	12 <i>l.</i> "
Nilgai	30 <i>l.</i> to 40 <i>l.</i> each.
Bennett's wallabies	10 <i>l.</i> each.
Boomer kangaroos	30 <i>l.</i> to 40 <i>l.</i> each.

The animals most established in favour with the French purchaser, and highly recommended by the Société d'Acclimatation, are the Patagonian cavy, a big rodent as large as a pointer dog and said to be good to eat, David's deer, the hog deer, the axis deer, and above all the Japanese deer (*Cervus sika*). Lord Powerscourt is given every credit by French opinion for his foresight and enterprise in introducing the latter, which are in high favour with the French venison salesmen.

The nearest approach to completely wild conditions in which our new arrivals find themselves in England is at Leonardslee, in Sussex. The park covers about seven hundred acres. It is neither so large nor so wild as Powerscourt, but it is wild enough, and it is broken up by a deep narrow valley, in which is the stream on which the beavers have their colony. At the lower exit of this stream are some ancient hammer ponds. The sides of the valley are steep, and covered with trees, bracken, and bushes of furze and thorn. The groves of trees are so thick that they resemble real bits of rough woodland rather than a park. On the other hand there is fine grazing on the top-lands, good turf on marl. In the upper part of the valley, divided from the park, the banks are planted with tens of thousands of azaleas and rhododendrons. In spring the grass between is starred with innumerable flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, and tulip kinds growing wild; and a little later the sides of the valley are aflame with acres of orange, amber, rose-colour, and pink azaleas; while, in the valley below and on the hilltop on either hand, there are groups and herds of the big game of Europe, Australia, India, North Africa, and Japan.

'Colonial contingents' are represented by the kangaroos and their kind. The big red kangaroos keep mainly to the upper grass-land; but on the slopes and among the bushes are little 'mobs' of Bennett's wallaby, a smaller and more graceful species. They lie about on their sides, like deer or antelopes, basking in the sun, some with young ones by their sides, others with infants' heads looking out of their pouches. Others sit about singly under the bushes or in the fern, and leap off, with long mechanical bounds, up or down the sides of the valley. A mob of these wallabies leaping in single file up the opposite slope enters a wood, and on the margin startles a whole herd of Japanese deer. They spring to their feet in a mass, forty or fifty stags and hinds, and face round, looking down the hillside. If the visitor approaches they gather into a mass of round sturdy backs and haunches, and with heads up

and the stags' sharp antlers carried in very gallant fashion, crash in a serried phalanx through the wood. Before the deer, streaming out sideways to avoid the rush, comes a flock of wild American turkeys, led by a great bronze-coloured gobbler, his plumage shining like the wing-cases of a gigantic beetle. They are too tame to fly, unless hard put to it, but they march down the vista of the wood gobbling and complaining loudly. It was thought that this, which is called in America 'the king of game-birds,' might take a place in the covers among the sporting birds of this country, but it was found that it always flies into trees when flushed. Plumage and appearance, not sport, are the chief recommendation of the American turkey for our estates, though the excellence of its flesh is all that the household tales of Missouri farmers have painted it.

We have at least one wild sheep left in Europe—the 'mouflon' of the mountains of Corsica and Cyprus. It also lives at Leonardslee. Properly speaking, these fine wild sheep—dark brown, with a large saddle-mark of white on their backs, and big curling horns—are dwellers on the mountain tops. They have a small 'mountain' at Leonardslee, a rock fastness of big masses of stone built for them. There is also another shelter, a kind of maze of faggots, in which they can retire from sight. But the flock are often seen grazing in the woods, whence they dash off, when disturbed, to their home. A few small bright-brown solitary hog-deer creep about in the thickets; and one or two small Chinese deer are also to be seen. But it is on the open plains of this park, and under the scattered trees, that the most striking evidences of acclimatisation are apparent. On this ground are large herds of Indian black buck antelopes, and groups of gazelles. They are thoroughly 'en pays de connaissance,' yet they look strangely unfamiliar. There is no great mixture of species here, as at Woburn, where the mind is bewildered by the simultaneous sight of a dozen strange beasts feeding together in a kind of Garden of Eden. The gazelles and the antelopes might very conceivably be seen in exactly the same juxtaposition elsewhere; only it would be on the Indian plains, not in Sussex.

The gazelles are the more self-dependent of the two species, associating readily with other kinds. One, for instance, lived entirely with the Japanese deer, apparently believing that it was a Japanese deer itself. The black buck antelopes keep in their own herd, and move and feed together. Their movements when hurried are singular. They advance by a series of leaps, high up in the air, not trotting or cantering like deer. These Indian antelopes are completely acclimatised. They

breed regularly ; and it was at Leonardslee that the interesting discovery was first made that they produce young twice in twelve months. We can hardly suppose that they have become more prolific since they were established here, but it is singular that this fact was not known to the best Indian naturalists.

Besides the larger animals there is an amusing colony of prairie dogs at Leonardslee. Some live in the park, others have a special 'doggery' under the windows of the house, whence the comic and serious alternations of hard work and play practised by the optimistic little prairie dogs can be seen daily. There are also a number of those odd but not attractive beasts, the Patagonian cavyas. Somehow they do not fit into the English landscape : they look like something rather monstrous, between a sheep and a rabbit. The French idea that they could be made useful stock on the farm for the butcher is not shared by those who have tried their flesh here : it is like coarse rabbit. The heavier beasts, such as wapiti and bison, are not kept at Leonardslee.

Another and a very useful purpose is served by these paradises. They not only introduce new creatures to old countries, but also promise to preserve some of the vanishing species which would otherwise perish. Mr. Hornaday, the director of the Zoological Park at New York, which is so spacious that it is a half-way house between the ordinary Zoo and what are called in America 'free colonies' of animals, says that bison breed in confinement about as readily as domestic cattle. That is true of their readiness to produce offspring ; but in practice there is great difficulty in obtaining a stock so mixed that the calves are equally divided between the sexes. Two herds, of which one breeds regularly, now exist in a semi-wild state in England, one at Woburn, the other at Mr. Christopher Leyland's park at Haggerstone Castle in Northumberland. The latter is an increasing herd. They produce calves regularly, and are also crossed with domestic cattle. As only twenty head now remain wild in Yellowstone Park, and perhaps eighty more near Great Slave Lake, the remaining stock of American bison is represented by the acclimatised or tame herds, chiefly in large private game preserves. These are reckoned at about six hundred in all, including the specimens in zoological gardens. At Haggerstone it is hoped and believed that the breed will go on increasing. The experience gained there in the acclimatisation of other beasts is most encouraging. In some respects it resembles the story of Leonardslee, but the animals are not allowed to run loose together. It was found, for instance, that the bison killed some of the deer, and that on the whole it was

best to keep them separate in paddocks. It is not a favourable spot for such experiments: it is on the north-east coast, near the sea, and the park is somewhat flat. But there is a fine lake, and plenty of wood; and, though the climate is somewhat inclement, both birds and beasts do well. Japanese apes are loose in an enclosure, but have not bred. Black buck, wallabies, nilgai, and Japanese deer are perfectly acclimatised. The Indian axis deer flourish in this their most northern limit of colonisation, and the rare white-tailed gnus or wildebeest do well. Indian domestic cattle breed there and bring up their calves successfully. Both ostriches and emus breed regularly at Haggerstone; and the cock ostriches undertake the duty of sitting on the eggs, as they do in South Africa.

Of the results of the great experiments at Woburn Abbey it is perhaps too early to speak with certainty. Doubtless when sufficient time has elapsed, the Duke of Bedford, who has most properly been elected President of the Royal Zoological Society, will give to the world the conclusions which facts determine. Nearly all the deer in the world except the reindeer, which cannot exist in English parks, are now living either a natural life or one approximating to natural conditions in the park at Woburn.

The number of species and individuals at Woburn alters from month to month. It is probably larger now than when the following animals were in the park and paddocks; but the list gives some idea of the scale on which trial is being made of new creatures for our country.

Antelopes.

Black buck, 8.
Blue gnu, 1.
Elands, 8.
Hartebeests, 3.
Llamas, 2.
Nilgai, 11.
Persian gazelle, 2.
Sable, 2.
Sing-sing, 3.
White-tailed gnu, 2.

Deer.

Altai, 8.
American swamp deer, 2.
Axis, 42.
Barbary deer, 2.
Cashmir stag, 2.
Caucasian red deer, 12.

Deer—continued.

Chinese roe, 11.
Chinese water deer, 2.
David's (Père), 7.
Eld's, 23.
Elk, 1.
Equine, 10.
Formosa, 3.
Hog deer, 16.
Hog deer (hybrid), 1.
Japanese, 35.
Large Japanese deer, 11.
Luedorf's deer (probably an Asiatic wapiti, scarcely seen in England till these were obtained by Mr. Hagenbeck from north-eastern Asia), 25.
Muntjacs (Indian), 22.

Deer—continued.

Muntjacs (Reeves's), 13.
 Moluccas deer, 8.
 Musk deer, 6.
 Naked-eared deer, 1.
 Pekin deer, 7.
 Roe, 13.
 Rusa deer, 4.
 Sambur, 17.
 Small sambur, 12.
 Swamp deer, 10.
 Unnamed deer, 5.
 Wapiti, 19.
 Wapiti (hybrid), 15.

Wild Goats.

Gooral, 1.
 Ibez, 1.

Wild Goats—continued.

Pigmy, 1.
 Thar, 15.

Wild Sheep.

Burrhel, 2.
 Mouflon, 8.

Wild Cattle.

Anoa, 2.
 Bisons, 4.
 Yaks, 14.

Patagonian cavies, 9, and
 some young.
 Wallabies, 13 old, and a
 number of young.

We may expect to hear shortly, not whether one or two new species in addition to those already established in our parks are suited to become part of our English fauna, but whether and to what degree all the deer of all countries can adapt themselves to our climate, and whether they will not only live, but propagate their species here. It is to be regretted that nowhere else are all or even a large number of these various species being kept under the same conditions. Consequently, it will be open to doubt, even if they succeed in Bedfordshire, whether the results will be the same elsewhere. But the comparison of the life and habits of species which are kept elsewhere may establish facts of great importance. If the axis deer at Woburn come to cast their fawns in the early summer, as they do in France, and not in the autumn, as they do in India, and if the black buck rear two calves in a year, as at Leonardslee, and the gazelles increase and multiply, while the sambur fail to become acclimatised, previous experience in regard to these kinds will be borne out, and the adaptability of others established by conclusive evidence.

Meantime there is no doubt that the initial difficulty, that of keeping most breeds of foreign deer in good health in our climate, has already been solved at Woburn. The sight of these multitudes of unfamiliar animals from all parts of the globe, under the oaks and chestnuts of this typical English park, is a spectacle never to be forgotten. Some idea of the scene may be gathered from the photographs taken by Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, and published in Professor Lydekker's work on the 'Deer of All Lands.' There, in a

single picture, axis deer, Japanese deer, Pekin deer, red deer, Caucasian red deer, Virginian deer, and a mouflon sheep may be seen grazing quietly together; while the portraits of many other stags and bucks show to what health and vigour the animals attain in this unique paradise. But no photograph could ever do justice to the general effect of the herds there gathered together. Probably nothing like it could be seen anywhere nearer than the Athi plains in our East African Protectorate, where the great fauna of Africa still wander and feed in herds of hundreds of individuals, all at peace with one another and not greatly scared by man. In the centre of the scene lies the big grey palace, set among rolling waves of park, studded with ancient trees. Under the trees, out on the open lawns and glades, all along the sky-line, and round the pools, graze the fallow bucks and does, Japanese stags, red deer, and hybrid fawns and stags. Among them stalk gigantic wapiti, lords and masters of the mixed multitude. Under the chestnut trees is a herd of black and white yaks with their calves, with thar and other wild sheep; and close to the drive is a small herd of zebras, with a foal or two, as much at their ease as if they were commoners' ponies on Matley Heath in the New Forest.

Great, too, is the company of birds. Cranes of many lands stalk across the park, or stretching their wings dance solemn and ceremonial dances in the sun. Swans, of all or nearly all the species that are known to exist, swim on the pools or lie dotted sleeping on the grass for acres around. They look like gigantic snowballs left to melt in the sun. In the smaller ponds are brilliant purple gallinules, rare ducks and teal; and the enclosures contain kangaroos, cavies, and wallabies, and exquisite swamp deer, their large ears filled with white fringes like silver lace. Beyond these, again, are a herd of nilgai, numerous enough to strike the eye, though they have not increased by scores as did those in the King of Italy's paradise.

Perhaps the most interesting sight to the lover of birds is that of the strange pheasants issuing from the deep wood to feed in spring. Magnificent male specimens of Reeves's pheasant, their five-foot tails arched like bows, and their black and gold coats shining like a mandarin's jacket, run out or come flying like trailing comets into the green corn, and there scratch and feed with the English pheasants and partridges. Presently they are joined by birds looking in the distance more like blackcock than pheasants. As the sun lights up their plumage it flashes with green and dark sapphire blue. These are monauls, the purple pheasant of the Indian hills. In the woods themselves the visitor may see a great mound of

leaves, as large as a haycock, among the tree stems. It is a nest of the Australian brush turkey; and in the interior are the eggs, hatching in the heat of the fermenting leaves.

Besides the animals living free in the open park, great numbers dwell either in small societies or apart in large enclosures, fenced with iron rails. Here are sambar, and more wapiti, and brooding on the brow of a hill one may see the bearded nodding heads of dozing bison. Here you may note the differences and likenesses of the red deer, from Scotland through Asia to the Pacific shore of North America, and across to the limit of the wapiti's range, and satisfy your mind whether the latter is or is not a glorified red deer, made great by feeding. Here too you may hear the voice of the wapiti, and see that the red deer hinds cannot interpret it.

With some notable exceptions, recent experiments in the introduction of new birds do not carry us much further than the early days before the Crimean war, when a good deal of success was obtained in breeding the pheasants of the Indian hills in the open as well as in aviaries. The Indian pheasants did not succeed so well as the Chinese and Japanese breeds. This is difficult to explain, because the peacock, which is not a hill bird, but is *par excellence* the bird of the plains of Central India, is as thoroughly at home in this country as could be desired. It is perhaps the most successful of all strange fowls brought to Europe in historical times. But the Himalayan pheasants have a fresh start at Woburn and may become acclimatized like those from the far East. Outside the domain of Woburn the new birds living in a natural state in this country are the Canada goose, the chikore (a large red-legged partridge from India), the American turkey, the black swan, and Reeves's pheasant. Some varieties of the common pheasant are also well established; but the above list contains practically all the survivors of the costly experiments made with foreign birds. Of these the chikore is only half-wild. It makes a pleasant addition to the country-house circle of half-tame birds, being even more apt to become familiar with the inhabitants and to domicile itself in the immediate vicinity of the house than the ordinary grey partridge when brought up by hand. The writer has seen a pair of chikore quietly walking about and scratching under a cedar tree in front of the stables at Woburn, and others sitting sunning themselves on the grey walls at the back of Lilford Hall, where they occasionally rear a brood. They are about half as large again as the French partridge, and equally ornamental in plumage. Probably they would do just as well as the latter bird if turned out in any number; but they are

not so 'sporting' a bird as our grey partridge, and there is little inducement to increase their number.

The Canada goose is the largest, or almost the largest, of the wild geese. Very handsome and bold, with black necks, biscuit-coloured bodies, and great power of wing, a flock of these birds is a fine ornament to a large estate. The strongest flocks of Canada geese in this country are those at Ganton and Holkham in Norfolk. At the latter place there are probably sixty pairs or more, living in a perfectly wild state, and spending their time between the lake, the marshes, and the sea. They sometimes fly out on to the sands, but prefer to haunt the lake and marshes. These are long flat lines of reclamation, about a mile and a half wide, fringed on the outer side by sand hills covered with pines. In winter the wild grey geese come stringing in in flocks in the early morning from the sea sands, while the 'black necks,' as the local gunners call the Canada geese, fly out from the lake or park of Holkham. The flocks of great birds, the wild all smoky grey, the Canada geese dun and black, present a very fine appearance, while their trumpeting makes the whole marsh resound.

In spring, when the wild geese have left, the Canadas scatter all over Lord Leicester's marshes, for a distance of some four or five miles. Each pair makes a nest, either by a pool or more commonly in the sand hills. At this time they are very restless and noisy, calling and trumpeting and flying to and fro. They lay large clutches of eggs and bring up their broods successfully, though owing to the losses from outside shore gunners in winter their number does not increase. They are good birds for the table, but are not comparable for flavour with the wild pink-footed geese which feed on the same marshes.

The largest number of American turkeys in one place in England is, or was, in Sir E. G. Loder's woods at Leonardslee; but they are established in several counties. The late Mr. Charles Elton, Q.C., of Whitestaunton, near Chard, kept them for years in his woods, whence they duly migrated to his dining-table. There is as much difference between these birds and our black turkeys, which were originally brought by the Spaniards from Cuba, as there is between a game cock and a Dorking. For the table they are perhaps better than the domesticated kind: the flesh is firmer and closer in grain.

Black swans now nest at the same time as the English swans. Two years ago those at Kew hatched a brood of seven cygnets. The bird has been imported into this country for at least thirty years; but it would be interesting to learn when it first accommodated its natural breeding time, which by analogy

ought to be in our winter, to the order of the seasons in England. Reeves's pheasant flourishes best in the woods of northern Scotland. At Guisachan and on some other rough and heavily timbered hillsides it is regularly shot with the ordinary birds. Its long tail, gorgeous plumage, and swift flight, in which it easily passes the fastest rocketer of the ordinary breed, make it the finest game bird in the country. A splendid hybrid is the cross between this and the common pheasant. It is larger than the latter, but less than the Reeves's pheasant, and of a uniform coloration like the breast of a common cock pheasant. If, as seems probable, it turns out to be fertile, it may in time become the favourite bird for our coverts.

The chief aim of acclimatisation is not to substitute a foreign animal for an equally satisfactory native one; but, where and if it is possible, to fill up gaps in the home supply by good things from elsewhere. Another object is to replace an inferior native species by something incontestably better from abroad; but natural selection does its work so thoroughly that this is rarely possible. The nearest approximation to a real improvement on these lines ever made in England is quite recent, and so promising that it may now be fairly regarded as out of the trial stage. The new arrival is a fish—the rainbow trout. It has a pretty name and a not less beautiful appearance. On the strength of the old saying, 'handsome is that handsome does,' it deserves every word of praise that can be found in the dictionary. Though as yet not very well known outside the circle of fly-fishermen, it is hatched in millions yearly in this country. The largest and best-managed trout 'hatcheries' are mainly devoted to its production; and their steady recommendation of the rainbow trout will do more to spread its range than any amount of less practical advice.

The Fisheries Commission of the United States, whose strong and enviable organisation, backed by a hearty and united public opinion, pervades all the States of the Union where there is water for a fish to swim, first discovered and appreciated the excellences which make this fish the 'universal' trout, or something very like it, for all temperate waters. Let us look at the fish and compare him with our own beloved brown trout, whom he is not to supplant, but to support, by making the waters in which both kinds live more productive, and by peopling other waters in which the brown trout does not thrive. As our native trout varies in colour according to place and season, it is perhaps almost as hazardous to define its colour as it once was to dogmatise about the hues of the chameleon.

But if we say that its most marked tints, whether of back, spots, or belly, are olive-green, scarlet, and gold—the ‘yellow belly’ is certainly what the fisherman notes first as he sees the fish splashing at the end of his cast—then the rainbow trout’s leading hues may be set down as invisible green, carmine, and silver. The back is darker than in the native trout, and there are no scarlet spots, but carmine instead, with a heavy spot on the gill cover, which seems to have ‘run,’ as they say of paint when laid on a wet surface, and to have lightly stained a pinkish smear all down the side. Otherwise the side is silvery, and the belly is white, with dark spots. The flesh, if in condition, is a fine pink. Clearly this is a fish everyone would like to possess. By the greatest good luck its habits are such as to make it welcome to those on whose wishes its continuance depends. In the first place it is very fond of eating. Fishermen call this by a more genteel name: the fish is described as ‘a free riser.’ Whatever the weather may be, rainbow trout are always, or nearly always, hungry, and seldom say ‘no’ to a good offer. They begin this good habit when tiny fry, and will feed ‘from the bottle’—which they do in the literal sense, the food being an infusion made from the ‘soup’ of pounded flesh shaken up in a bottle so that the atoms are only visible as a reddish cloud—with a frequency and gusto which your brown trout do not equal. When they are fair-sized fry they are equally voracious. The consequence is that if well supplied with food they grow far faster than brown trout, and they rise far more easily to the fly. When hooked they fight as gamely as our own fish, are if anything better to eat, and more handsome to look upon.

Nor does this exhaust their merits. They alternate with the brown trout as regards spawning. The latter spawn in late autumn and early winter; the rainbow trout in February and March. Spring-spawning fish always have a better chance of survival than winter spawners. The rivers are in better order in spring; there are fewer floods, and vastly more of the invisible food of fish, the *entomostraca* and their microscopic eggs and larvæ, for the young fish to feed on. Rainbow trout were planted successfully in the Southern States of America, the North Island of New Zealand, and in parts of Germany before they were tried here. They are particularly well suited for ponds and lakes with a little current in them—the smallest trickle in and out seems enough—and live readily in far deeper and stiller rivers than the brown trout affect.

How far the ‘rainbow’ will prosper in regular north-country trout streams is not yet certain. These are possibly rather too

cold, though there is no evidence of this; and rainbow trout are caught in the river Dove in Derbyshire. But a good instance of their establishment, and an example of how to put wasted waters to good use by stocking them with this fish as well as our indigenous trout, is to be seen not far from the river Dove, in the remote Derbyshire valley of the river Manifold. It is not in the deep-cut romantic vale of the Manifold, where Thor's Cavern and the tumbling waters of the stream seem respectively the homes of the giants and the nymphs, but under a stark and steep limestone hill, covered with green grass and grey stones, and traversed inwardly by the galleries and tunnels of what was once a mighty copper mine. Now that it is worked out no signs of it remain, except a few tunnels and piles of stones on the hillsides, and a long pool, made in the high valley, where the miners used to wash the ore before they took it on pack-horses to be smelted. The pool is just one hundred yards long, pear-shaped, with the broad end lowest down the valley, and without a tree near—just an ordinary bare tarn in an upland valley, where peewits and sheep came to drink. Sir Thomas Wardle, of Leek, who has a house in the vale below, has converted this tarn into a preserve of rainbow and common trout. At the top or narrow end are three small pools divided off, in one of which are kept the fry, which are imported yearly from professed trout hatcheries. When they are yearlings they are turned out in the pool, and being artificially fed grow very fast. They rise so freely to the fly that during last spring, when the water was so clear that no other fish would look at a fly, they gave sport and showed plenty of fight when hooked, even at two o'clock on an exceptionally hot April day.

Some fishermen fear that the rainbow trout may turn cannibal and devour the small fish. That is what the large Thames trout do, and what a very lovely foreign fish, misnamed the brook trout, does. On the whole, however, there is no evidence that rainbow trout lose the sporting taste for the fly. The so-called brook trout is a beautiful creature to look upon: he is most attractive even in the gloomy abode called the 'fish house' at the Zoo. But he is not a trout: he is a char; and, as everyone knows, our lake char are averse from taking a fly at all. So, when one or two enterprising people put their char into the river Colne (the lower tributary of that name, which enters the Thames at Staines), they were first delighted to find that the fish grew fat very fast and then horrified by the discovery that this had been done at the expense of the trout. At last one proprietor netted a char with a trout not greatly smaller

than itself sticking out of its mouth, and was convinced that this experiment in acclimatisation was a rash one. But these fish might do very well in regular char waters, like some of the western lakes, where trout food is scarce. Whether the American shad, which Mr. Moreton Frewen hopes to acclimatise in Irish waters, will be as great an addition to the migratory fishes of the estuaries as the rainbow trout is to the permanent stock in the upper waters, is rather doubtful. But it is a food fish of real value, and no doubt will be welcome if it succeeds in establishing itself on this side of the Atlantic.

After beasts, birds, and fish, come insects. We have laid under contribution the honey-bees of other lands, bees reputed to be even more industrious than our own. According to a recent writer, 'foreign labour has been introduced among the communities of what were heretofore regarded as the most industrious creatures in the world, and the art of "sweating" bees has been fostered by the employment and example of industrious aliens.' Foreign bees have entered into competition with native industry, and specially bred queen-bees from California, as well as from Italy, Austria, and the islands of the Levant, are regularly sent by post to British bee-keepers. Cyprian, Carniolan, and even Syrian queens are imported, and occasionally whole swarms are sent over-seas to this island. Carniolan bees are pronounced to be the ideal insects for beginners, having all the energy of the mountain races, and a capacity for work transcending that of British worker bees. Italian bees, of Virgilian fame, are also highly esteemed in this country, and come fully up to their classic reputation.

Not the least attractive result of the modern taste for introducing new creatures to the old countries has been the natural inference that it might be not less interesting to bring back some of the lost animals, once common here, but now extinct, or becoming very scarce. Not all of these attempts have succeeded. The great bustard has been turned out on the Yorkshire wolds, but has not thriven, though the capercaillie, the other large game-bird indigenous to northern Europe, prospers in Scotland. But for interest and freshness nothing yet done by any restorer of our old fauna equals the results of Sir Edmund Loder's beaver colony on the brook at Leonardslee. It is probably eight hundred years at least since a beaver made a weir on a British stream; yet on this Sussex brook they are as successful, as enterprising, and as miraculously clever, in their several capacities of engineers, woodmen, weir-builders, and house-architects, as on any Canadian river. They were first given a 'claim' on both sides of the valley, with an iron

fence all round, crossing the stream at two points. In this 'park' were trees of all sizes, from tall beeches and firs to small oaks and alders. Here the beavers have increased and multiplied; and the latest news of their settlement is that they have made a second weir, below that constructed many years ago.

If beavers are to flourish on a river they must have a constant depth of water in which to dive, and to cover the entrance to their 'lodges,' even if the surface is frozen thick with ice. As few small rivers or brooks have a constant flow, but are sometimes shallow, sometimes in flood, the beavers make a weir to keep up a head of water. How serious are the difficulties of building and maintaining such a weir every engineer knows. The phenomenal cleverness and industry of beavers are devoted to this end. This is not the place to give details of their log-rolling paths, canals, wood-cutting, and weir-making; but apart from the two former processes, which were not needed in their home at Leonardslee, all the mechanical skill of beavers may there be seen to admiration. They soon made and have ever since maintained a large weir, cutting down all the unprotected trees, except some large beeches and big pines, and using all the branches, large and small, for building with. They left one tree, a small oak, to support what was to be the centre of the weir. Soon a long deep pool was formed above the weir, flooding the adjacent banks and submerging the bases of several large trees which the beavers had begun to cut. One, a large beech, they rooted up, when the water had moistened the earth below. In order to cut down another, round which their pool had formed deep water, they built a platform and then sat on that and gnawed the tree. Later they cut down the supporting oak, probably knowing that the dam was strong enough without it, and began a new weir below.

It is much to be desired that this experiment of 'replanting' should be followed elsewhere. Beavers require no large tracts of wild country to live in, and do not seem to be appalled by the neighbourhood of civilisation. There is no reason why they should not, with due protection, flourish again where they flourished in days of old—in the New Forest, for instance, where they were before the Normans came. No animals display more ingenuity or prove more convincingly the value of harmonious co-operation; and the spectacle of these happy, clever, and industrious creatures, re-established on our rivers, might supply a valuable object-lesson for the village school, and form a new attraction in depopulated country districts.

ART. XI.—JOHN DONNE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

1. *The Life and Letters of John Donne.* By Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann, 1899.
2. *John Donne.* By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. (Leaders of Religion.) London: Methuen, 1897.
3. *Poems.* By Thomas Carew. London: 1640.
4. *Steps to the Temple; Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses.* By Richard Crashaw. London: 1646.
5. *The Temple.* By George Herbert. London: 1633.
6. *Poems.* By Henry Vaughan. 1646.
7. *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.* By the same. London: 1650.

THOUGH all the world agrees that different ages have had and will have different standards of taste, the reason for so obvious a fact is not obvious. Why should taste be arbitrary? Why should it not proceed from less to more knowledge, laying down canons of beauty at each stage, which will not be questioned by those who come after? If all canons of beauty were arbitrary, we might acquiesce in the fluctuations of taste: we should know that there is nothing to be known in that region; but some canons appear to be beyond dispute, and many works of art are universally acknowledged to be beautiful.

Taste may be defined as appreciation of beauty within certain limits. It has nothing to do with the ultimate judgment of the world; but for the moment its dictates have authority as delivered by those who set the fashion. Taste is the sifting of fashion by those who claim to lead the fashion. Or are we to give a narrower definition to taste, and restrict its meaning to the appreciation of various aspects or facets of beauty which are attractive to one or another state of society and stage of civilisation? If so, and if taste is concerned not with the greater but with the smaller problems of beauty, it is not difficult to understand why what is admirable to one generation may be ridiculous to the next, as certainly is the case; why Bernini's sculptures, for instance, which were the perfection of *le bon goût* in their day, are now looked upon as absurdities, and at some future time may be admired again: why Watteau's pictures had their day and their eclipse and are again in vogue: why the decadent architecture of the latest Gothic period was neglected in the Renaissance period, and again in the Gothic revival, and is nowadays once more in favour.

Perhaps we shall come nearer the truth if we assume that in

the weightier matters, in which artists lay down the law, their judgments are final; but that in the region of connoisseurs and dilettanti there is no finality. The great pronouncements of the world are not lightly set aside; but those judgments which depend upon likes and dislikes are easily pronounced and easily forgotten. Likes and dislikes rest upon no secure foundation: they are often the personal preferences of some writer or artist who holds the popular ear or eye for a time, the *ipse dixit* of a clever cheat or self-inspired false prophet. Ruskin (who was neither cheat nor false prophet, though he sometimes came near the latter character) changed his opinions and tastes from year to year, and was always inflexible. The main positions which he laid down will remain; but much that he wrote was ephemeral. As a guide in the search after the beautiful, his influence will be permanent: as a critic on particular points of taste, his authority is waning, and will probably expire in favour of some later critic. He has not been able to dethrone Raphael, Mantegna, or Rubens, any more than Rossetti was able to dethrone Reynolds. In the 'Sketches of Venice,' Ruskin set himself to destroy the prestige of the Renaissance: nothing but Gothic art was art at all, and Italian Gothic was supreme. Now the wheel has turned, and what we admire is neither Venetian and Florentine Gothic, nor the middle pointed English admired by the last generation, but quirks and oddities of Wren's successors, the elegancies of Sheraton and Chippendale, and Adam's ceilings and chimney-pieces. Is there reason in this, or is it merely the caprice and drifting of the popular gale?

Taste is not so much a matter of deliberate judgment as of sentiment. It decides what we are to like or dislike, not what we are to admire and bow down to, or condemn and reject. Its dictates are meant to rule a moment, like by-laws of etiquette and deportment, which are subsidiary to the greater laws of good breeding. The courtesy of a Roman gentleman, of a knight in the Middle Ages, and of a courtier of Lewis XIV depended on the same principles of honour and kindliness, but was expressed in different words and actions. Modern Englishmen address superiors, inferiors, and equals by the same pronoun 'you.' 'Your Lordship,' 'My Lord,' 'My Lady' are becoming obsolete; and it would be bad breeding to use these titles as they were used a hundred years ago. The French have two forms of the pronoun of address, and Germans and Italians four; the Spaniards at least as many. None of these conventions have any reality, but to disregard them would be bad taste. Good

taste in such matters is what is usual among gentlefolks, and no more. Custom, not reason, prescribes ceremony; and custom is bred of convenience. Carlyle put it all down as 'shams'; but there must be some clothes-philosophy, if we wear clothes at all. As in ceremony, so in general likes and dislikes. We require a rule to follow and leaders to admire. The leader pipes some note which is in tune with popular feeling, or is so loud and clear that it must be listened to; and the sheep follow, simply and tamely, without knowing why. Taste is matter of sentiment, not directed by canons of beauty; and those who set it are persons of superior sensibility to the rest, not of superior judgment.

If this is true, we have an answer to the question how it comes about that what is good taste in one century may be bad taste in another. Taste is neither right nor wrong absolutely; but in the works of each age those qualities (if we are to judge rightly) must be considered which gained the applause of their contemporaries. We are not bound to think with Rossetti that Florentine art of the fourteenth century is in everything to be preferred to the works of the 'Great Masters'; nor with Ruskin that the Renaissance was a decline from truth to falsehood; nor with Horace Walpole that Strawberry Hill was the perfection of Gothic architecture: but such verdicts are a reason for studying, not the faults of the styles which they condemned, but the merits of the styles which they approved. The true critic will give its due value to the verdict of the day. As Mr. Gosse well says: 'Nothing is more difficult than to be certain that we value in the old poets what their contemporaries valued.' And since they were presumably better judges, at least of taste, as being in touch with their own times, we are bound to find out, if we can, and then to respect, what it was that they esteemed excellent.

It is so in literature. The great works stand secure: Dante, Shakespeare, Horace, Thucydides are as four-square as ever. Such prophecies as—

'Forse è nato
Chi l'uno e l'altro caccierà di nido'—

and—

'So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee'—

and—

'Exegi monumentum aere perennius,'

assure their own fulfilment, till the gloomy consummation foretold by Carlyle shall arrive, when not only the works but

the names of the ancients shall perish, and Homer and Æschylus lie as dead as the poets who flourished at the courts of Rameses II and Sennacherib. Questions of style and taste enter more into the criticisms of writers of the second and third ranks than of the first rank, and must be brought into view in appreciating their worth even more than in judging their demerits.

We have prefaced with these remarks what we have to say of the Jacobean poets, because the literature of that epoch was pre-eminently a literature of style and taste, and should be judged by standards of the style and taste which pleased the times. Such considerations indeed enter into all criticism, for the immortals also owe something to their own times, and are not purely classical. Shakespeare loves conceits, Pope is full of mannerism, Dante savours of Gothic harshness, Goethe is a German, and Racine a Frenchman; and even Virgil—may we say it?—is sometimes too Augustan. We have here to deal with poets whose station as poets is not of the first rank, who had perhaps not a great deal to say, but who said it exquisitely. We do not like their manner? Then we had better not read them; but if we do, we shall be well advised in accepting their manner, and not wishing that they had written differently. How bad their exquisiteness could be is easily seen. Take such lines as these, describing a pair of weeping eyes:—

‘Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans.’ *

Or George Herbert’s—

‘Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is over in its grave,
And thou must die.’

Or Donne’s—

‘For when through tasteless flat humidity
In dough-baked men some harmless we see,
’Tis but his phlegm that’s virtuous, and not he.’ †

Or Carew’s—

‘Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For in pure love, Heav’n did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.’

What can be worse than the last two lines?—and in such a lovely poem, too.

* Crashaw, ‘The Weeper.’

† ‘A letter to the Lady Carey.’

A conceit, it would seem, is its own justification. Whether proper to the subject or not, a chance resemblance, a contrast or a paradox, has no sooner occurred to the subtle mind of the author than it demands to be enshrined in verse. Taste, when tortured in this way, cries outrage; and a later and calmer age refuses consent. But this exquisiteness has its reward in many a sparkling epigram and tender madrigal. Diamonds and pearls make up for toads and snakes. 'Thus it should have been said, and no otherwise,' we cry when we read:—

'Some asked me where the rubies grew;
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and show them there
The quarrelets of pearl.*

Yet Hazlitt calls this poem a 'petrification both of love and poetry.'

When we try to trace any literary habit to its origin, we generally find that the pedigree is longer than we had supposed. To all appearance, the manner of writing which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century was a sudden growth. There is nothing like it in the earlier literature of England. If we compare English mediæval romance or poetry with that of France or Provence, we find monotonous imagery, a narrow circle of incident, commonplaces of sentiment, and an almost complete absence of poetic skill. The object of the poetry is to tell again some chivalrous story which has been told already in French, to express the feelings of religious devotion, or to satirise the drones, leeches, and foxes who live at the labourer's cost. Chaucer is a notable exception; but he is almost the only exception to the rule of mediocrity. English literature as a whole was unborn till the sixteenth century, when, in the mental awakening which attends the opening of wider horizons, the nation became aware that it possessed an instrument of music capable of all and perhaps more than all that had been effected by the cultured tongues of the South. The first streams of the 'wide river of speech' were more copious than pure.

Without detailing a catalogue of names, we may say that English reached perfection—we do not say this in dis-

* Herrick, 'The Rock of Rubies.'

paragement of its later expansion—in Hooker and Spenser, both of whom had too much to say to set their manner above their matter. Both are skilful in the use of words, but both know how to ‘disclose a brave neglect.’ Hooker’s style was fed from Greek and Latin sources, early and late, for he had no disdain for Christian Greek and Latin; having at his command a rich treasury of words, he did not scruple to invent new words when he needed them. He could use long sentences and short with equal skill, could be dry and exact, or rhetorical and flowing, as his subject demanded. Conceits are not unknown to him, but his style does not depend upon them. His influence upon the English language takes effect after the Jacobean-Caroline period, and it made little impression upon his own age. Spenser is modelled upon Ariosto and Tasso for the treatment of his subject, and to some extent for the copiousness and rapidity of his style. For language he is much beholden to Chaucer. His manner is clear, direct, and fluent; he does not despise quaintness of language and recondite images; but his business is to get on with his story, and he has no time to spend upon refinements. He had better metal in his brain than ‘a mint of phrases,’ and cared more for a high matter in low words than for a low matter in high words.* He adopted the high romantic Italian manner, not that of the Italian prose writers, whose affectation, somewhat unskilfully imitated by the Euphuists, poisoned the sources of pure English for two generations, till Milton, Clarendon, and Barrow turned the stream back into its proper channel.

The merits of the Jacobean style are nicety of thought, clearness and conciseness of diction, apt illustration, the just use of conceits, learned allusions not too far-fetched, whether images or verbal felicities, ‘jewels five words long,’ lines and short passages which could not be bettered. The faults of the style are obvious; and the most serious of them is an affectation which runs into insincerity. The thought is often subordinate to the manner; and, when too much attention is given to manner and expression, prettiness takes the place of solidity.

But the Jacobean writers do not fully enter into the succession of poets. They lie in a quiet back-water out of the main river, receiving and retaining its water, but not setting the current. We leave Shakespeare out of this survey. Shakespeare was not a stylist or a theorist: he accepted all as it came, rejected what was base, enriched all and glorified all, leaving no rules of art but his own inimitable example. His influence is too

* Armado in ‘*Love’s Labour’s Lost*,’ i, 1.

immense and universal to be brought into a succession of poets. After Shakespeare poetry had a new birth, and poets breathed a different air. We have only to imagine what Milton would have been without Shakespeare, to feel the truth of this.

Mr. Gosse, who acknowledges a large debt to Dr. Jessopp, has, in his *'Life and Letters of John Donne,'* thrown much light upon a commanding figure in an interesting age: an age and a subject to which he has given years of study. A *'Life of Donne'* was wanted, and Mr. Gosse's book does not disappoint us. He has done what he set out to do, 'to present a portrait of Donne as a man and an author.' The portrait cannot but attract attention, even if we fail to recognise some details. We agree with Mr. Gosse in looking upon the new influence which for a time changed the direction of English literature as 'malign,' whether or not it was pre-eminently due to Donne's influence. It was 'malign' because Euphuism and its Jacobean development brought in the exaggerated pursuit of words, phrases, and conceits beyond their true value, established a new and affected criterion of taste, and in general displayed a preference of matter to manner. 'Great thoughts,' says Johnson, 'are always general.' It was the fault of the Euphuistic or, as Johnson styles it, the 'metaphysical' school that it is always occupied with particulars. The poets of this school left the great general thoughts to the Elizabethans. They had had enough of them, and wanted something new—sauces, not meats, they might have said; but human nature goes back with relish to the meats.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century a double influence is observable in European literature. Pedantry was taking the place of learning. The fresh springs of the Renaissance movement had dried up. The soil of ancient Rome had yielded its first crop of statues: Greek manuscripts were no longer to be found in the libraries of East or West. The living world had learnt as much as it wanted to know about the ancients, and left the study of antiquity to the dead world of pedants, those who think knowledge to be the end of knowledge. The scholars now became a class apart from the dilettante circles; from Bembo to Casaubon is as great a social decline as it is an ascent in learning; and where there was one Casaubon there were a hundred professional scholars, doing good and useful work, but work rather scientific than literary—slaves of the lamp of truth, not servants of beauty. The active and speculative intellect of the world took a new line of enquiry, which was marked out by the triumphs of Galileo, Bacon, and Harvey. Speculative philosophy and astronomical and anatomo-

mical discovery now held the field, and experimental science impugned authority. The tendency of the age was to investigate rarities and novelties in a scientific spirit; and this habit found its way into literature. Authority, however, had not said its last word, either in theology or in science: the scholastic method was dying, not dead. Real scientific enquiry was strangely mixed up with the study of the Cabbalists, the Schoolmen, Aristotle, Pliny, and Galen—authority and experiment forced into harmony. Occult speculations were confounded with observation of realities: nothing was improbable if it fitted in with a paradox or a parallel. Analogy was now pushed to its extreme; a mystical sense was perceived in natural phenomena; it became the fashion to seek out resemblances and to argue from them. In particular, anatomical facts and theories were adduced as analogies and made the groundwork of argument. The attention of writers was withdrawn from the contemplation of beauty, and diverted to the novelties of science, from large conceptions of nature to minute observations of detail.

This was in itself a declension from the proper objects of poetry; and along with it came in one of the common characteristics of a decadence, an exaggerated attention to form and diction, and the sentimentality which naturally accompanies the search for novelty. The great writers have always been artists in words, and have never thought lightly of the technique of their business; but it is one of the surest signs of a decadence to set the word above the thing signified, and to heighten effect by strangeness. We have heard enough of the *mot propre* and the *mot unique*; and we may see in the confessions of so strong a writer as Stevenson how the pursuit of it hampered his genius, and how its capture sometimes gives his exquisite writing a sense of effort. Imitation—and not of the best authors—was another characteristic of this age. The moderns copied from each other, and the Latin which they all admired and imitated was that of Petronius and Apuleius, not the Ciceronian. There is no fault to be found with Barclay's 'Argenis' and 'Euphormio' in point of Latinity; his popularity is witnessed by edition after edition from the Elzevir press; but what we look for in an author is something from himself, and here is nothing but an echo. Another characteristic was parade of learning. In our own time there is more knowledge abroad in the world, but less learning. The reading public is larger, but less instructed. A writer like Burton or Jeremy Taylor would not get a hearing now. We like literature which represents the current thought of the day, not the literature of museums and libraries and

commonplace books. In the reign of James I to be learned was the first thing; to be original without reflection of antiquity was out of taste.

It is impossible to say who set the fashion: it was in the air. It has been attributed to Góngora and the Gongorists, Marini and the Marinists, Ronsard and the Pleiad, Du Bartas, Lyly; but Hallam's characterisation of it as 'an unintelligible refinement, which every nation in Europe seems in succession to have admitted into its poetry,'* may serve both as a description of the phenomenon and as a note of its date, though not of its cause. The vice which corrupted the literature of this age is, in a word, pedantry, literary, classical, and scientific: the dragging of incongruous qualities and mannerisms into the service of poetry. The pedantry of conceits affected even the great Elizabethan poets, but it was not raised into a principal merit till the latter years of the reign. England was always backward in the race: France, Italy, and Spain were far gone in pedantry before the reign of conceits began in England. Elizabeth's personal influence was not without effect in setting the fashion; her own style—always affected—became later more involved and Euphuistic; and the court language, following the fashion, blossomed into conceits richer and rarer, from the sobriety of Burleigh's times to the exuberance of Speaker Phelips under James I, who was himself one of the most tedious of Euphuists.

Lyly is sober compared with some of his successors. His similes and analogies are out of proportion to their matter, but in themselves they are not usually extravagant or absurd. What makes him distasteful now is that there is little thought or novelty of conception; and the quaintness and copiousness of illustration are fatiguing. Burton keeps up our interest by perpetual novelty and recondite allusions, and Jeremy Taylor by richness of learning and by the powerful thought which it sets off; Lyly is generally tame, and often timid. But it is not difficult to understand how he charmed a society which had tired of flowing numbers, and was beginning to value grace and continuity beyond solidity.

Mr. Gosse sets down the 'malign' influence of the new fashion almost entirely to Donne. We should rather have said that Donne followed the fashion already introduced, and gave it the weight of his authority. So great a change is rarely brought about by one writer, especially a writer whose works became known to his contemporaries chiefly as manu-

* *Literature of Europe*, part ii, chap. v, vol. ii, p. 117.
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scripts passed from hand to hand around a circle of friends. Shakespeare shows how genius can turn the current style to its own uses; Donne, with all his gravity, learning, and passion, imagines nothing beyond the current style. Shakespeare wrote many lines which Donne might have written, and now and then Donne writes like Shakespeare himself. For instance, in the well-known lines—

‘her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought’—

he uses the symbolical method in perfection, and enriches a true thought by a beautiful image. Donne's influence no doubt was great; that it was not irresistible we may conclude from the fact that when he set himself to break up smooth versification by new rules of accent, and to depart from the natural iambic of his predecessors, he was not able to effect a revolution; nor was he successful in using the instrument which he had invented.

Other poets of his day, and Shakespeare among them, adopted the suggestion, and Milton's versification owes much to the boldness with which he trusted to balance and weight of syllables rather than to the orderly sequence of accents. But the next generation returned to smoothness, and Donne's experiment was not developed so as to become the character of a school. Donne founded no school; he did not invent conceits; he did not establish a new school of versification. He remains alone; a writer of originality, not the pioneer of poets to be.

If it is true that Donne, as Mr. Gosse thinks, felt no admiration or even curiosity in the presence of his great contemporaries, so much the worse for Donne. We will not do his memory the injustice to believe that he had no ears for Spenser and Shakespeare. We can see nothing in his poetry to justify Mr. Gosse's theory that Donne, ‘as a metrical iconoclast, would have neither part nor lot’ with the old Elizabethan school of Petrarchal poets. The liberties which Donne took with the English language and traditional prosody occur, for the most part, in the satires, in which he was imitating the roughness of the Latin satirists; and, as Mr. Gosse allows, this ‘experiment’ was dropped by Donne after middle life. It was an experiment; it was not copied by his admirers; perhaps we should never have heard of it if Milton had not admitted something of Donne's principles of rhythm into the structure of his unmatched blank verse, stateliest of all measures next to Virgil's.

As for Donne's use of metaphors, the realism which made him (as Mr. Gosse says) 'draw his illustrations, not from asphodel or from the moon,' like the Petrarchists, 'but from the humdrum professional employments of his own age, from chemistry, medicine, law, mechanics, astrology, religious ritual, daily human business of every sort,' in this again Donne was not original. He did but use the style of his time, a time which liked parade of learning. It is all in Burton (who was senior to Donne), in ceremonial and Parliamentary speeches, in the diaries of Sir Symonds d'Ewes, and in pamphlets, letters, and sermons by the dozen. It was neither invented nor brought into currency by Donne or any other single authority. It is the later Euphuism; the Euphuism not of Euphues, but of the Piercie Shaftons and Armados who buzzed round the king of pedants, the English Solomon himself.

The 'metaphysical poets' have never been so finely criticised as by Johnson, who invented the phrase; not a very happy phrase, perhaps, for their skill lay rather in exciting wonder than in stimulating or expressing thought. Any of our readers who will take the trouble to turn to the 'Lives of the Poets' will find in the biography of Cowley all that can be said on the subject.

'Of wit' (says Johnson) 'thus defined' (*i.e. discordia concors*, combination of dissimilars, or discovery of likeness in unlikeness) 'they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs and their subtilty surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.'

The vices of the school are oppressive learning, excessive particularity, and the combination of incongruous ideas by false analogy. Now and then they flash out a ray of splendid wit. Such lines as those of Donne on the 'twin compasses' cannot be surpassed; it would be hard if the labour of much rocking never brought to light a nugget of pure gold. The workmanship, if always laboured, is often successful; 'limæ labor et mora' deserves and sometimes receives its reward; and no poets have ever filed more industriously than these. It is a literature of art and erudition, not of nature: natural graces may be found there, because nature will out; but the poet values tricks of art more than the thoughts which his art expresses. Jacobean poetry in this resembles Provençal poetry, though, unlike that, it does not care for smoothness and perfection; it should have studied perfection of form, not only

neatness of wit. The Jacobean poets might have learnt of Martial, who combined the perfection of wit with elegiac sweetness equal if not superior to the versification of Ovid himself. Martial among the ancients and La Fontaine among the moderns possess the secret beyond all others.

Euphuism, as the term is generally understood, is the result of over-attention to words; an affected, unnatural style, which conceals poverty of invention under a show of learning, and (as Johnson says) wishes rather to surprise than to please. Lyly himself was not a Euphuist in the sense of a seeker after strangeness and affectation; his conceits are of an obvious sort, and his language is that of common life. Sidney introduced a style of which Euphuism is the exaggeration. He did not sacrifice everything to wit. His descriptions, laboured in diction, and tedious from prolixity, are only affected as they are over-learned, self-conscious, and sentimental. They are Italian, not English: if translated into Italian they would be like the writings of the Italian novelists, and they would go very well into Italian; the roughness and manliness of our native English suits them ill, and this alone accuses them of a false taste. They ought to flow in smooth-sliding polysyllables; the imitation of Italian melodies is unsuccessful. Sidney took a wrong direction in literature, and the 'Arcadia,' after all, is a curiosity rather than a classic.

Like the Jacobean architecture, Jacobean literature charms by delicacy and originality of detail, but cannot rise to large conceptions. A Jacobean monument, a row of cathedral stalls, such a gem as the Gate of Honour at Cambridge, is delightful in its small way, but ineffective if compared with a Palladian building or a church designed by Michael Angelo or Sansovino. A lengthy poem like Donne's 'Progress of the Soul' is unreadable; but little poems such as Carew's 'Boldness in Love' are perfection itself. Perhaps Donne never achieved a higher flight of poetry than in his 'Testament.' It is as good as that grand poem 'The Lye,' which has claimed as many authors as Homer had birthplaces. It is dignified, bitter, almost sublime, and yet witty too. When we read this, we understand how Carew could say of him—

'Here lies a King, that ruled as he thought fit
The universal Monarchy of wit.'

When we remember that Shakespeare was living at the same time, how slight appears the account of contemporary fame!

The personality of Donne is quite as interesting as his

literary position. A licentious youth and a politic maturity, in which he became mixed up with questionable patrons and more than questionable dealings, led to his taking Holy Orders, apparently with no very holy purpose. His hesitation at this parting of the ways, and his refusal of a good living offered him by Thomas Morton, the Dean of Gloucester, are evidences of sincerity. But neither when he left the Church of Rome nor when he became a priest in the Church of England is there any record of a conversion, unless Ben Jonson's 'repenteth highly' and Walton's 'his penitential years' are to be taken literally. No greater contrast can be than that between Donne's adoption of the clerical profession and George Herbert's devotion of himself to the ministry. Donne apparently took Orders because James I desired it, and not without a view to Church preferment. Herbert, when he put on his 'canonical coat,' destroyed his early poems, and dedicated himself to a saintly life, deliberately rejecting brilliant court prospects and the certainty of rising to the highest places.

'Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.'

There is no looking back, no hankering after court flesh-pots: the sacrifice is complete and without regret.

The parallel suggested by Izaak Walton between Donne and Herbert must be given up. It goes no further than the resemblance between their fortunes as courtiers and scholars turned Churchmen. There is no fervour in Donne's conversion to the Anglican communion, and no self-immolation in his dedication to the ministry. Donne's nature was above all intellectual: the question between Rome and England interested him more as a problem of theology and politics than as a vital question of life and practice. His letters written about the time of his change in 1609 (some of the most interesting in Mr. Gosse's book) throw light on his motives, and in our judgment remove him from suspicion of time-service. A man may change his religion upon considerations of reasonable truth, or of authority perceived, or of security, or of fitness and convenience, if he thinks little of externals. Donne had seen enough of English Catholics to be aware that it was not easy to be a good subject of James I in their company. This was a sufficient motive for a change, if it could be justified *in foro conscientiae*; and in matters of conscience Donne's turn of mind was more allied to the cynicism with which all public men of

those days were tainted than to the scruples of a soul faint from wrestling with itself.

A statesman like Wotton, who knew the workings of Continental catholicism, would have drawn a broad line between Rome and the Protestant bodies, considering the latter as engaged together in one cause; so too would nine out of ten Englishmen; only the High Anglicans of Little Gidding and Peterhouse would have been shy of Lutherans and Calvinists. Donne's sympathies were those of a philosopher, and embraced all creeds. In one of his letters he weighs the consideration whether the Pope has not as good a right to claim spiritual supremacy as the King temporal, each being the only judge of his prerogative. In another letter, which is that of an honest man, a clear thinker, and a politician, he says:—

'You know I never fettered nor imprisoned the word Religion, not straightening it friarly, *ad religiones factitias* (as the Romans call well their Orders of Religion), nor immuring it in a Rome, a Wittemberg, or a Geneva' (he might have added 'a Lambeth'); 'they are all virtual beams of one Sun, and wheresoever they find clay hearts, they harden them and moulder them into dust; and they entender and mollify waxen. They are not so contrary as the North and South Poles, and . . . they are co-natural pieces of one circle. Religion is Christianity, which being too spiritual to be seen by us, doth therefore take an apparent body of good life and works; so salvation requires an honest Christian.' *

Not so Crashaw:—

'What heaven-entreated heart is this
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss? . . .
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out? . . .
'Disband dull fears; give Faith the day;
To save your life, kill your delay. . . .
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
The fort at last, and let Life in.'

Not so Newman:—

'It is, indeed, a dreadful responsibility to act as I am doing; and I feel His hand heavy on me without intermission, Who is all wisdom and love, so that my mind and heart are tired out, just as the limbs might be from a load on one's back; that sort of dull aching pain is mine.' †

Such thoughts as these may have been in Donne's mind; but they do not appear in his writings, and we may doubt whether

* Gosse, vol. i, p. 226.

† 'Letters,' vol. ii, p. 465.

his nature was so transfused with religious feeling as to be capable of them. Donne was a great wit, but neither a great poet nor a great saint, for all Izaak Walton's praises. Mr. Gosse is an iconoclast. He shows us how untrustworthy Walton's portrait painting is; how he smoothed over incongruities and heightened beauties, producing by his magical art harmonies which existed only in his imagination, playing freely with dates and names, and making all serve the purpose of ideal portraiture. Mr. Gosse's picture is more accurate; but we have lost our Donne, and have to imagine a new Donne, a more interesting but less attractive personage, a problem in morality, not a model of Anglican Churchmanship. Mr. Gosse shows us no combination of sage and saint, but a full-blooded, secularly-minded man, a seeker after honour and money, not over-scrupulous in suing for the favour of the great; a bold adventurer, too eager for advancement to boggle at trifles; a friend of Essex so long as he lasted, but leaving him when his companionship and patronage became dangerous; courting the vile Somerset when his star was in the ascendant, and all but implicated in some of the darkest episodes of his career; needy and covetous, burdened with an increasing family, and suggesting that funerals would bring him relief if he could find money to pay for them; then under pressure from the King taking upon him the vows of priesthood, and becoming a court divine. There is nothing venerable or even respectable in all this. But the reputation in which the Dean of Paul's lived and died, the names and credit of his friends, and above all the witness of his own pen make us believe that he was no hypocrite. We must take Walton's evidence, at the lowest estimate, for no less than what it is worth; and Walton chose his subjects because he believed in them. We may surmise that Donne never ceased to have worldly interests without concluding that he had no heavenly aspirations.

It is a difficult problem to harmonise what repels and what attracts in so complex a character. One is tempted to wonder whether Donne did not leave his own character as one of the riddles which he wished posterity to solve. At any rate, the ghost of Donne would take pleasure in the thought that the moderns do not know whether to set him, with Walton, at the side of George Herbert, or, with Mr. Gosse, in the questionable society of Bacon and Somerset. The child's question, 'Was he a good man or a bad man?' cannot in this case be easily and simply answered.

Donne's undoubted pre-eminence among the wits of his time was probably in some measure due to his credit at court, at

a time when the court was more than it ever was before or since; and in some measure to a mysteriousness which Donne affected. His fastidiousness shrouded itself in enigma. He was not a simple-minded man, and he did not wish to be thought so. We can conceive that Donne may have thought Wotton superficial, Herbert misplaced, Jonson a pedant, Shakespeare a mad wag, Herrick a rustic, Drummond a Scotchman, Hales—he must have liked Hales better than the rest, as being also an enigma. One would like to know what was the society which his wit and learning illuminated. The Dean of Paul's could not attend such a Session of the Poets as was held a generation earlier at the 'Mermaid.' His choicest company must have met at the Deanery, where his table was doubtless furnished with good talk, like Wotton's at Eton. He was known to his friends as a delightful host, to the wits as a poet and epigrammatist of high pretensions, to the world in general as a preacher.

Those were the days of the sermon. The theatre, the club, the Tusculan villa, the Academy of Athens or Florence, the Porch, the *salon*, have in their different methods and degrees supplied a focus in which human speech may be concentrated and sifted of its commonplaces. In our time the power of the spoken word is at its lowest. Our public speakers address themselves to the newspapers, and it is only now and then that an orator has the opportunity of stirring a great assemblage by presence, language, voice, and action as Gladstone and Bright could do. The drum ecclesiastic has ceased to sound war's alarms, and no one takes the trouble to tune the pulpits. Our preachers hold forth to Laodicean congregations; the article and the fugitive note put into an attractive and digestible form what might be our thoughts if we had time to think; and, as Plato says, the art which finds favour now is that of the cook or the maker of sauces and sweetmeats.

In Donne's time the sermon was a grave reality. Old men were living who could remember the Smithfield fires, and Alva's hecatombs were fresh in memory. The Gunpowder Plot and the assassinations of William the Silent and Henry of Navarre were recent or contemporary events. The danger from Spain and Rome was no chimera. The clergy had not lost their right of speaking with authority. The Members of Parliament came into St. Margaret's with 'their little pocket-Bibles with gilt edges' (as Selden said), prepared to judge the preacher, but also to listen to him as their teacher. The weekly sermon, an hour or more long, was an intellectual exercise supplying food for thought, a purging of conscience, a study of rhetoric, a parade-

ground of erudition, and a political fact. It corresponded, on a public stage, to the private prayer-meetings, lectures, discussions, searchings of conscience, and Scriptural exercises which made up so much of the serious life of the times—times in which secular business, and pre-eminently politics, were based upon religion, or at least were conceived in terms of religion. The monarchy of Charles I and the usurpation of Cromwell were upset by sermons, achieving results at which they did not aim. Hugh Peters and the Blackfriars conventicles were powers to be reckoned with, and addressed themselves directly to a larger body of public opinion than Pym and Hampden, whose speeches were not reported and are better known to us than to their contemporaries. The pamphlet was the only intellectual power which could compare with the pulpit.

To be the chief preacher of his day, as Donne was, was a great position and a great responsibility, and Donne must have known that the pulpit of St. Paul's raised him higher in the eyes of the world than a chair at a tavern or a seat at the Lord Keeper's dinner-table. His sermons were not political, but to those who listened to them they were a training in sound thinking, as well as an excursion into regions of profound learning and high literature. They cannot be read now except by students. To us they are abstract essays, full indeed of masculine thought, but full also of recondite allusion and wearisome subtlety. But there was a time when they were alive, not lucubrations of the study, but direct addresses to a congregation; political and ethical realities, not the dreamy disquisitions of a pedant.

'However set off' (says Donne's successor, Dean Milman*), 'as by all accounts they were, by a most graceful and impressive delivery, it is astonishing to us that he should hold a London congregation enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated. Yet there can be no doubt that this was the case. And this congregation consisted both of the people down to the lowest, and of the most noble, wise, accomplished of that highly intellectual age. They sate, even stood, undisturbed, except by their own murmurs of admiration, sometimes by hardly suppressed tears. One of Donne's poetical panegyrists writes:—

"And never were we wearied till we saw
The hour, and but an hour, to end did draw."

We must understand, then, in appreciating the measure of Donne's ascendancy, that he must not be judged only as a

* 'Annals of St. Paul's,' p. 328.

man of letters by the value of his poems, but as a man speaking with authority, who knew his place and his power, and never undervalued it. This consideration will give him a higher position in our judgment than if we think of him merely as a factor in literature.

By his position, his character, and his peculiar genius Donne whilst living occupied a larger place among men of letters than later times have given him. Mr. Gosse labours to restore this place to him: but the verdict is given, and will hardly be reversed on appeal. Dryden wished that he could be 'translated into numbers and English, and complained that even so he would want 'dignity of expression.' Ben Jonson 'esteemed him the first poet in the world in some things,' and set him 'first, and far from all second,' among the 'Anacreontic lyrics' and epigrammatists, but said withal that 'for not keeping accent, he deserved hanging.' Donne will be studied by a few, and remain an interesting figure to many who do not study him; but for our pleasure we shall read Herrick.

We have given most of the space at our disposal to Donne, partly because Mr. Gosse's estimate of him appears to us somewhat overstrained, and his critical judgment biassed by the strong personal interest which is inseparable from the study of so original a character; and also because in him subtlety of thought, wit, learning, and piety are combined with fertility of expression in a rare degree. But what we demand from a poet is poetry, and here Donne, in our opinion, comes short of Herrick on one side and George Herbert on the other. After all, he was more a rhetorician than a poet. He could no more have imagined 'Corinna's Maying', 'Cherry Ripe', and a dozen more of Herrick's felicities, than he could have written Herbert's sonnet:—

'Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;
 Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six days' world transposing in an hour,
 A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;
 Softness and peace and joy and love and bliss,
 Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
 The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
 Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
 The land of spices, something understood.'

Here are conceits enough, and some roughnesses. One may perhaps trace the influence of Donne, but the thought, not the expression, is what attracts; and Herbert's poems, however they may bend to the popular demand for quaintness and learning, have a spontaneity which is not found in Donne.

We should like to dwell on other poets of Donne's school, or learners in the same school with him. It is interesting to read the list of the books which William Drummond had in his library, when after his father's death he devoted himself to the muses and turned away from the world to his study at Hawthornden. Among them were the 'Arcadia,' the 'Euphues,' Ariosto, three plays and two poems of Shakespeare, some other English plays, French translations from Tasso and Sannazaro, Du Bartas, Rabelais, the 'Faery Queene,' and the Greek and Latin classics. Add to these a considerable number of Italian and a few Spanish books, and we have as good a library as a young man could desire who had been well educated and meant to make literature the principal business of his life. The chief interest of the list is that, with the exception of Sidney, Lyly, Sannazaro, and Du Bartas, all the above-mentioned authors are alive still in the mouths of men. This was the meat on which young wits were nourished—a bountiful diet, feeding the mind with the best thought of the past. How came it about, then, that the Jacobean poets, with all their wit and learning, were so little classical? The answer is that they were too much led by the taste of the time. The literature which survives the shocks of time is that which expresses 'great general thoughts,' and is not dependent upon wit or learning. It is also consummate in art, that is, in simplicity; and whatever merits Donne and his precursors and followers had, simplicity is not among them. So our English *conceitists* have had their day; and George Herbert, with less vigour than Donne, less sweetness than Crashaw, and less learning than Sidney, is read while they are neglected.

It is genuineness that keeps Herbert alive. He has less rhythm than Carew, less lyric sweetness than Crashaw, but he has more to say than either of these; his poetical vein is fuller than that of Carew, and his piety deeper, if less ardent, than that of Crashaw. We do not know how much was lost to the world when Herbert burnt his secular pieces. They were a young man's writing; but the verses of young poets have a grace which maturity does not always ripen. But though his early poems have perished, the 'Temple' contains enough to

give Herbert a high place in our Parnassus. We must not boggle too much at the abuse of conceits, as in the lines—

‘God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.’

If we must have featherbeds, we prefer the ‘swelling cloud’ of Herrick’s ‘Epithalamium’ to Herbert’s holy absurdity. But there the conceits are; and we have no more reason to be offended at them than at the mock-heroical phrases of Pope, or Johnson’s polysyllables. We might as well quarrel with a Dutchman for writing in Dutch, when Italian is a more melodious language; or expect Inigo Jones to build in Gothic, or Reynolds to mould himself upon Botticelli.

For what Herbert can do in the right use of conceits, take this as an example:—

‘Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky;
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.’

Or this:—

‘Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.’

Or—

‘Man is God’s image: but a poor man is
Christ’s stamp to boot: both images regard.’

In these there is true wit—the wit that cares more for the thing said than for the fancy which makes it sparkle.

Nor do we like George Herbert the less for knowing the value of what he had renounced—‘I know the ways of learning,’ ‘I know the ways of honour’—‘I know the ways of pleasure,’ and the rest of that noble poem, ‘The Pearl,’ the last stanza of which runs:—

‘I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealèd, but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities,
And at what rate and price I have Thy love’—

nor for flying a shaft at the *conceitisti*, and (it may be) at Donne himself, in the lines strangely entitled ‘Jordan’:—

‘Who says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?’

• • • • •
Must all be veiled, while he tl livines,
Catching the sense at two r

No critic could have better hit off the distinction which separates Donne's verse from Herbert's—tortuous and direct, metaphysical and natural. Poetry can be clogged with thought; it is something more than 'the best thoughts in the best language,' for it is not poetry at all without sincere emotion. And it is because George Herbert's emotion is always sincere, though it may lack some of the graces, that he transcends the unreality of much that passed for poetry among the wits of his time. He used an affected and exotic dialect; but he had not lost the English tradition of melody, deep but sober feeling, and lofty thought, to which our nation reverted after a period of fashionable affectation; and he is one of those who made the English language—which no one wrote more purely than he, when he would. Herbert's sincerity and singleness of heart lift his poetry above all triviality of diction and harshness of conceit into a region higher than that of poetry, and give it a value which, considered only as poetry, it does not always possess. Loftiness of religious feeling is one of the things which make a poet. It sets Cowper above Thomson, whose poetical gift was in some respects greater. It makes John Keble worthy of a place among English poets; it glorifies Wordsworth; it is an essential merit of other sacred writers, among whom we may name Crashaw and Herrick, Newman and Christina Rossetti.

There are some who set Crashaw higher than Herbert, as having more spontaneity and effusion of spirit. But if they are compared, Crashaw's fervours will appear to be, however genuine, somewhat feminine in their ecstasy. Crashaw was half Italian in thought and expression, and more than half Italian in religion. Much that he wrote is translation or paraphrase from the Italian. Herbert is purely English, and so more genuine; and in his English character there is none of the Philistinism or insularity which often disfigures our work. He is refined as any Italian, without losing English robustness; Crashaw, with more ardency, has less seriousness. Crashaw shares with the other poets of the school that exquisiteness of which we spoke above, which often misses but sometimes hits the mark, and this will always find him readers; but he is diffuse where Herbert is terse, and his diffuseness arises from repetition and the Ovidian vice of enumeration. Compare Ford's treatment of the contest between the musician and the nightingale with that of Crashaw. Ford gives it just enough length to contain the bird's agony; Crashaw wearies us with a detailed description of the ins and outs of the music, till

we wish for a score to explain to us the reality of what he imagined.

When Crashaw is at his best he outstrips either Donne or Herbert. We should look long in them before we came upon such well-springs as these:—

‘A happy soul, that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer’s day’;

this from ‘The Flaming Heart’ to St. Theresa:—

‘By all the heavens thou hast in Him,
Fair sister of the Seraphim;
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me:
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die’;

or his graceful and certainly sincere tribute to George Herbert:—

‘Know you, fair, on what you look?
Divineest love lies in this book. . . .
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you’ve an angel by the wings.’

But when we turn the page, and come upon the pearls and roses (teeth and lips), corals, rubies, diamonds, snows, and the ever-reviving Phoenix—one wishes he could have been consumed once for all in his own fires—and the rest of the budget, we have to confess with a sigh that Crashaw at his worst is a very different thing.

It may be thought that religious poets should be set apart in a class by themselves. If so, poets of love, of war, of romance and chivalry should also be set apart. Whatever stirs this mortal frame, and makes the blood run quicker, is a minister, not only of emotion, but of poetry. It may be true that Herbert, Crashaw, Cowper, Keble, and Newman would not have been poets at all but for the flame of divine love which caught up their spirits.

‘My music shall find Thee, and every string
Shall have his attribute to sing:
That all together may accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.’*

If they had been musing on earthly things the fire might never have been kindled; but they caught fire, and at last they spake

* George Herbert, ‘The Thanksgiving.’

with their tongues. Vaughan the 'Silurist' is a striking instance of this. He had the fluency and the sensitive ear and hand of an accomplished versifier. If he had been independent of Herbert, we might have given him a higher place; but he owes so much to Herbert that he must be counted among the imitators. What is his own is the ardour of piety; and that is sufficient to make him more than an imitator and to give him rank as a poet—a second-rate or third-rate poet, but a poet, because he expresses high emotion in beautiful words. The like may be said of the Wordsworthian Keble, whose grave and thoughtful piety could only utter itself in verse. To the present age, which requires something more passionate and less saintly, Keble seems prosaic. But Herbert and Vaughan would have loved him; and his sober muse was in tune with the beginnings of the Anglican revival, as his brother-poets testify in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' the 'Cathedral,' and other works. Newman brought genius to the revival, and Pusey learning: but Keble supplied character—a character of sobriety and saintliness, to parallel which we must look back to such churchmen as Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar. The parallel between the Laudian revival and the Oxford movement is very close, and not only one of imitation; and the poets give it voice as truly as the divines. Donne's religion was more academic, Crashaw's more ecstatic; and Crashaw found his true home, like Newman, in the Roman Church; Herbert and Vaughan are the prototypes of Keble and Isaac Williams.

A good deal of poetry in all ages is patchwork of the current ideas or tricks of style. If we look at 'The English Parnassus,' a worthless little book printed in 1657, containing 'A Collection of all rhyming Monosyllables, the choicest Epithets and Phrases, with some General Forms upon all Occasions, Subjects, and Theams, alphabetically digested,' we shall find a complete manual of the art of poetical theft, and how not to be original. All the stock-in-trade of the seventeenth century is there; and the poetical youth of the Commonwealth are instructed how to thrive upon commonplaces. The poets of to-day use no such *Gradus*; but they, too, have their commonplaces, and resemble each other as Frenchmen do. Like the poets of King James's time, they study exquisiteness. Like them, they have a right to their taste, and will exercise an influence on the next generation. Like them, they have no great leader to give his own colour to his brothers in art. They have perfected versification and the use of the adjective. Tennyson began it, Swinburne developed it; and those who do not admire Tennyson and do not imitate Swinburne are nevertheless bound by it.

Just now there is a tendency, which reminds us of Donne, to vary metres, to study balance and the use of resolved feet. Mr. Bridges is the hierophant of this tendency. He may not have many followers, for to go against the received taste is for a time more unpopular in metre than in anything else; but he will have influence; and when the great poet of the rising century appears, he will be burdened, or ballasted, with the strict study of metre which came in after the loose numbers of Scott and Byron. Nor will the cult of the adjective be neglected. It is a reflection from France; and it is so attractive and so necessary, when once perceived, that the danger is that the adjective may take precedence of the noun, the ornament of the thing ornamented. Periods of depression are periods of preparation; and if we cannot produce any 'bright particular star' at this moment, there is a good deal of diffused light among our Pleiads and Hyads. The Elizabethan pastorals and plays, besides bringing to light a certain number of great poets, trained the ear and the poetical sense of their generation: so in another way did the stylists, of whom Donne and Herbert were the chief; each succeeding school lives in and instructs posterity; and our poet, now in his cradle or at school, who will bring his own fuel and fire with him, will also be enriched by the experience of many modest but genuine artists, whose names are not written in 'the roll of mighty poets.' An anthology of Jacobean poems would contain some imperishable verse; and an anthology of later Victorian poems will have much the same character. We must wait patiently, till the made-up roll is unfolded once more.

ART. XII.—DOMESTIC PARTIES AND IMPERIAL
GOVERNMENT.

THERE is some ground for anxiety lest the temper of national complacency, induced by the spectacle of Lord Roberts's triumphal progress through the territories of what were the Boer Republics, may tend to check the assimilation of the lessons taught by the earlier experiences of the past twelve months. If so, recent successes will, indeed, have been bought dearly. For seldom has a nation been put to school so sharply as was England in the months October 1899–February 1900; seldom has a nation been shown so unmistakably the things belonging to its future peace, welfare, and security, and allowed to emerge from the course of instruction, as she has, unhumiliated and unshaken. The lessons taught have been manifold, and some of the most essential of them cannot even be glanced at here. The absolute necessity of large measures of military reorganisation and development is recognised now, and will, it may be hoped, be insisted on by a public whose minds were closed to the most conclusive exhibitions, on paper only, of the signal defects of an army system dealing with the finest human material in the world. But a great deal more than army reform, even in the widest sense, has been demonstrated to be wanting, before the great fabric of the British Empire can be regarded as reasonably secure against the dangers by which it is beset. The magnitude and the proximity, not to say the imminence, of those dangers have been publicly declared to the nation by the two statesmen whose acquaintance with foreign affairs is immeasurably greater than that possessed by any of their colleagues or rivals. It would be impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the language on this subject employed at intervals of a few months by Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury. If, when the ex-Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, in the House of Lords, on February 15th, 1900, struck the note of alarm, the present holder of those offices, for reasons perhaps too sufficiently obvious, declined to treat his warning as justified, the Primrose League speech, on May 9th, gave us Lord Salisbury's testimony, in terms absolutely unequivocal, to the reality of the public perils which, for a time, he had seemed to make light of.

We all know now that the best-informed statesmen recognise, in the extraordinary outburst of anti-British virulence which has raged through the Continental press during the past nine months, the evidence, not of a merely artificial and whipped-up sentiment, but of large and menacing bodies of

genuine national feeling. So far, no doubt, these forces have been held in check by the enlightened self-interest of sovereigns and statesmen. But circumstances can easily be conceived in which those controlling influences might be lacking where they are now present, or might prove ineffectual. Lord Salisbury has expressly indicated the possibility of such contingencies; and no one can contemplate the recent history or the present condition of either France or Russia without discerning the force and cogency of his warning. The immediate danger doubtless seems greater on the side of France, for in that country there is presented the extraordinary phenomenon of a party—or at least a numerous, if heterogeneous, faction—ready to force on a war even if it were likely to prove unsuccessful for their nation, in the conviction that such failure would re-act fatally on a form of government which they dislike. No such faction exists, or at least is at present prominent, in Russia. None the less, however, is it highly probable that if France, on whatever grounds of quarrel, became involved in war with England, the pressure of military opinion upon the Czar in favour of thoroughgoing co-operation with the allied Republic would be of overpowering strength.

Nor is it at all reasonable, however agreeable, to assume as a self-evident truth that a common hatred of England, and a common desire for the spoil of her shattered Empire, could in no circumstances bring about a working aggressive co-operation between Germany and France. The idea of such a combination may seem to us odious, and in view of history unnatural. But it would be sheer wilful blindness, having regard to the significance attached by Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery to the general manifestations of ill-feeling towards this country during the South African war, to consider the formation of a great Triple League against England as by any means beyond the range of possibility. We are therefore in presence of national perils greater in effect than have surrounded our country at any previous period in her history, even during the last stage of the war which resulted in the loss of the American Colonies. The dangers are greater, because the hostile combination would be relatively more powerful than that which arrayed itself in league with our revolted dependencies. They are greater because in the event of defeat we stand to lose immeasurably more in territory, in population, and in prestige than we lost even through the war which issued in the establishment of a long-hostile nation of our own blood on the further side of the Atlantic. That is so not only for the reason that the Empire has grown enormously in the interval, but because the United Kingdom has become dependent

for the larger part of its food, and of the raw material of its industries, on external supplies. There was a time when it was indeed true that, as compared with Continental nations, England's wars were waged with limited liability. But now, let the issue of a naval war once be determined against us, and the head and heart of the Empire would become a beleaguered city with no hope of relief, for which there would only remain the lot of unconditional surrender.

We have seen the last fragments of empire torn away from Spain, though no threat of starvation or industrial ruin was or could be brought to bear upon her, and though her sailors and soldiers fought and died with a desperate courage worthy of their country's most splendid traditions. It is the fate of Spain, enforced by pressure immeasurably more cogent than could be placed upon that unhappy nation, which England has to contemplate, if once a hostile alliance is formed strong enough to break down her command of the sea. Can anyone maintain that there is no fresh menace to the preservation of that command in the present aspect of European affairs? Let us assume, for the sake of argument at least, that over the navies of France and Russia in combination the superiority of this country is beyond question. The essential features of the situation which we now have to face are that newspaper abuse of England is as popular in Germany as in either France or Russia, and that the Reichstag has decided that Germany must make herself, as soon as may be, a first-class naval Power. That has been done indeed at the instance of and under pressure from a monarch who, there seems good reason to believe, is at present friendly to England. But William II is mortal, and even if his good disposition towards this country can be regarded as certainly enduring for a long life, a situation might quite conceivably be developed in which he would be unable to prevent Germany from being swept into a war for the partition of the British Empire. In a word, it is now necessary for this country to be prepared to meet and crush the allied navies of the three strongest and richest Powers of the continent of Europe, if it would take for the preservation of the British realm precautions conceived on such a scale and based on such a view of possibilities as would be deemed not only reasonable but imperative in the case of any other human undertaking.

Such is our opinion, and not only ours but, as we are convinced, that of the great majority of those Englishmen who have given serious thought to the foreign situation developed during the South African war. We do not deny that under

certain conditions a wise, resourceful, and resolute diplomacy might succeed in bringing about such a system of understandings or alliances as would afford a practically sufficient security against the formation of a hostile combination so formidable as that of which we have been speaking. But the conditions necessary for the achievement of such results by diplomatic means do not now exist, and it is doubtful whether they ever will. There is a deeply-rooted aversion in this country to any binding alliances with foreign nations, to any arrangement which commits us to the possibility of having to fight in a quarrel in which our interests are not directly concerned. This is a very natural feeling, but its indulgence—if we wish at the same time to be safe in a world which has shown itself to be bitterly unfriendly—must be paid for.

What, then, are the requirements of reasonable security for Great Britain and her Empire in the circumstances of peculiar danger which our two greatest experts in foreign affairs have pointed out to us? Very far be it from us to scoff at rifle-clubs, the formation of which throughout the country was the principal suggestion made by Lord Salisbury for meeting the national perils of which he had spoken with so much gravity in his address to the Primrose League. The South African war has unquestionably demonstrated the great, though also, no doubt, the distinctly limited value of brave and intelligent men who are good shots with a rifle, but who are destitute of regular military training. Beyond dispute, the fact that some hundreds of thousands of such men were available, in the event of a temporary loss of the command of the sea, might be of great service in helping to meet an attempted invasion. Of not less value would it be in preventing panic, and in cultivating among all classes a spirit not of 'militarism' but of serious readiness to face personal sacrifices for national objects. By all means, then, let us have as many rifle-clubs as possible. But we shall be very foolish if we rest content with them, even if they should multiply indefinitely. It is not by invasion that the resistance of this country would be crushed, but by the ruin of our trade and by the process of starvation, if the command of the sea passed away from us.

The essentials of any approach to Imperial safety may perhaps be summed up under three heads. First, that the Government of this country, the sovereign and leading State in the realm, should in regard to all Imperial questions pursue a clear and consistent policy. Secondly, that in the guidance and control of Imperial policy full recognition should be given to the great daughter-states which have just exhibited in such

splendid fashion their passionate devotion to the common flag, and which in every decade that passes attain to a position of markedly greater relative as well as positive importance in respect of wealth and population. In the third place there should be a carefully thought out and generally accepted plan for the most economical and efficient organisation for defensive purposes, naval and military, of the resources of all parts of the Empire. Only a moderate amount of consideration is required to prove that, however great might be the Imperial advantages secured by the realisation of any one or two of these broad cardinal requisites, it is only by the combination of all three that the standard of collective security, at which the holders of so magnificent a heritage are bound to aim, can possibly be attained. Let us ask then whether under our home political system, as it is at present worked, there is any sufficient guarantee for a steady Imperial policy carried out by the most competent hands. Unfortunately it is hardly necessary to do more than state the question in order to recognise the inevitably negative character of the answer.

The cause of this lies not in any defect in the temper and judgment of the British democracy, but in the liability of their views and wishes to suffer defeat, or at least grave perversion, through the operation of the party system, in Parliament and in the country. Those writers are in error who maintain, as Mr. Lilly appears to do, that the essential weakness of our Parliamentary government consists in the predominance it gives to mere numbers. Certainly that is not the case in respect of Imperial affairs, a province in which the 'education of our masters,' recommended by the late Lord Sherbrooke after the 'Leap in the Dark,' has been carried on (though possibly not quite in the direction he would have desired) with surprising rapidity and success. The instruction has been given partly by teachers who laboured resolutely and unsensationally in quiet times, partly by the clear significance of public events, partly by that widening touch with life in the daughter-states beyond the seas which comes from the constant growth in the number of home-staying families who have members or relatives settled in the Colonies. In any case it has been given, and it has found apt scholars. No observant person who has lived in this country during the last fifteen years can doubt the fact, whether, with us, he rejoices in it, or regards it with regret and apprehension. The Imperialisation of the British democracy has declared itself decisively during the past two years, by its fruits, in the temper with which the Queen's Government were supported at the Fashoda crisis, and with which the nation met the reverses on the

Tugela and the Modder last winter, demanding, in unmistakable tones, that a settlement of South Africa, on thorough-going and permanent lines, should be effected after the war.

If then, as has been said, our political system, as at present worked, affords no guarantee for the maintenance of a firm line of Imperial policy by the Government for the time being in office, it is idle to cast the blame on the authors of household suffrage. The only consideration which can lend any show of plausibility to such an assignment of responsibility is to be found in the fact that the 'caucus,' or electoral machine, was introduced into English politics ostensibly as a kind of corollary to the enlargement of the electorate, and that it undoubtedly tends to aggravate some of the most conspicuous evils of the party system, and to add fresh ones. With the great additions to the numbers of voters created in 1867 in the boroughs and in 1884 in the counties, some new organisation became necessary from the party point of view. Under the old procedure, which had served well enough between 1832 and 1867, the affairs of political parties were managed locally by 'natural leaders.' Committees, consisting mainly of persons of influence and social position, and practically self-chosen, selected Parliamentary candidates for the several constituencies, subject to a popular ratification which, as a rule, might be safely counted on. They also made all the electioneering arrangements, which, therefore, varied in efficiency in proportion to the measure of zeal and business-like qualities possessed by the local squires, merchants and manufacturers, or professional men, who took an interest in politics. Obviously this kind of thing was too slack and casual and uncertain to be depended on when the voters came to be counted by thousands and even tens of thousands, instead of by hundreds and perhaps only by scores. Naturally enough it was felt that even within the limits of each party, in the greatly enlarged constituencies, no guarantee existed that the wishes of the masses of the voters would exercise any effective influence on the choice of Parliamentary candidates or on the definition and promotion of lines of policy.

But probably the most powerful influence in promoting the general adoption of the caucus system by the Liberal party, which was the first to take it up in the country at large, was the marked success which attended its introduction in Birmingham. There the predominant Liberal party was severely hampered, in the exercise of its predominance, by the operation of the three-cornered arrangement, for the protection of minorities, established by the Reform Act of 1867. The town enjoyed the right of returning three Members to Parliament, but no elector

could vote for more than two candidates. Nevertheless, so well did the late Mr. Schnadhorst organise his forces, so carefully was it arranged how every Liberal voter was to vote, and with such perfect discipline did they all respond to the directions issued to them from headquarters, that their three candidates were triumphantly elected, even amidst the general Liberal rout of 1874. Naturally, the members of the party in various parts of the country asked themselves why they should not, by following the Birmingham plan, achieve equally satisfactory results; and very soon a similar organisation was extensively adopted. In every division of every constituency where it took root, open meetings of the electors of the party were to be summoned for the purpose of nominating persons to sit on a General Committee, which, in large towns, numbered several hundreds. This body was supposed to choose an Executive Committee. The latter was to enquire about suitable Parliamentary candidates, to enter into communication with them, to satisfy itself as to their political soundness and ability, and then to recommend one for acceptance, or a selected few for comparison with a view to the ultimate adoption of one, by the General Committee, as the candidate of the united party.

Nothing could in theory seem more thoroughly in accordance with democratic principles; and in times of lively political interest the harmony may be quite real. Granted that the ward-meetings for the appointment of members of the General Committee take place when some great question is stirring the public mind, the odds are that the resultant General Committee, and the Executive Committee chosen by it, will represent the dominant opinion of the party on the issue concerned. But in practice this can only occasionally happen. In ordinary times the ward-meetings for the appointment of General Committeemen are apt to be hole-and-corner affairs, attended by men who enjoy meetings and who have axes to grind, and neglected by men of superior position and independent character. The result is that the General Committees are apt to contain a large number of men who are neither persons of local note and influence nor in any real sense mouth-pieces of large sections of the electorate. Yet, being the only recognised local organ of their party, they, or rather the Executive Committees appointed by them and drawn from them, control the selection of candidates and also the appointment of delegates to attend the annual national Convention of the party, at which its interests are discussed and its policy is supposed to be formulated.

These annual Conventions are dominated by the feeling that they must put themselves strikingly *en évidence*, and in the attempt to do so they are very apt to make declarations on questions which there is no proof that they themselves, and still less that those whom they ostensibly represent, have thought out. It is not necessary to recur to the notorious Newcastle Programme nor even to the proceedings of more recent Liberal Conventions for illustrations of the tendency just mentioned. The Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties have adopted the caucus system, and have worked it as an electioneering agency with great energy and effect. The signal Unionist victory of 1895, though only partly due to the energetic working of the central and local organisations, was undoubtedly much aided thereby. When it comes, however, to attempts towards the elaboration of programmes, the caucus, whichever side it belongs to, shows the same liability to plunge into crude enunciations of policy. Thus at meetings of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations at Dewsbury, and of Liberal Unionist delegates from the Midlands at Leicester, held in the autumn of 1899, while the lists of resolutions adopted varied in several respects, they were identical in urging the 'early and serious' consideration by Government and Parliament of the over-representation of Ireland. On that point both conferences were nearly, if not quite, unanimous. The country, being at the time entirely engrossed by the military situation in South Africa, paid very little, if any, attention to the demand thus put forward. But the resolutions were put on record. They assumed to be the deliberate expression of the judgment of the bodies entitled to speak for the local leaders, as well as the rank and file, of the two wings of the Ministerial party in the country, on a domestic question of first-class consequence. On the other hand, in April last, at the annual meeting of the Liberal Union Club (which, by the way, is not a caucus), Lord James, from the chair, delivered an elaborate exposure of the futility, to say the least, of the demand that the question of redistribution should be taken up chiefly, or mainly, with a view to the docking of the representation of Ireland. He did it very well, and we may reasonably assume, in the light of his speech, that the present Government will have neither part nor lot in any one-sided or incomplete measure for the redistribution of political power. But, in the meantime, the Unionist party can hardly fail to suffer, to an appreciable extent, from the fact that its recognised organisations have advanced a demand essentially inconsistent with those fundamental principles on

which both Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule and the more recent claims for a readjustment of the financial relations between Ireland and Great Britain have been successfully resisted.

So much will suffice in illustration of the injurious influence exercised by the operation of the caucus system upon the party now in power as an agency for the wise and equitable treatment of domestic questions. The history of the other party during the past decade is full of such illustrations. The Newcastle Programme is perhaps the most conspicuous and comprehensive example of the tendency of which we speak; but it is always showing itself. At the annual meeting of the General Committee of the National Liberal Federation, held in Manchester last December, a resolution was unanimously passed in favour of 'registered adult manhood suffrage.' No one, we imagine, would seriously maintain that among the most influential and thoughtful members of the Liberal party there has been any definite determination of opinion in favour of universal as compared with household suffrage; nor has there been the slightest evidence of an earnest, if of any, desire among the working classes for such an extension of the franchise. And yet the body which, owing to the existence of the caucus system, poses as the authoritative exponent of Liberal opinion, has made a unanimous demand for this grave modification in the basis of our Parliamentary system. Unfortunately, unreality is not the worst, though it is a much to be regretted element imported into the working of our political life, or intensified there, by the action of the caucus. True, it does not seem to matter much to-day that a few months ago the General Committee of the National Liberal Federation unanimously declared themselves in favour of universal suffrage. But until rescinded or repudiated by some authority, individual or collective, which would be generally recognised as higher than that of any General Committee, the declaration stands on record. Ostensibly, at least, it commits the Liberal party to the prosecution of the change in the franchise demanded, at the first favourable opportunity; and it will be open at any time to any adroit political adventurer to put himself forward as the loyal exponent of the avowed policy of the party on the franchise question, in a manner which might make it extremely difficult for the more sober and responsible leaders to oppose him or to stand aloof. A very little reflection on the possibilities thus suggesting themselves will show that the operations of the caucus tend to increase very appreciably the chances of the sudden advance of political questions to stages for which

there has been no adequate preparatory consideration even in the case of the party pushing them forward.

The present article does not, however, aim at a discussion of the question how far and by what means the evils produced or enhanced in the party system by the working of the caucus are capable of remedy. What here and now we are concerned to enforce is that all these evils, or enhancements of evil, have to be taken into account, together with those grave drawbacks which have always been recognised in connexion with the party system, as making its operations peculiarly pernicious, in the presence of existing Imperial dangers. The things which, as we have seen, are essential to the successful conduct of Imperial affairs amid great and, as it may well prove, steadily growing perils, embrace above all both clearness and length of view, comprehensive deliberation, combined, when occasion requires, with promptitude in action and steady pursuit of definite ends, on the part of the Government of the day, in calm reliance on effective national support. It is impossible to look with confidence for these things from even the best of our statesmen, so long as the party system has its present freedom of play in the Imperial sphere. Of this fact the history of the past twelve months affords only too convincing evidence; and the series of striking letters written to the 'Times' by Professor Courthope, a few months ago, did excellent service in directing public attention to some of the most important teachings of recent events and avowals. Prominent among these was the defence or excuse offered by Mr. Balfour for the failure of the Government to make adequate preparation for war with the Transvaal at a time when, whatever hopes they might still cherish of the preservation of peace, it was abundantly evident that a resort to arms might be forced upon us, under circumstances of grave initial disadvantage.

His plea was (at Manchester, on January 9th) that the Government was justified in curtailing, or postponing, their preparations for the contingency of war, by the fact that if they had entered upon them, on at all a large and conspicuous scale, before diplomacy had reached an openly critical stage, they would not have had a united country behind them. No doubt Mr. Balfour maintained that moderate men, not partisans, would have raised objection to strong measures of military preparation, if they had been proposed, say, early in August 1899. But he immediately proceeded to contend that if such measures had been taken, 'we should have gone into this struggle as a party affair,' and that 'all the machinery of partisan argument would have been inevitably used to divide

the people,' who, as things actually turned out, were, he was glad to believe, unanimous, with a unanimity 'worth many army corps.' What, after all, does this amount to, except, in Mr. Courthorpe's severe paraphrase, that the 'Government were afraid' (or, if they had not, last summer, thought war improbable, would have been afraid) 'of the twist which the Opposition would give to their policy, however reasonable, on the party platform'? There is no other important European country where, in circumstances at all similar, such a plea could conceivably have been advanced by a responsible Minister. There is no man living, in English or Continental politics, whose standards of honour in public or private life are higher than those of Mr. Balfour. What then did his defence imply but a declaration that the conditions of political life in England are such as to make it impossible, at critical moments, for the most high-minded statesmen to pursue the course which is dictated by a rational regard for Imperial interests?

It is a lamentable confession. It would have been so at any time, but its dark significance is intensified when it is made by a leading member of a Government supported by an immense majority in both Houses of Parliament, only a few months before the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary proclaims to the country that it is surrounded by external dangers of altogether exceptional gravity. It is hardly necessary, and yet it is only fair, to recall the sufficiently ugly confirmation given of Mr. Balfour's desperate diagnosis of our political condition, in regard to the discharge of Imperial responsibilities, by the conduct of the Opposition leaders in the debate on the Address in the House of Commons at the opening of the present session. On that occasion it was admitted by Mr. Asquith that the initiation and continuance of the debate were 'regarded by some people, whose judgment was entitled to respect, with great disfavour.' Of course he endeavoured to show, with the combination of decorum and ingenuity which he has at command, that there was nothing inconsistent with the highest patriotism in the conduct of those who, like himself and Sir Edward Grey, threw upon the Boers the principal, if not the whole, responsibility for the inception of the war and advocated its vigorous prosecution, and yet voted for a motion of censure on the Government which was the only one available for carrying it on. But the vindication was, as it was bound to be, a total failure. There is reason to believe that, with very few exceptions, influential members of the Opposition desired that the amendment should not be pushed to a division; and the

most respectable explanation suggested of their having, nevertheless, dragged themselves into the lobby in support of it was that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman threatened to resign if it were withdrawn. From so signal an exhibition of the fundamental disorganisation of the once powerful Liberal party the former Home Rule colleagues of Mr. Gladstone shrank, even at the cost of creating the appearance of a nation divided in the presence of external dangers. But the inference which the country drew from the diverse voices, but for the most part consentient votes, of the Liberal front-benchers in the debate on the Address was eminently unfavourable to the fitness of the Liberal party, as a party, to be entrusted in its present condition with the care of Imperial interests and honour.

Nor was that conclusion in any degree modified by the exhibition made by the caucus of the same party at its meeting at Nottingham a few weeks later. At that gathering a resolution was passed about the war, which contained the minimum of meaning, having been drawn with a view to its acceptance without too great a strain on their political consciences by the members of all sections of opinion represented. Dr. Spence Watson, a justly respected member of the Society of Friends, and a pronounced opponent of the war, was re-elected president of the Liberal Federation; yet the chief popular speaker put forward at the evening public meeting held in connexion with the Conference was Sir Edward Grey, a convinced supporter of the war and of a resolute policy in South Africa. It is impossible to form any clear conclusion from the newspaper reports of the Nottingham Conference as to the relative strength of the two main currents of feeling in regard to Imperial policy which were represented there. The selection of Sir Edward Grey as chief platform orator in place of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was prevented by indisposition from travelling to Nottingham, appeared to indicate that in the opinion of the party managers it would have been 'bad business' to have put its peace-at-any-price foot foremost; and such, having regard to many contemporary indications of popular sentiment, was undoubtedly the fact.

But by this time, if not earlier, the British public at large had become pretty keenly alive to the evidences of an utter want of coherence in the Liberal party on external problems. Aware of this, the genuine Imperialists in the party have become increasingly awake to the necessity of asserting themselves, and, if possible, of establishing a clear predominance for their own ways of thinking. In doing so they are animated, let it be readily acknowledged, quite as much by a desire for

national safety and honour as by the traditional and natural wish of the Outs to qualify themselves, in the judgment of the nation, for becoming Ins once more. The country has therefore viewed with a good deal of sympathetic interest the advances made by Lord Rosebery and other leading Liberals of his way of thinking, towards a re-constitution of the Liberal party on definitely Imperialist lines. It cannot be said, however, that this project, though bold and fascinating, offers as yet any clear prospect of success. Such a re-constitution can be brought about only by the extrusion or the conversion of a section of the Liberals who at present claim to be numerically equal or superior to their rivals.

This claim has been put forward expressly on their behalf during the past few weeks on the occasion of a remarkable speech delivered by Mr. Morley as guest of the Palmerston Club at Oxford. Both the speech and its reception were the more noteworthy in view of their divergence from the views expressed by Mr. Bryce in a speech delivered at Aberdeen, on Liberal Imperialism, early in last June. Mr. Bryce then maintained that nine out of ten Liberals would accept certain principles which he enunciated as fit to regulate their action in the Imperial sphere—principles with which, as he stated them, few soberly patriotic Englishmen will find much ground for quarrel. As to the sect of Little Englanders said to exist within the Liberal party, Mr. Bryce disclaimed any knowledge of them, while on the other hand he believed that in the same fold there were to be found very few black sheep of the flock known as Jingoese. Proceeding to enquire why, if so, the impression prevailed that there were divisions among Liberals, and that they were even heard speaking in public with different voices, Mr. Bryce offered an explanation at once ingenious and ingenuous. Some among them, he suggested, had been so much stung by the groundless taunts of their opponents as to the deficiency of an Imperial spirit in the Liberal party that they had been betrayed into language of excessive protest, and had gone further than was needful in the employment of phrases with a defiant ring, and in the expression of eagerness to accept new Imperial responsibilities. 'Others'—and here Mr. Bryce's words as reported (in the 'Times' for June 5th, 1900) must be given, lest we should seem to be indulging in parody—

'had been so disgusted by the arrogant and aggressive tone of that section of their opponents whom they called Jingoese . . . as to have forgotten to emphasise their appreciation of the great part Britain had to play in the world and their resolve that she should uphold that part worthily. Thus some misunderstanding had arisen,'

but, in Mr. Bryce's opinion, rather over words than over things. There is no reason to suppose that the faintest touch of satire was intended by the author of the sentences just quoted. But Mr. Morley is a man of very sensitive fibre, and he may well have felt that the misunderstanding likely to be created, if Mr. Bryce's diagnosis of the condition of the Liberal party were allowed to pass unqualified, would be much more injurious than the misunderstanding which the Aberdeen speech was designed to minimise or remove. To him, at any rate, the suspicion of differing rather over words than over things from Lord Rosebery and those like-minded with him in the Imperial sphere was to be repudiated at all costs and at the earliest possible moment; and the Palmerston Club dinner presented an opportunity of making the disclaimer under auspices lending it peculiar piquancy and *éclat*. Accordingly, as the guest of a society bearing the title of the Liberal statesman who claimed for every British subject abroad an assurance of protection similar to that embodied in the old boast, *Civis Romanus sum*, Mr. Morley was not content with delivering his twentieth denunciation of a South African policy involving a modified and belated recognition of such a claim. Beyond and above, or rather as both preface and peroration to, his passionate condemnation of the works of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Morley set forth, with equal bitterness and precision, his view that Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists were barely distinguishable from, and by no means to be preferred to, Unionist Imperialists. If they differed at all, he contemptuously intimated, it was not in having less unworthy national aims, but in having less inherent force with which to pursue them.

'If the present moral and political conflagration were to go on blazing, if the present martial humour and passion were to continue, they would know where to go for the article. They would put their money upon the iron jar from Birmingham, and not on the porcelain or earthenware jars from more fastidious factories.' ('Times,' June 11th.)

And as if, even so, his aversion from what he chose to understand as the principles and temper of Liberal Imperialists had not been adequately indicated, Mr. Morley, towards the close of his speech, definitely ranged them in opposition to Liberals *par sang*, branded them with the guilt of 'militarism,' affirmed that their triumph would involve the break-up of the Liberal party, and averred that in the re-arrangement of parties which must then ensue he would rather ally himself with his old foes, the Socialists, than with his renegade friends.

No more deliberately calculated, no more uncompromising defiance could have been put forward; and it will not do to say that after all Mr. Morley is only Mr. Morley, a political *littérateur* whose temper has for many years been drawing him more and more decidedly, despite his remarkable gifts, away from the main current of the national life, and whose utterances may therefore be regarded as interesting only in respect of their form. His speech at the Palmerston Club dinner did not fall flat. It was not received with merely the courteous measure of applause given by hosts to a distinguished guest whom they are anxious not to make uncomfortable. Those who were there say that it was received with a signal exhibition of enthusiasm which increased, instead of diminishing, in quality and quantity as the speaker proceeded. The great majority of the entertainers were undergraduates, the 'rising hopes' of the Liberal party, among whom it will naturally expect to find many of its commissioned, and not a few of its general, officers in future years. No doubt it may be said that the one hundred and eighty (more or less) who cheered Mr. Morley to the echo did not account for the whole of Liberal Oxford, and that there were probably just as many, or more, members of the Palmerston Club, and other adherents of that party in the University, who, knowing that they would disapprove of what Mr. Morley would be likely to say, stayed away from the dinner at which he was to be the principal guest. This may be true: we hope it is so. But, even if it is, the numbers and enthusiasm of those who were present are very noteworthy facts, and, taken together with the belief expressed by Dr. Spence Watson—who certainly knows a good deal about politics in the provinces—that the views avowed by Mr. Morley are held by the majority of the Liberal party, they show that the Liberal Imperialists have a tough job before them, if they would make their principles the recognised creed of their party.

More than that, the considerations to which we have drawn attention show, in our judgment, that for an indefinite time to come the Liberal party, as a whole, will not be an agency to which the control of Imperial destinies could with any confidence be entrusted. Let us suppose that within a year or two the settlement of South Africa should appear to be proceeding satisfactorily, that some kind of working arrangement has been patched up in China, and that in no other quarter of the world any serious cloud presents itself to the gaze of 'the man in the street.' In that case it is quite imaginable that a sudden development of interest in some

domestic question might find the Liberal party more nearly in touch than the Unionists with the prevailing tendency of public aspirations. If so a general election might result in a considerable Liberal majority. Let us suppose, further, that from the Imperial point of view the best selection of Liberal Ministers were made; that, for example, Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister, and Sir Henry Fowler or Sir Edward Grey Foreign Secretary. That would look admirable. But supposing—as might readily happen—that a dangerous foreign crisis suddenly supervened, or that foreign affairs began to take developments which, if not firmly dealt with at the outset, would, sooner or later, inevitably lead to danger, is it not highly probable that the most Imperially-minded Liberal Ministers would find their hands very seriously hampered by the temper of a large section of those who, in home affairs, might be their loyal supporters, and even colleagues?

Unless the conversion of the section whom, *pace* Mr. Bryce, it is convenient to call Little Englanders—the section represented by the Palmerston Club diners of June 9th, and believed by Dr. Spence Watson to be a majority of the party—had proceeded very much more rapidly than there seems to be any reason to expect, is it not probable that when the Cabinet was made up they would be able to secure representatives within its pale? In that case, when the foreign difficulty arose, what would happen would in all likelihood be a campaign opened in the press by organs known to be in touch with the dissentient Ministers, in deprecation of the ‘bellicose’ or ‘gratuitously provocative’ policy pursued by the Foreign Office with the support of the head of the Government. This campaign would soon be accompanied and reinforced by a fire of hostile questions in the House of Commons. Whether there would follow the delivery of round-robins of protest from pained Ministerialist Members and resolutions of remonstrance from open or close meetings in the country, would be only a matter of detail. The fact would be notorious that certain members of the Cabinet, with the active sympathy of a considerable section of its ordinary supporters in Parliament and in the country, were profoundly unfavourable to the line of policy which the Cabinet, as a whole, was pursuing in face of foreign Powers. The malcontent Ministers might or might not resign their posts. It would probably be better if they did, as the debates necessarily arising on such an occurrence would afford an Imperialist Opposition more effective opportunities of giving their support to the Government than might otherwise be offered. But in any case it can hardly be disputed that the

protracted—for in the circumstances supposed it could hardly fail to be protracted—resistance of a substantial proportion of the Ministerial party to the policy of the Government would be practically sure to operate injuriously in two ways. It would almost inevitably tend to delay the adoption of important steps, either diplomatic or defensive, and to have an unfavourable effect upon them, qualitatively or quantitatively, or both. Very few indeed are those British statesmen whose strength and self-confidence and sense of duty are such as to prevent them from making any concessions with a view to retaining the good will and support of colleagues and followers. Secondly, the notoriety of the dislike entertained by a more or less important section of Ministerialists for the foreign policy of the Government would, without doubt, lessen the effect on foreign Powers of the measures taken in support of our interests, and encourage in them a hope that persistency on their part would be ultimately rewarded by yielding on ours.

No one, we take it, will contend that in the chain of events just sketched there is any strain on probabilities. It may more plausibly be said that such workings of our political system have hampered us in the past, and that, nevertheless, we have 'muddled through' in the end without catastrophe. But our contention is that, according to all intelligent observation, confirmed by utterances of the best living authorities, the national dangers which have come to light during the present war are greater than, perhaps, ever yet surrounded our country; and that, while the need for clear, well planned, and consistent Imperial policy, in diplomacy and in defence, is therefore greater than ever, the workings of our party system, aggravated by the caucus, render such a policy more difficult to ensure. So much, it is submitted, has been established by the considerations set forth in the preceding pages. What then follows? Does all this simply point to a proposal, in the air, for the abolition of the party system? Such is not our object. The day may come when that system will be dissolved, as having ceased, by common acknowledgment, to have any rational application to the course of our public affairs. No such acknowledgment has yet become general in regard to domestic questions; and, in its absence, it would be futile to urge the adoption of what would amount to a revolution in our political methods. But while the abolition of the party system is not a goal within view, nor perhaps even desirable until some clear perception is attained of the political arrangement which could be substituted for it, the public mind, we believe, has moved far towards a recognition of

the great desirableness of a limitation of the range of its operation.

As has been shown, that operation, in the Imperial sphere, is liable to prove essentially undemocratic. The whole of the Unionist party, with the exception of Mr. Courtney, is animated by the spirit and aims which, whether we share them or not, we agree to call Imperialist—by what Matthew Arnold might have called the sense for Empire. So is a large section—we hope the majority, but certainly a large section, with most of the leading men—of the Liberal party. So also, beyond doubt, is the uncertain, but always large, number of persons who are not definitely attached to either party, but who play a very important part in determining the issue of elections. In short, an overwhelming proportion of the nation is Imperialist. This section wishes to carry the flag high; it is concerned for the maintenance of British prestige; it is anxious to prevent such territorial arrangements in any part of the world as would lead to a restriction of the markets for British commerce; and it is prepared within reason to run risks and make sacrifices for these ends. But there is a small proportion of the nation which cares for none of the objects just specified, except possibly the last, and which is not prepared to run risks or make sacrifices even for that. Such persons have a right to their opinions, and to the free expression of them, in season and out of season. But it is not right, and it is altogether contrary to reason and to the national interests, that they should be able, as they are, to cripple the Imperial efficiency of those public men who happen to agree with them, in the main, on domestic questions. Their ability to do this is due to the extension of the operation of the party system over the whole field of national affairs, which enormously and unduly enhances that influence upon national policy to which their numbers legitimately entitle them. Therefore, as we contend, the present unlimited sweep of the party system, strengthened by the working of the caucus, over which, be it remembered, on the Liberal side, Dr. Spence Watson has been re-elected to preside, is distinctly anti-popular and undemocratic in its bearing on Imperial affairs. The great majority of the nation is prevented from employing statesmen—for example, Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey—in whose temper and competence to guide its external policy it would justly repose confidence, by their political connexion with the peace-at-any-price section of the Liberal party; and, if by any chance these statesmen should be called to office, the nation is liable at critical moments to see its dearest interests endangered by the same influences.

What we have to aim at therefore is not the abolition, were that at present conceivable, of the party system, but the withdrawal of its operation from the Imperial sphere. From time to time suggestions are put forward for obviating, in temporary fashion, some of the evils which we have been considering. Thus, in an able anonymous magazine article published a few weeks ago, it was strongly urged that national interests would require that, in the event of Lord Salisbury's retiring from public life at the end of the present Parliament, the Foreign Office should be taken by Lord Rosebery. Without in any way associating ourselves with all the lines of thought followed by the writer in question, we may say at once that we should welcome the arrangement which he advocates. The accession of Lord Rosebery to the Foreign Office, if Lord Salisbury should leave it, in any Government which could conceivably be formed for many years to come, would be of special national advantage for two reasons, over and above his great administrative ability. On the one hand, he has a European reputation as a statesman-diplomatist. On the other hand, he has exceptional knowledge of and sympathy with colonial feelings and interests, and is associated in the colonial mind more than any other living statesman with all the earlier stages of the great movement for the consolidation of the Empire. His presence therefore in high office, and particularly as Foreign Minister, would be in itself a guarantee to our fellow-countrymen beyond seas that, in shaping and conducting Imperial policy in all its aspects, full consideration would be given to their points of view, and that no opportunity would be lost of drawing more closely the living ties of Empire. All this would indeed be to the good; and the precedent set by the offer to and acceptance by Lord Rosebery of a leading Imperial department, in a Ministry mainly or entirely composed of his political opponents, would be of great value.

Glad, however, as we should be, on several grounds, to see the combination of which we have been speaking, we could not regard it or any other similar arrangement of a personal character as providing any guarantee, though it might encourage some real hope, of a permanent solution of the difficulties caused by the party system in the present working of our constitution on its Imperial side. Nor again would such personal arrangements afford a guarantee, though they might encourage the hope, of the satisfaction of those other fundamental requirements of our Imperial position to which reference has been made in one of the early pages of the present article. We allude to the necessity for the organisation of the defences of the Empire on

what Lord Rosebery has called a 'business footing,' and for the provision, vitally connected therewith, of arrangements assuring to the colonists a constant consideration of their views and interests by those responsible for Imperial policy. We are happy to believe—and indeed it is an encouraging feature of the whole situation—that it is on these lines that the plan is to be drawn which will meet all the great national needs that we are now discussing. If, even still, to not a few ears, the idea of restricting the operation of the party system within narrower limits has a strange and unpractical sound, the minds of the whole British race at home and in the Colonies are wide open for the sympathetic consideration of all legitimate inferences from the Imperial rally during the South African war. The blood which has been so freely shed in common, for the establishment of a free and united South Africa under the British flag, has sealed the recognition in all quarters of the Empire of the sacredness of a world-wide British unity. Only let reasonable cause be shown for believing that any measures are really required to give security against all foes and to enable each part of the Empire to discharge with good effect its duty towards the whole, and there will, we are convinced, be no difficulty whatever in obtaining hearty general assent to them. Almost the only danger in this connexion is the possible prevalence of a feeling that as, notwithstanding great and unexpected difficulties, the South African war has been carried to a successful issue, so, if greater dangers and difficulties were to arise, the united Empire would make correspondingly greater efforts and would emerge with corresponding success. If, however, any such sentiment of complacent self-confidence should interfere with the pursuit of the conditions necessary to national safety, the responsibility resting upon those in authority would be heavy indeed.

Nothing in the whole world can be more obvious to the most ordinary intelligence than that the Empire, whose existing military system has been strained to the utmost by the work of reducing the two South African Republics, is in absolute need of comprehensive changes in that system. It is assumed by Lord Salisbury that the people of this country will never assent to anything in the nature of conscription. We do not discuss that assumption, but will only point out that, if it is correct, the necessity for utilising, so far as they are willing, the manhood of the Colonies in a general scheme of Imperial defence, is the more strongly emphasised. If the forty millions of the Queen's subjects inhabiting these islands will under no circumstances submit to any kind of compulsory military service, it is

more important that the ten millions and a half, or so, of the Queen's loyal white subjects inhabiting the great self-governing Colonies should have the opportunity of considering and announcing what part they are willing to take, and on what conditions, in military provision for the defence of their own shores and the vindication of Imperial honour and interests wherever assailed. Not less necessary is it that a clear understanding should be reached by the Governments and the public opinion of the Empire as to the ideals of maritime defence to be aimed at in view of the prospective accession of a possibly hostile Germany to the number of first-class Naval Powers, and as to the extent to which the great groups of Colonies may severally feel able to share in any further development, thus necessitated, of the burdens of building and manning warships for Imperial service. There can be no desire in England, and it would be alike ungracious and unwise, to assume that the Colonies are committed to anything in future, in the way of participation in Imperial responsibilities, by their patriotic conduct during the last few months. But, on the other hand, it would, we believe, involve quite as serious a misconception of colonial feeling and an entirely groundless reflection on colonial intelligence, if the Mother Country were to abstain from calling the Colonies into council with regard to such points as those which we have just indicated.

The Colonies have manifested in every conceivable way their consciousness of the solidarity of their interests with those of the mother-country and of the Empire as a whole. The actual strength of the successive contingents which they despatched to serve in South Africa was limited by the exigencies of the case and by the Imperial Government's sense of the scale of the sacrifices which it was reasonable to accept from them in dealing with such an enemy. No limitations were imposed by their own wishes. In this connexion important observations were made by two of the colonial speakers at the great banquet so successfully organised by the British Empire League in recognition of the services of the colonial troops in the South African war and as a welcome to the Australian delegates. A speech of great interest was made by Colonel Denison, the President of the British Empire League in Canada. A prominent Canadian statesman, he said, had observed to him that 'If this were a great war and the Empire in danger, we should have to send our men by the fifty thousand and vote war-credits by the hundred million.' On which Colonel Denison's comment was: 'When that man said

that, he voiced, I believe, the feelings of the Canadian people.' On the same occasion Mr. Barton, the delegate of New South Wales in the recent happily successful conferences with regard to the Australian Federation Bill, said that, on the receipt of the Boer ultimatum, the Australians—

'felt that, if one part of the Empire was touched, it was not a united body unless the touching of a part was the touching of the whole. And,' he proceeded, 'with the common patriotism which shows that the Empire itself is now regarded as the country of us all, the Australians rose to the occasion, and I may say that if the occasion had been greater still their help would have been multiplied.'

Strangely constituted must that Englishman be who can read these assurances of what the great Colonies would do on greater occasions, remembering what they have done on an occasion quite considerable enough, without a quicker movement of his blood. Strange also must be that Englishman's temperament who does not feel that we owe it to the Colonies quite as much as to ourselves to do all in our power to acquaint them with the real conditions of the Imperial situation as in the light of our best information it appears, and to arrive at some clear understanding with them as to the lines on which it should be faced. To that end the natural course plainly is that, as urged by Colonel Denison, in the speech already quoted and also in another made during his recent visit to this country, the close of the present war should be followed as speedily as may be by the summoning of an Imperial Conference.

Such a gathering, it need hardly be said, would not be brought together for the consideration of any cut-and-dried programme. It might well afford to the representatives of our allied Colonies an opportunity of giving public expression to their views as to the settlement of South Africa—a settlement in which their action has entitled them to take a part. But the meeting would be primarily a recognition that by the events which have occurred within and without the British Empire since the last Imperial Conference, held in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, but especially during the past twelve months, a new situation has been created, the treatment of which demands, from a practical and business-like people, free and full representative discussion. Its leading note would be the need shown to exist for preparation against dangers which might be sprung upon the Empire much more suddenly than those with which it has had to grapple in South Africa; and the consequent importance of some mutual knowledge, at least in outline, as to the scale and character of the

participation to be expected from the different self-governing countries of the Empire in the business of national defence. It is no doubt possible that the course of the proceedings of the Conference, or even of the preliminary communications, might show that the Colonies, or some of them, though ready, as they have all proved themselves to be, to stand by the Empire in her need, do not feel prepared as yet to commit themselves in advance to definite undertakings in regard to permanent and regular provision of money or men for purposes of Imperial defence. It is to be noted that Mr. Barton—to whose speech at the British Empire League banquet we have already referred—indicated his satisfaction, as representing Australia, at expressions used by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain in deprecation of any hasty or artificial methods of promoting Imperial unity. 'While any injury to the interests of the Empire at large,' he said, 'is resented as keenly as it is, it might be dangerous to formulate proposals which acted too strongly as obligations, and which left perhaps less play for the feeling of common patriotism. These matters,' Mr. Barton added, 'are matters of evolution.' Certainly; and anything in the way of forcing evolutionary processes in the direction of Imperial unity is to be studiously avoided. But our Australian fellow-countrymen are as practical as they are loyal, and we entertain no doubt that, when the whole situation is put before their Governments, or before the first Ministers of the Australian Commonwealth, they will recognise that the interests of Imperial security demand, not only the readiness—which we well know exists in Australia—to make sacrifices when there is actual hostile attack, but comprehensive and carefully planned defensive preparations in all parts of the Empire. At the same time they, and not less strongly the citizens of the Canadian Dominion, will be conscious that if they of the great British self-governing States beyond the seas are willing, in any substantial measure, to pledge themselves to participation in the provision of the standing defences of the Empire, two consequences follow in reason and equity: first, that they should have a share in the control of the defensive organisation of the Empire; secondly, that they should have an equally recognised share in influencing Imperial foreign policy. Both these consequences will be welcomed with the most entire cordiality by British opinion at home.

It results, then, that an Imperial Conference, summoned at the earliest convenient date after the conclusion of the war in South Africa, would be likely to occupy itself at the outset in considering and agreeing upon the general scale and

character of the naval and military defences required for the Empire in view of the best light which could be shed by expert opinion upon the technical aspects of the subject, and upon the nature of those hostile combinations of which prudence requires us to take account as reasonably possible. It might proceed to examine and determine the question of the proportions of aid in money and in men which each State in the Empire might fairly be asked to contribute, and perhaps to make itself responsible for, during a certain period. It would conclude its creative work by seeking and, as we may fully anticipate, arriving at a satisfactory understanding with regard to the administrative arrangements by which an assurance would be afforded that colonial views and wishes should be adequately and continuously represented alike in the management of the defensive services of the Empire and in the guidance of its external policy.

It would, of course, be idle to attempt any detailed forecast as to the conclusions to which these weighty deliberations may lead under the last, any more than under the first two heads of debate. There may be, and doubtless are, various methods by which there could be assured to the Colonies the possession of that measure of effective Imperial power which would rightly accompany their assumption of the full responsibilities of Imperial citizenship; but it is difficult to imagine any plan which, while promising achievement of the ends required, involves less of either constitutional or administrative disturbance than that which was put forward some eight or nine years ago, on the authority of a very sober and weighty Special Committee of the Imperial Federation League, in response to an appeal from Lord Salisbury for 'practical suggestions.' Even at that time, when the education of public opinion as to the needs and claims of Empire was in a very much less advanced state than at present, the report of the Special Committee to which we refer was generally recognised as a serious and moderate document. Its leading features have lately been reproduced, and, with a few additions bringing it up to date, have been pressed upon the attention of Her Majesty's Ministers by the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, one of the bodies to which fell the divided apostolic succession of the Imperial Federation League on the dissolution of that organisation in 1893. The little pamphlet containing the Defence Committee's recent letter to Ministers, and some concisely stated supplementary information and arguments, forms, in our judgment, a valuable aid to public thought at the present time. Its essence is the recommendation 'here should be formed an Imperial

Council, consisting of members appointed by the United Kingdom and by the three great groups of self-governing Colonies—North American, Australasian, and South African. This would not be a large body. The suggestion is that it should include—on the part of the United Kingdom, the Indian Empire, and the Crown Colonies—the Prime Minister, the Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, War, Colonies, and India, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Each of the great groups of self-governing Colonies would send its direct representative; and in illustration of the position and consideration which those eminent colonists would rightly enjoy, the Defence Committee fortifies itself, happily, with language used by Mr. Chamberlain when, addressing the Premiers of the self-governing Colonies in 1897, he himself put forward, though only tentatively, the idea of a Council of the Empire. To such a body, he said—

‘the Colonies would send representative plenipotentiaries, not mere delegates who were unable to speak in their name without consulting their respective Governments, but persons who, by their position in the Colonies, by their representative character, and by their close touch with colonial feeling, would be able upon all subjects submitted to them to give really effective and valuable advice.’

To a Council so composed, the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee—following the Special Report which was accepted by the Imperial Federation League on the authority of public men of such wide knowledge of questions of Imperial politics and defence as Lord Brassey, the late Lord Playfair, Mr. Bryce, Sir John Colomb, and Mr. Arnold-Forster—urge that there should be committed a general supervising authority over the administration of all funds voted by the self-governing countries of the Empire for purposes of general defence; and that it ‘should be cognisant of all matters of foreign policy necessary to enable it to deal adequately with questions of defence.’

The more close and attentive the consideration given to this great national question, the clearer, as we think, will it appear that smaller changes than those embodied in the scheme thus briefly outlined cannot be made if anything serious is to be done at all; and that to attempt nothing in the present situation would be at once to ignore dangers recognised as of peculiar gravity and to throw away an opportunity peculiarly favourable for consolidating the defensive strength of the Empire. If the plan which we have sketched is open to objection, it must be on the ground that, as expounded at present, it does not afford full assurance of meeting all the requirements which the self-governing Colonies might reasonably make in return for com-

mitting themselves to a permanently substantial participation in the responsibilities of Imperial citizenship. If each great colonial group should agree at an Imperial Conference to join, in a degree at all corresponding with its resources, in a general scheme of Imperial defence—and in estimating such correspondence a much more modest standard should be employed in the case of young and expanding than in that of old and consolidated communities—then the least that they could expect in return would be some such share in the control of the united scheme of defence as is indicated in the revived proposals of the Imperial Federation League. With such a share on that side there is no reason why they should not be satisfied. Their representatives would no doubt be in a minority, and would not, for an indefinite time to come, be in a position to enforce the adoption of their views, in case of a divergence between them and the 'predominant partner,' even if they all agreed and acted together at the Imperial Council. But there is no reason whatever to regard as probable any anti-central colonial combination in regard to questions of defence; and even if by any strange concurrence of chances such a combination should occur, the colonists are Englishmen like ourselves, accustomed to the rule of the majority, and fair-minded enough to recognise as reasonable that, in the last resort, the common undertaking should be controlled by those whose contribution to it is by far the largest. Further, the proposal which we are considering would have, from the colonial point of view, as it would from the English, the merit of avoiding all suspicion, such as may attach to most forms that have been suggested of a Parliamentary federation of the Empire, that they would expose the people of its several states to the danger of interference in their domestic affairs by representatives of well-meaning but ignorant kindred communities.

There does, however, seem to us to be room for question whether the suggestions of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee allow adequately for the reasonable wish of colonists pledged to participation in Imperial quarrels to exercise an influence over the lines of foreign policy by which such quarrels may either be averted or their issues chosen with a due regard to the feelings and interests of the Empire as a whole. We cannot but feel that something more than 'cognisance' of the course of foreign questions, such as is indicated as suitably appertaining to the Imperial Council, may rightfully be claimed for it, or should in some other way be secured to the Colonies represented on it. And such a claim, we are convinced, would be at once recognised as reasonable by the original signatories

to the Special Report of the Imperial Federation League and by English opinion of all shades. From this point of view, there is a good deal to be said for the proposal, which has occasionally been put forward, that standing colonial representatives should be admitted to the meetings of the Imperial Cabinet at all times when foreign affairs are under its consideration, or should be regularly, and as of right, taken into consultation by the Foreign Secretary in all matters affecting colonial interests. The former of these suggestions may, at first sight, seem to involve an innovation at variance with existing traditions of Cabinet responsibility; but it has to be remembered that the Cabinet itself is, strictly speaking, a body not 'known to the Constitution.' It is a Committee of persons, chosen by a political leader enjoying the confidence of the House of Commons, for the good conduct of public affairs. It is not unknown for experts on special subjects to be admitted to Cabinet meetings for the sake of enlightening the deliberations of Ministers, and it may well be maintained that expert advice on the interests and feelings of the great self-governing Colonies is a species of enlightenment of which the Executive of the Empire is so constantly in need that it cannot be administered in too direct a form. However that may be, there can be no doubt in any quarter of the soundness of the principle laid down by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his striking speech on March 14th, 1900, when, referring to the question of any permanent and binding arrangement for the co-operation of Canada in the quarrels of Great Britain, he said that if that subject were raised his position would be: 'If you want us to help you, call us to your councils.' The method in which a satisfactory system of continuous consultation could best be secured is not a matter for dogmatic treatment; it must be worked out by British statesmanship. That it should be so worked out is being more and more clearly demanded by practical patriots throughout the dominions of the Queen. Very significant among the many indications of this demand is the fact that the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held in the last week of June 1900, passed a resolution, with only one dissentient voice, in favour of an Imperial Conference to consider the question of colonial participation in the naval and military defence of the Empire, and an unanimous resolution in favour of the formation 'of an Imperial Consultative Council at an early date.' It is, indeed, difficult to see how the present Ministers of the Queen could justify themselves to posterity if they failed to take advantage of the present tide of Imperial thought and feeling, in order to give permanent

organic efficiency to the splendid national resources which have been brought to light by our recent troubles.

There is reason, then, to hope that we are not far from the realisation, at least in germ, of what have for many years past been recognised by a steadily growing number of patriotic Englishmen in all parts of the Empire as the fundamental requisites of lasting Imperial unity and security. And are we not also on the way towards a remedy, at least in germ, of those evils of our political system at home which, as we have endeavoured to show, are liable, if neglected, to cripple in no small measure our means of effective defence against national perils of exceptional, perhaps even of unprecedented, gravity? There is no constitutional revolution in the creation of an Imperial Council. The machinery of ministerial responsibility to Parliament, both here and in the self-governing Colonies, would, as the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee are careful to show, continue to run undamaged by the working of the new agency. But at the same time there would unquestionably be set up an influence making for that detachment of Imperial issues from the operations of the party system, which is so urgently needed. The Imperial Council would not be a party body. If it existed at this moment on the lines suggested, while the representatives of the United Kingdom holding seats in it would be mainly Conservatives and all Unionists, the Canadian member would be appointed by the Liberal Government of the Dominion. And, we should like to add, its existence would afford an opportunity not now existing for securing the direct participation of leading members of the political party not in office at home, in the conduct of Imperial affairs. We can see no reason why, for example, an Imperial Council such as we have been considering should not be strengthened, on the invitation of a Unionist Prime Minister, by the accession of such statesmen as Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey. They would sacrifice no principle in joining it; and their experience of affairs, and well-known sympathetic apprehension of colonial points of view, would very materially enhance its efficiency and the confidence with which it would be regarded in all parts of the Empire. Obviously, such an arrangement would tend in a marked degree to advance the much-to-be-desired detachment of the domestic party system from influence upon Imperial affairs.

Even if an Imperial Council were not widened in the way just indicated for some years to come, the existence and working of such an agency in our midst, called into being, as it would have been, as the instrument of a newly realised and sacred British unity throughout the world, would have a most salutary effect.

The constitutional powers of Parliament, the width of the potential sweep of the party system, would remain in theory unchanged, but, step by step, the practice would become more and more profoundly affected. The presumption as to what is deemed 'natural' in political life will be altered. If the Ministers who are members of the Imperial Council are able to say that the policy in regard to defence or foreign affairs which they are pursuing has the support of their colonial colleagues, it may come to be regarded as unnatural for the Opposition to challenge or condemn it. The rights of criticism and even of Parliamentary and platform resistance will remain, but they will be exercised with increasing reserve, and with a reluctance which will, in any case of justifying extremity, enhance their effect. The knowledge that in all circumstances Imperial policy is the result of full consultation between the leading Ministers of the day and the chosen representatives of the Colonies will naturally raise a presumption in its favour. The voices even of Radical cavil against a firm and clear Imperial line will be, if not stilled, reduced in number and shrillness by the evidence that such a line has been taken up and is being pursued with the approval of the chosen plenipotentiary representatives of the profoundly democratic daughter-states of the Empire.

Thus we may hope to be put in the way of minimising our greatest national danger on the home side, by dealing in a rational and equitable spirit with the requirements of the situation from the point of view of the Colonies. The precise working-out of the conditions on which the colonists may reasonably be expected to undertake a permanent share in Imperial responsibilities may differ somewhat from the lines of that Imperial Council which we have been considering, but the heart and essence of the administrative changes needed in that connexion will remain the same; and if they are conceded, as we are convinced they will be, the first and most important step will have been taken towards the deliverance of the public life of these islands from its most signal defect, and towards securing the fabric of the Empire against the perils by which at present it is menaced.

ART. XIII.—THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. III.

THE third period of the war in South Africa, of which we now attempt a retrospect, though it lacks something of the dramatic intensity which characterised both the earlier stages of the conflict, is perhaps from a military point of view the most interesting, and the one which, when its history comes to be written, will contribute most to the advancement of the art of command. The campaign of the autumn surprised the British nation by disclosing the unexpected strength and energy of an adversary who had been under-estimated. The consequence was that a considerable fresh effort was made, and that Lord Roberts was entrusted with the direction of the expanded army. His appearance in the field was the turning-point of the war. The temporary collapse of the Boer resistance, which accompanied or followed the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg and the march of the British to Bloemfontein, offered a strong contrast to the stubborn pertinacity with which until then the Boers had everywhere held their ground. The occupation of Bloemfontein, however, was followed by a fresh display of Boer energy which disappointed those who had believed that the capture of the Free State capital would suffice to end the conflict. But the British advance, when it was renewed, was, in spite of one or two minor mishaps, so rapid and continuous, and the failure of the Boers to defend any of the decisive points was so complete, as apparently to justify those who from the first had regarded the destruction of the Boer power as a foregone conclusion. Yet it is probable that when the story becomes fully known the third period of the war will prove to have been more remarkable than either of its predecessors in respect of the difficulties to be overcome, the possibilities of disaster, and the judgment and courage displayed in the direction of the British forces.

Of this third period of the war, however, our present knowledge is even scantier than that which was obtainable of the previous periods until some time after their close. The presence of Lord Roberts attracted the majority of the correspondents to his headquarters, so that hardly any details of the minor movements have been received. With commendable prudence he refrained from publishing, and therefore from allowing others to publish, any hints of movements to come, and his telegraphic reports were in the main confined to very brief and summary accounts of what had been done. The telegrams from the newspaper correspondents, as a rule, added little to these

summaries, partly no doubt because the correspondents felt themselves debarred from the sensational rivalry which consists in the attempt to be first with an important piece of news, and partly because their energies were more than usually absorbed in accompanying the incessant movements. The gaps in our knowledge have been only to a very limited extent filled up by published letters sent through the slower medium of the post. Moreover, during one critical period the interruption of the telegraph service caused a break in the reports, and the subsequent messages hardly make it possible to form a complete and consistent picture of the events which were thus veiled from our observation. It becomes necessary, therefore, in essaying a provisional record of this later portion of the war, to be content with little more than a sketch of the course of events and to refrain from the kind of critical estimate which derives its value from a complete grasp of the conditions.

In the middle of March Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein had in his immediate neighbourhood three divisions of infantry, with the Guards' Brigade, and four brigades of mounted troops. To the south of the Orange River were the brigades of Generals Gatacre and Clements, perhaps together equal to an infantry division, and the newly formed division of mounted colonial troops under General Brabant. At Kimberley was Lord Methuen with a brigade of infantry and with the nucleus of a second brigade. In Natal Sir Redvers Buller had the three divisions of his relieving force, the division of Sir George White, and three brigades of mounted troops. After the relief of Ladysmith the Boers had fallen back northwards to the Drakensberg, and Sir Redvers Buller's army was encamped to the north and west of Ladysmith, where it had, as against the now divided enemy, the advantage of interior lines. The troops seem in the first instance to have been in urgent need of rest, Sir George White's division in particular having been so much exhausted by privations that neither officers nor men could be expected to be available for active operations until after the lapse of several weeks. Apparently, too, the transport of the Natal field-force needed reorganisation or reconstruction, and a large portion of the mounted troops, including all those that had formed part of the garrison at Ladysmith, required to be remounted.

The march of Lord Roberts from Paardeberg to Bloemfontein after the destruction of the convoy upon which his army was to have relied for its food has been characterised as an operation of great daring. When the force reached its destination it was hardly any longer in condition immediately to resume operations. The men required food and rest, and of the horses

a great portion could not by any amount of food and rest be restored to their normal condition. The army depended for its subsistence upon the opening up of a line of supply more effective than could possibly be arranged by waggons across the veldt from Modder River Station, and for its mobility upon the acquisition of a large supply of remounts for the mounted troops and the artillery, and of transport animals and waggons for the movement of supplies. Fortunately the Boers, disconcerted by an operation which they ought to have expected, had done little damage to the railway to the south of Bloemfontein, though they had destroyed the bridges across the Orange River. Lord Roberts appears to have divined the way in which his advance would surprise them. His first care on approaching Bloemfontein was to make arrangements, which were successfully carried out, for securing a portion at least of the rolling stock which was still there. His first measure after occupying the town was to send General Pole-Carew with the Guards' Brigade to take possession of the railway to the south. On March 16th General Pole-Carew had reached Springfontein, the point of junction of the two lines from the south, and, as the forces of Generals Clements and Gatacre had crossed the river at Norval's Pont and Bethulie the day before, the railway at once passed completely into the possession of the British and became available for purposes of supply, though, until the repair of the bridges, its utility was restricted by the difficulty of moving goods across the river.

During the ten days that followed the occupation of Bloemfontein there was every appearance of a collapse of the Boer resistance. While General Pole-Carew was reopening the railway a column under General Clements set out to march through the portion of the Free State lying to the west of the line, in order to occupy the principal places and to receive the submission of the Boers. This operation was conducted successfully. To the east of the railway the Boer forces were understood to be retiring northwards along the roads skirting the Basuto border; and Lord Roberts sent a cavalry brigade under General French to occupy Thabanchu and to reconnoitre towards Ladybrand, thus suggesting a menace to the retreat of the Boer column. Mr. Steyn had removed his capital to Kroonstad, and it seemed as though a prompt renewal of the British advance, had that been practicable, could not have been seriously resisted. The insurgent Dutch farmers in the region to the south of the Orange River laid down their arms; and though in the district lying further to the west, between Prieska, Carnarvon, and Kenhardt, there had been signs of a troublesome

rising, Lord Kitchener, who had been sent shortly after the battle of Paardeberg to restore order in this district, was able to report by the end of the third week in March that he had stamped out the rebellion. At this time the only anxiety felt by the public at home was for the safety of Mafeking, which was still besieged; and there was no little doubt whether it would be possible for Colonel Baden-Powell to make his supplies last out, though the reports from time to time received by runners invariably announced 'all well.'

The Boers, however, very soon began to recover their spirits. The British outposts to the north of Bloemfontein, established along the line of the Modder River, began to be disturbed by Boer patrols; and on March 23rd a small party of British officers, out for a ride on the supposition that there was no enemy in the neighbourhood, rashly pursued a group of Boers, who halted and fired upon them, killing one of them and wounding all the rest of the party. On March 30th Lord Roberts pushed forward the seventh division, with two brigades of cavalry and two of mounted infantry, and drove the Boers from a series of kopjes near Karee Siding, a few miles north of the Modder River. Henceforth the British outposts covered the position thus gained, and there were no further Boer incursions to disturb the troops in their immediate neighbourhood.

Colonel Broadwood, who commanded the cavalry detachment left by General French at Thabanchu, had sent out a regiment eastward to Leeuw River Mills, and a smaller party under Colonel Pilcher to Ladybrand. Colonel Pilcher on March 26th reached Ladybrand, and was able to carry off the Landdrost, but, finding the place held by the enemy in considerable force, retired to Thabanchu. The regiment sent to Leeuw River Mills discovered by its patrols that two strong Boer columns were close at hand trekking northwards, escorting large convoys. This regiment therefore also fell back to Thabanchu. Here Colonel Broadwood learned that he was threatened by the approach of Boer forces largely outnumbering his own both from the east and from the north. Accordingly, on March 30th, he retreated towards Bloemfontein, and in the early morning of the 31st, after crossing the Modder River on the Bloemfontein road, encamped between the Modder and the Koornspruit at a place called Sanna's Post, a mile or two to the north of the Bloemfontein waterworks. Lord Roberts, upon receiving the report that Broadwood was retreating, ordered out the ninth division to his support. At dawn on the 31st Broadwood's force was shelled from the rear and he immediately continued his retreat. His convoy and his guns were sent on in front, but a party of Boers concealed on the

banks of the Koornspruit was able to capture the convoy and some of the guns before their presence was discovered by the remainder ; and only the coolness and bravery of the escort and of the officers and men of the batteries made it possible for the remnant to escape by crossing the Koornspruit a mile or two further south. The retreat of Colonel Broadwood's main body was, however, safely effected, and its junction with the ninth division was not disturbed by the enemy. The importance of this surprise at Sanna's Post was perhaps at the time unduly magnified. The British army has not in recent years too assiduously cultivated the systematic practice of measures of precaution, either on the march or when halted, and its small detachments have therefore a long list of surprises to record ; but, for an army, in which the practice has been lax, to regard with special severity the omission of unusual precautions in a period when the general belief was that the enemy was demoralised would perhaps hardly be fair. The temporary loss of the Bloemfontein waterworks was a serious matter, for the limitation of the water supply favoured the rise and spread of disease among the British troops.

On the afternoon of April 3rd Lord Roberts received a message that three companies of the Royal Irish Rifles, with two mounted companies, had been surrounded by a large force of Boers about noon, between Bethany Station and Reddersberg. He immediately telegraphed to General Gatacre, then at Springfontein, to move to Bethany to their assistance, and at the same time sent the Cameron Highlanders from Bloemfontein to Bethany. It was half-past ten on the morning of the 4th when General Gatacre reached Reddersberg, but he found no trace of the British detachment or of the enemy. Firing had ceased to be heard only an hour and a half before. The detachment had been made prisoners and carried off.

On April 9th a detachment from Brabant's Colonial division, under Colonel Dalgety, on the march northwards from the Orange River, was attacked by the Boers in superior force at Jammersberg Drift, near Wepener. Colonel Dalgety selected a defensible position and prepared for investment ; but the Boer forces were so superior that the loss of his detachment seemed at one time very probable.

The risks incurred by small detachments have probably been greatly increased by the extended range of modern firearms, for the distances to which outposts and advance-guards must be pushed out are necessarily much greater than they were. An isolated party in an enemy's country must protect itself from surprises in every direction, and the demands made by adequate

precautions of this kind upon a small force may easily be greater than it can possibly meet. Moreover, a small force attacked on all sides is in a much worse position than it would have been against the old short-range weapons, for, the area which it can enclose between its different fronts being also small, the fire of modern weapons directed against one front will enfilade or take in rear the defenders of another. It is not easy to see how a small party like that captured at Reddersberg could by any precautions prevent itself from being surrounded by a more numerous and mobile enemy, nor how, if surrounded, it could either sustain its defence or make its escape. If, therefore, any censure is to be expressed in regard to the Reddersberg mishap, it should fall properly upon the officer by whose orders the detachment was on the march in isolation, or upon the officer whose duty it was to relieve it in case of a surprise. It was after this affair that General Gatacre was recalled.

Lord Roberts does not seem to have been in the least disturbed by these small mishaps. The action at Reddersberg, following upon that at Sanna's Post, seemed at the time to indicate that the Boers, with a large force, were moving south from Thabanchu to attack the railway line between Bloemfontein and the Orange River, in order, by the destruction of the railway and the occupation of a strong position on the line, to interrupt his communications and to compel him to move south to attack them. If that was the intention it was very imperfectly carried out. In all probability the points at which the railway could have been seriously damaged were adequately guarded, so that the utmost harm which could have been done by the Boers would have been only temporary. At any rate the British Commander-in-chief continued his preparations as though nothing had happened. The remounts began to arrive, and the force in the Free State was considerably increased. The eighth division, which had arrived from England, was moved up beyond Springfontein; the third division was also stationed along the railway. At Bloemfontein a new division—the eleventh—was formed under the command of General Pole-Carew. A division of mounted infantry, about ten thousand strong, was formed of the mounted detachments from a number of infantry battalions and of the mounted contingents supplied by the South African and other Colonies. It was formed into two brigades, under Generals Hutton and Ridley, and its command was entrusted to General Ian Hamilton, who had been called from Ladysmith, after its relief, to the staff of Lord Roberts. An infantry division from Natal, now numbered the tenth, and under the command of Sir Archibald

Hunter, was brought round to the Cape, one of the brigades, Hart's, being sent to Aliwal North, and the other, Barton's, to Kimberley.

The general movement began in the middle of April. On the 14th Brabant with the main body of his division started from Aliwal North for the relief of Dalgety at Jammersberg, followed by Hart's brigade. On the 15th Chermiside with the third division moved off from Reddersberg towards Dewetsdorp, being followed on the 21st by the eighth division, whose commander, Sir Leslie Rundle, as the senior officer, had charge of the movement. On the 22nd the eleventh division under Pole-Carew, with two brigades of cavalry, set out from Bloemfontein on the road towards Dewetsdorp. The same day Ian Hamilton, with Ridley's brigade of mounted infantry and Smith-Dorrien's infantry brigade, marched out from Bloemfontein towards Sanna's Post. On the 23rd Maxwell's brigade was pushed out from Bloemfontein to hold a drift of the Modder at Kranz Kraal, between Sanna's Post and the British advance-guard at Karee Siding. Thus the greater part of the army, four and a half infantry divisions and two mounted divisions, was deployed on the line from Kranz Kraal to Wepener in such a way that though the several bodies started at different times and from different points—an arrangement which rendered it difficult for the enemy to divine the general object of the movement—they arrived almost simultaneously at their places in the line; and the three different groups of Boers, thus all attacked at the same time, could afford each other no support. On the 22nd the Boers abandoned the waterworks, while Pole-Carew cleared them from a position on the Dewetsdorp road. On the 25th the Boers at Dewetsdorp retired on Thabanchu, and those at Jammersberg Drift, having in vain attempted to stop the march of Brabant and Hart, retreated towards Ladybrand. On the 25th Hamilton, pushing on from Sanna's Post, defeated the Boer rear-guard in a brilliant action at Israel's Poort, in which he completely turned their right flank and compelled their retreat, with trifling loss to his own force. He followed them, and entered Thabanchu the same night. On the 26th French, with two cavalry brigades, reached Thabanchu from Dewetsdorp and took over the command from Ian Hamilton. French was reinforced by Rundle with the eighth division, and on the 26th and 27th directed ineffective attacks on the strong Boer position north of Thabanchu.

The Boer counter-offensive was now broken. The besiegers of Jammersberg had disappeared towards the north; Dewetsdorp was occupied by the third division; the Boer force at Thabanchu

was sufficiently held in check by the forces of French and Rundle; and Lord Roberts was at liberty to develop his own initiative with little regard to what the Boer design had been. Pole-Carew's force was brought back in the last days of April from Dewetsdorp through Bloemfontein to Karee Siding, where it found the seventh division ready for an advance. Before leaving Bloemfontein, however, Lord Roberts had completed the arrangements for action in other parts of the theatre of war. Hart's brigade, after the relief of Dalgety, marched back to the Orange River and was sent round by rail to Kimberley, so that in that quarter there should be the complete tenth division under Hunter, as well as Methuen's newly-formed division, comprising the brigades of Douglas and Paget. Lord Roberts sent a message to Colonel Baden-Powell requesting the garrison of Mafeking to hold out until May 18th. At the same time it seems probable that he recommended Sir Redvers Buller to prepare for an advance through the Biggarsberg. The sixth division was left as garrison for Bloemfontein, and as a general reserve in case of emergency.

The plan which Lord Roberts adopted was to advance with a portion of his army as fast as might be along the general line of the railway from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, in order at the earliest possible moment to seize the capital of the Transvaal, and thereby to make plain to the world the hopeless nature of the Boer resistance; to entrust to a strong detachment thrown out to the east of the railway the observation of the Boer forces which were still there; and to take advantage of the impression which the central advance would make upon the Boers by arranging for the advance of Sir Redvers Buller along the railway from Natal, and for the relief of Mafeking by a flying column, to be supported by demonstrations by the two divisions of Hunter and Methuen, both of which were at the convenient moment to march across to the reinforcement of the main column. The project after its execution seems simple enough. Yet it was original, for in form at least it involved the neglect of ideas which dominate the strategy expounded by the great masters of military criticism. It was daring, for it was based upon the deliberate acceptance of great risks. Above all, it was exactly suited to the peculiar conditions and to the purpose in view.

The chief end of military action, to destroy the fighting power of the enemy's army and thus to disarm him, can be neglected by a commander only at his peril. He may occupy a province or move his army to take possession of an important spot, but, so long as the enemy's army is unbeaten, his occu-

pation or possession of that spot is merely hypothetical. It can at any moment be challenged by the enemy, and a lost battle will undo it. If in the advance to such a geographical point the commander uncovers his communications, he may be forced by the enemy to fight in a situation in which defeat would mean the loss of his army. Pretoria was defended by a number of permanent works. If Lord Roberts on reaching that place had found it necessary to undertake a siege, and if in the meantime a Boer army, after defeating his subordinates, had interposed itself between him and Bloemfontein, it would have been necessary for him to retrace his footsteps and to attack and defeat that army before the interruption to his own communications should have deprived his force of its fighting power. In such a situation defeat would have involved the destruction of his army. Upon considerations such as these is based the theory of the indirect defence of a State or of its capital. The defender places his army in a position from which an effective blow can be delivered against the communications of an advancing invader. The invader, therefore, must either before making his advance turn aside to defeat the defending army or must leave to observe it a force capable in any event of fully occupying its energies. The distance from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, about two hundred and seventy miles, is so much longer than the distance from Bloemfontein or from Kroonstad to Ladybrand or Bethlehem, and the mobility of the Boer troops was so much greater than that of the larger part of the British army, that it might perhaps have been the best generalship for the Boers to concentrate their whole force in the north-east of the Free State, leaving only a detachment to retire before Lord Roberts, a second detachment to observe and delay the movements of Sir Redvers Buller, and in Pretoria a garrison sufficient to prevent that place falling to an assault. But there was one condition which modified the problem. The railway line admitted of easy repair except at one or two points where the destruction of a permanent bridge might require a week or two for the provision of a temporary substitute. By repairing the line as he advanced and leaving entrenched garrisons to defend the bridges after their repair, Lord Roberts would be able for purposes of supply to reduce indefinitely the distance between his army and his base, while the repaired railway, by the facilities which it would afford for the local movement of small bodies, would be a most valuable weapon for its own defence. If, therefore, the army moving towards Pretoria were kept at the smallest number needed to drive back the Boers, the difficulties of supply would be diminished, and the force available for

resistance to a Boer counter-attack upon the railway itself would be proportionately increased. It is in the appreciation of the effect of a line of railway upon the strategical conditions of action that the plan of Lord Roberts illustrates the modifications to which in our own day the principles expounded by Clausewitz and Jomini are in their application necessarily subject.

The arrangements for the main advance were very carefully worked out. The main body, composed of the seventh and eleventh divisions, was to march on the broadest possible front, following as closely as might be the line of the railway, astride of which every Boer position was sure to be found. The left wing, which in the first instance would move through comparatively open ground without good roads, was to be formed of cavalry, and would, of course, always be slightly in advance of the centre. The right wing would move through a country in which defensive positions were common, but would have the advantage of following as far as Kroonstad the general line of the Bloemfontein-Winburg-Ventersburg-Kroonstad road. For this wing was destined a column forming a small army or army corps, complete in itself, to be commanded by General Ian Hamilton. It was to consist of a strong mounted force, Ridley's brigade and Broadwood's cavalry brigade, of two brigades of infantry, Smith-Dorrien's and Bruce-Hamilton's, and thirty-two guns. The Highland brigade was also temporarily attached to Ian Hamilton's command. This wing would move slightly in advance of the centre, so that the Boers on every occasion would find their position about to be turned at the moment when the British centre would be preparing to attack. The Boer commander would, therefore, always have to choose between the probability of being surrounded, in case he should make a stubborn stand, and the necessity of hurried retreat if he wished to preserve his army from investment and capture. By these arrangements the superior mobility of the Boers lost all its advantages except that of facilitating retreat at the last moment.

The first thing was to collect Ian Hamilton's force, of which a portion (Ridley's mounted and Smith-Dorrien's infantry brigades) was at Thabanchu, the remainder (Broadwood's cavalry and Bruce-Hamilton's infantry brigades) being near Vaal Kranz on the Modder. The point of junction chosen was Jacobsrust on the Bloemfontein-Winburg road. On April 30th Ian Hamilton, with Ridley's and Smith-Dorrien's brigades, set out from Thabanchu towards that point. The Boers were found in a very strong position barring the advance at the pass

of Houtnek. Hamilton began his attack about nine in the morning, combining a turning movement by the mounted troops with an advance of the infantry on the key of the position. The fight lasted all day, and in the evening the troops were ordered to bivouac for the night on the ground they had obtained, while a telegram was sent to French asking for reinforcements. At dawn on May 1st the attack was renewed. Two cavalry regiments, a battalion, and a battery came up from Thabanchu to Hamilton's support, and shortly after noon the Boers gave way and hurriedly retreated. On May 2nd Hamilton's whole force was united, and halted by order of the Commander-in-chief for a day's rest. The Boer force on the main line held the position across the railway at Brandfort which it had occupied since the action at Karee Siding, and Hamilton's camp on the night of the 2nd lay in the prolongation of the Boer flank. On the 3rd the forward movement began by the simultaneous advance of Hamilton's column and the attack of the main body on the Boer position, Alderson's mounted brigade being thrown forward on the left wing. The Boer commander, finding his retreat menaced from both flanks, made a poor defence, ending with a precipitate retirement, and was followed on the 4th as far as the Vet River by the mounted troops of the main column. Hamilton's advance on the 3rd and 4th was conducted in the presence of a strong Boer rearguard, which was steadily driven back; and on the 5th Hamilton by a brilliant stroke prevented the reinforcement of this rearguard by a detachment sent from the enemy's main column. On the evening of the 5th he reached the Vet near Welkom, and on the 6th entered Winburg. The same night the Boer main body abandoned its position on the Vet River, so that on the 7th the British main body without opposition reached Winburg Road Station.

The advance of an army when properly conducted is not a continuous movement, but rather a series of springs, the stages of its progress being rapid and sudden and being interrupted by pauses preparatory to the successive rushes. In this way an army is carried from point to point, the halting places being usually points of tactical or strategical importance. The first spring had taken the army from Karee Siding to Winburg Junction, the Boers being scared away from their positions at Brandfort and on the Vet. The next Boer positions were on the Zand River, on the Valsch, and on the Rhenoster. On the line Winburg-Winburg Road a three days' halt was made, during which the railway in the rear was repaired and supplies brought up. The artillery was reinforced and the cavalry

division brought up to its full strength of four brigades, its command being taken up by General French, who had come on from Thabanchu. During the halt the enemy's position on the Zand River was reconnoitred, and on May 9th the advance was resumed. The Boers failed to hold the line of the Zand, but made a stand a few miles to the north. They were, however, turned on the 10th by Hamilton on the east and French on the west, the only stubborn resistance being that which was overcome by Hamilton, and on the evening of the 10th the British forces held the line Ventersburg-Ventersburg Road. The advance was continued next day, the Boers, by this time thoroughly demoralised, making no effective stand. Their positions were turned by French, who, finding open country to the left of the railway, was well in advance of the centre, while Hamilton, in hilly and difficult ground on the right, was necessarily more cautious. The Boer leaders in vain attempted to induce their men to stand at Kroonstad, but their control was gone; and the last train, as it left Kroonstad, was just missed by the first British shell. Kroonstad was entered by Lord Roberts in the early afternoon of May 12th.

The second spring, from Winburg to Kroonstad, had been a long one, and some little time was required for the repair of the railway and the preparations for the third and last spring, which was destined to be still longer. On May 3rd General Hunter, with Barton's brigade, crossed the Vaal at Winsorton, half way between Kimberley and Fourteen Streams. He then turned north along the road from Barkly West to Fourteen Streams. On the 5th, at Roidam, he found in position a Boer force, which he attacked and routed, and on the 7th he occupied Fourteen Streams.

The immediate purpose of this action was to cover the start of the Mafeking relief column, which set out from Greefeputs, near Barkly West, on May 5th. At the close of April General Hunter had organised a picked force of mounted infantry, composed of four mounted sections of Barton's fusilier brigade, 440 men of the Imperial Light Horse, and 460 men of the Kimberley mounted corps, making a body of 1,000 mounted riflemen well qualified alike for the march and the fight. With them were associated a small party of artillery: four guns of M battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and two Vickers-Maxim quick-firing guns. Transport, composed with equal care, conveying not only provisions for the force but supplies for the garrison to be relieved, formed an indispensable portion of the column, which, at the beginning of May, was moved across the Vaal and concentrated at Greefeputs on May 4th. The column

followed the road up the left (east) bank of Hart's River as far as Taungs, then kept to the west of the railway as far as Vryburg; beyond Vryburg too the route chosen was well to the west of the railway. On the evening of May 12th the column reached Setlagoli, having covered 179 miles in eight days—a great feat of marching for a mounted force escorting a heavy convoy. The action of Barton's brigade and the very rapid movement of the column had enabled it hitherto to avoid serious contact with the enemy; but the Boers were aware of the advance, and it was not thought desirable to give them the opportunity of delay which would be caused by a serious action. Accordingly, beyond Setlagoli, Colonel Mahon still kept to his left, directing his march towards Jan Massibi, a day's march to the west of Mafeking, and the rendezvous indicated by him for a junction with the force of Colonel Plumer, who with a mere handful of men had for months been observing and persistently harassing the besieging enemy. The Boer commander from Mafeking had sent out a detachment to delay the column, but Colonel Mahon eluded this attack, defeating the Boers by throwing out a portion of his force as a flank-guard, while the convoy moved on in the direction chosen. This was on May 13th. On May 15th the column marched into Jan Massibi and met Plumer's column marching in from the north at the same hour, 5.30 A.M. Mahon had covered 223 miles in ten and a quarter days.

Snyman, the Boer commander, had made an attempt to take the town by assault while the relief columns were still several marches away. On May 12th the besiegers made a vigorous attack, accompanied by an assault on the western defences. In the darkness some two hundred men passed up the river-bed and entered the native *stad*, where their incursion was not immediately detected, because in the dark they were mistaken for natives. The greater portion of them found their way into a British fort, a smaller party remaining in the native *stad*, where it was eventually destroyed by the Kaffirs. Commandant Eloff and the party in the fort found themselves at dawn about four hundred yards from a circle of British works posted at intervals all round them. The British opened fire from all these works, their bullets destroying the water-tanks in the fort, so that the intruders could get no water. Escape was impossible, for a head or hand exposed was sure to be hit; and round the fort were four hundred yards of open ground, to appear in which was certain death. Eloff and his men surrendered. Snyman, who had been prevented by the courage and vigilance of the garrison from following up Eloff's party, could now make

no further assaults, for he had to deal with the relief column, which on the morning of the 16th marched out from Jan Massibi on a broad front, Plumer on the right and Mahon on the left. The opposing forces met about five miles from Jan Massibi, and the Boers endeavoured to envelop the British force and to destroy the convoy. Mahon however skilfully protected his flank while pushing his attack in front. The Boers fell back, and the relief column outspanned in the evening, having advanced about five miles during the day's fighting. Mahon, now only six or seven miles from Mafeking, sent forward a party of scouts to ride into the town. After a short rest he followed them with the whole column, which entered Mafeking in the early morning of May 17th. The Boer force was in full retreat, but unfortunately pursuit was impracticable. The successful defence of Mafeking in all probability kept the natives in southern Rhodesia from turning against the British, and saved Rhodesia from a Boer invasion, which it would have been difficult, if not impossible, effectively to resist.

Meanwhile a move had been made in Natal. On May 11th Sir Redvers Buller assembled Dundonald's cavalry brigade and Clery's infantry division at Sunday's River Drift, five or six miles down stream from Elandslaagte, sending off at the same time Colonel Bethune with a composite body of mounted infantry further to the east. Next day, while Hildyard's division made a demonstration by crossing Sunday's River near the railway line, Buller set out towards Helpmakaar. On the 13th he directed an enveloping attack by Dundonald, Clery, and Bethune upon a commanding position occupied by a Boer detachment a few miles south of Helpmakaar. The Boers, thus turned, retreated and were closely pursued by the British mounted troops. On the 15th Buller entered Dundee and learned that the Boer main body on the Biggarsberg, finding itself outflanked, had retired hurriedly towards the north. On the 17th he occupied Newcastle, Hildyard following along the railway, which he repaired as he moved forward. A day or two later Buller's outposts were watching the enemy's rearguard which held Lang's Nek.

In the west, one of Hunter's brigades occupied on May 18th Christiana, a place on the Vaal above Fourteen Streams, probably by way of demonstration to cover the simultaneous march of Methuen's division from Boshof to Hoopstad. Methuen reached Hoopstad on the 18th and continued his march eastward along the south bank of the Vaal. Hunter's brigade was soon afterwards recalled and moved along the Bechuanaland railway towards Vryburg, covering the repair of the line.

Lord Roberts was still awaiting at Kroonstad the opening of the railway, upon which, after his rapid advance, he depended for supply. It was May 22nd before it was completed, and on the 21st his army was deployed on the north of the town ready for its advance. Hamilton's column had already been pushed out to the right, having concentrated at Lindley on the 18th, and then moved north upon Heilbron, while French's cavalry on the left was on the 21st at Honig Spruit, a march in advance of Lord Roberts's main body. On the 22nd Lord Roberts moved forward from Kroonstad to Honig Spruit, and the same day Hamilton entered Heilbron on the flank of, though a march distant from, the Boer position at Rhenoster. On the 23rd Lord Roberts found the Boer position at the Rhenoster evacuated, and as there was no further position to the south of the Vaal which it would be practicable for the enemy to hold, in view of the flanking movements of Hamilton on the right and French on the left, it became possible to carry on the British advance without interruption into the Transvaal.

On the 24th an advance party crossed the Vaal at Parys. On the 25th French's column crossed the river at Lindeques Drift; and on the 26th Hamilton's column, which had marched across the front of the army from the right to the left, was at Boschbank near the same drift. The main body continued its advance along the line of the railway, and on the 27th the whole army was north of the Vaal, the seventh and eleventh divisions still following the railway, while Hamilton and French, now united as the left wing, kept about a day's march to the west. The resistance offered by the Boer rearguards to the main body was easily overcome, so that on the 29th it was at Germiston, the railway junction to the east of Johannesburg; while Hamilton and French, more stubbornly resisted on the 28th and 29th, were on the 30th to the west and north of the town. On the 30th Lord Roberts summoned the commandant at Johannesburg to surrender, but agreed to postpone his entry into the town until the 31st. On the 30th also President Kruger left Pretoria by the Delagoa Bay Railway; and the burghers, panic-stricken, formed a committee for the purpose of surrendering the town and of keeping order until the arrival of the British troops, which they were hourly expecting. The entry into Johannesburg took place on the 31st, and in the evening of that day the infantry divisions, except Wavell's brigade left as garrison of Johannesburg, were encamped at Orange Grove, a mile or two north of the town, the mounted troops being out in front on the Pretoria road.

Lord Roberts remained at Orange Grove for two or three

days, which to a commander of less strength of character would have been days of acute anxiety. The army had started from the neighbourhood of Kroonstad on May 22nd, and was ready to enter Johannesburg, one hundred and thirty-seven miles distant, on May 30th. There is, perhaps, on record no more rapid march by a force of which the main body was composed of infantry; and as the railway, which had been damaged by the Boers, was not available for purposes of supply, it is a matter of wonder, not that the army on reaching Johannesburg was on short rations, but that after crossing the Vaal it had anything to eat at all. Some supplies no doubt were found in Johannesburg, and more might be expected in case of success at Pretoria; but, broadly speaking, the army depended for its subsistence upon the speedy repair and uninterrupted use of the railway line, and in case of any check this dependence would become absolute.

At the time when Lord Roberts reached Germiston he learned that the Boers were making a desperate attempt to break up his communications south of the Vaal. On May 29th Sir Leslie Rundle had had a six hours' battle against a strong Boer force at Biddulph's Berg near Senekal, after which he retired to Senekal, where he was reinforced by a brigade of the sixth division. This looked as if Rundle were hard pressed. The same day Colonel Spragge, commanding the thirteenth battalion of Yeomanry, marching from Kroonstad towards Lindley, was attacked; while the Highland brigade, which arrived at Heilbron, reported that it had been continually engaged throughout its march from Ventersburg. On the 31st the thirteenth battalion of Yeomanry was compelled to surrender to the Boers near Lindley.

These events were serious enough to make it imprudent for Lord Roberts to move the main body of his army further to the north while he was uncertain as to the fate of his communications. On hearing of the attack on the Yeomanry he at once telegraphed to Lord Methuen, then at Heilbron, who immediately set out from that place, marched forty-four miles in twenty-five hours, and, though too late to save the Yeomanry, attacked and routed the Boers. This was on June 1st, and on hearing of it Lord Roberts seems to have determined that he might face the further risk to his communications. At any rate, on June 4th his army was two days' march beyond Johannesburg and engaged near Six Mile Spruit with the force which, in spite of the timidity of the burghers of Pretoria, General Louis Botha had collected to defend the capital. The British force was as usual deployed on a broad front, so that the Boers were enclosed in a great semicircle, spreading from Irene

Station on the railway in a great sweep round the west side of the town towards the railway on the north, where the cavalry of the left flank was making for Waterval camp, the place where the British prisoners were confined. During the night the Boer commandant agreed to surrender the town, and on June 5th Lord Roberts fulfilled the promise he had made on March 13th at Bloemfontein, that he would march into Pretoria at the head of the Guards' Brigade. Three thousand British prisoners were released and formed a substantial reinforcement to the British. About a thousand had been removed by the Boers between May 30th and June 4th.

The advance to Pretoria was the decisive stroke which, logically speaking, brought the war to an end by settling the question at issue in so far as it was a trial of strength. Since June 5th the Boers still in the field have been fighting without a rational motive. The Transvaal State is destroyed; the whole world recognises that its career is at an end, and even the most irreconcilable Boer is aware that further resistance has no intelligible purpose. War, however, is a matter not of logic only but also of passion. The bitter feelings of many of the Boers and the courage of some of them naturally impelled them to go on fighting so long as fighting was possible. The fall of Pretoria, therefore, though it ended the conflict between the British and Boer States, did not end the military operations, for there was left to Lord Roberts the task of disarming the remaining fragments of the Boer army.

Apart from scattered parties these were, first, the force which Louis Botha had withdrawn from Pretoria; secondly, that with which Mr. Steyn was still holding the field in the region between Heilbron, Kroonstad, Ficksburg, and Bethlehem; and lastly, the rearguard at Lang's Nek. Botha had remained in observation a few miles to the east of Pretoria, on the Delagoa Bay Railway; and as his presence there, being known to the Boers, placed difficulties in the way of the necessary business of collecting supplies from the country, Lord Roberts determined to drive him away. On June 11th the British army attacked Botha in position near Hatherley. The Boer general had chosen his ground so well that Lord Roberts thought it imprudent to deliver a frontal attack, and accordingly, while he deployed the main body of infantry in front of the position, he entrusted the attack to the mounted troops on the wings, French on the left, and Ian Hamilton, supported by infantry, on the right. The Boers held their ground well, but towards evening fell back on a second position further to the east, upon which the attack was renewed next day. On the 12th

Lord Roberts, perceiving that the enemy had weakened his centre to strengthen his wings, made a successful frontal attack. The position thus became untenable, and the Boer army at nightfall retreated, to be pursued next day by the British mounted troops, which dispersed the Boer rear-guard with some loss. This three days' fight appears to have convinced Botha and the bulk of his followers that their case was hopeless. But Botha was prevented from making submission by a sense of honour which does him great credit. To the south of the Vaal Steyn and De Wet were still holding out, and as they and their followers had entered on the war in virtue of his alliance with the Transvaal, Botha felt bound to make no formal submission so long as they were unsubdued.

During the period of the advance from Kroonstad to Pretoria Sir Redvers Buller had been watching Lang's Nek with one of his divisions and with the other two repairing the railway and repelling a Boer menace to his communications from the districts of Utrecht and Vryheid. He had had ample time to repair the railway and perfect his supplies and transport, and on June 8th, after preliminary reconnaissance and movements on the preceding days, Hildyard's division attacked and carried the crest of the Drakensberg at and to the north of Botha's pass. The division then made a long march behind the Drakensberg, driving back the Boers in several engagements, and on June 12th struck the railway and the high road a few miles to the north of Volksrust. The Boers had evacuated Lang's Nek, which was occupied by Clery the same day, June 12th. There were no supplies at Volksrust, and transport over the mountains was impracticable, so that Buller fell back to the position at Lang's Nek, where he waited for the repair of the tunnel. This was effected by the 18th, and on the 22nd Buller's advance-guard, formed of Dundonald's cavalry, entered Standerton. On the 23rd Ian Hamilton, moving south from Pretoria, occupied Heidelberg, after which the two forces joined hands. The opening of the railway from Durban to Pretoria, which was prepared by these movements, would give Lord Roberts a second line of supply and relieve him from further serious anxiety with regard to his communications.

The attempts made in the Free State against the British communications were still continued. On June 4th a considerable convoy was seized near Heilbron. On June 7th a battalion of militia, the Derbyshires, was captured near Roodeval, to the north of Kroonstad, by the Boers, who at this time destroyed the railway for many miles between Honig Spruit and Heilbron Road. On the 11th Methuen, to whom reinforcements

had been brought from the Transvaal by Kincherer, attacked and defeated De Wet at Rhenoster. Since the middle of June the arrangements for the defence of the railway appear to have been complete, and subsequent Boer raids against it have been defeated without difficulty.

During the month of June Sir Leslie Rundle, whom we left at Tushanah at the beginning of May, assisted by Brabant with the Colonial mounted division, gradually and continuously advanced, driving before him the remnants of the Free State army, and occupying in succession Ladybrand, Ficksburg, and Senekal. He appears to have established a cordon between Ficksburg and Senekal for the purpose of repelling any raids that might be attempted by the enemy into the region to the west and south-west of his line. Lord Roberts may intend this line and that from Senekal to Kroonstad to be held on the defensive until the forces of Hamilton and Methuen can move southward from Frankfort and Heilbron and drive Mr. Steyn's burghers against it. The area occupied by the Boers was much diminished by the occupation of Lindley in the latter part of June, and by the capture of Bethlehem, Mr. Steyn's last capital, on July 7th. With the capture or dispersion of the forces under Steyn and De Wet the war ought to come to an end.

In a review of operations of which only the main outline is known, the critical judgment is necessarily restricted to a consideration of that outline; and even in regard to the large movements it must not be forgotten that the situation which furnished the Commander-in-chief with his problem is only imperfectly before us. Facts which may have weighed heavily with him may be entirely unknown to observers at home. What opinion, then, ought to be formed of the chief feature of the campaign which has been sketched—the advance along the railway line from Bloemfontein to Pretoria?

The answer may be found by examining the other possible courses, of which it will be evident that the principal alternative was an advance from Bloemfontein into the eastern portion of the Free State for the purpose of destroying the Free State army. If such an advance was to be effective it must have been based upon the railway line between Brankfort and Kroonstad. Rundle's force would have been the right wing which would have held the enemy on the south, while a left wing might have moved towards Bethlehem in conjunction with an advance of the Natal Field Force through the Drakensberg. Such a move would, however, have exposed to the attacks of the Transvaal army, possibly reinforced by a portion of the Free State forces, both the railway and the narrow belt which

the army would have had to be supplied from the railway line. The convoys would probably have been more difficult to protect than was the railway according to the plan actually adopted. The destruction of the Free State forces could not even by this plan have been ensured, for their mobility would have given them a fair chance of escape. But had it been effected, its political results, its immediate consequences for the position of Great Britain in the world, would not have been comparable with those produced by the occupation of Pretoria. Moreover the movements would have been necessarily slow, so that the war would have been considerably prolonged; while the movements of the British army eastward from the railway line would have left the Transvaal army, which in that case would have had no immediate anxiety for the territory of the Republic, at liberty to make a much more effective opposition to the column destined for the relief of Mafeking. It seems probable therefore that the decision to move straight upon Pretoria and to follow the line of the railway was absolutely correct.

It cannot be too often repeated that in war the difficulties of execution are infinitely greater than those of design. The campaign of Pretoria reveals a remarkable economy in the distribution of the forces employed. The central column, composed roughly of three infantry and two mounted divisions, was strong enough to be sure of overcoming any resistance that the Boers could offer to its advance. Any addition to it in the first instance might well have overstrained the possibilities of supply. The force left to guard the communications—three divisions of infantry and one of mounted troops—might perhaps seem, in view of the facts now known, to have been by no means excessive, considering the great mobility of the Boer troops and the very large extent of country to be guarded. But it must be remembered that until the main army had crossed the Vaal that army itself protected the communications in its immediate neighbourhood, and that as it crossed the Vaal the force on the communications received substantial reinforcement by the arrival of Methuen's division, brought up at the opportune moment by its long march from Boshof. In the same way the main column, after its arrival at Pretoria had brought into view the possible necessity for large detachments being sent out in pursuit of the dispersed Boer forces, received the important reinforcement of Hunter's division from the Bechuanaland railway.

A delicate problem is offered by the use made of the army in Natal. The relief of Ladysmith took place on February 28th; the forward movement was not resumed until May 12th. During

the operations in the country east of Bloemfontein at the close of April a movement by two of Buller's divisions into the Free State, while the third observed the Biggarsberg, might have contributed considerably to the collapse of the resistance in the Free State. Why the Natal field-force remained so long inactive we have yet to learn.

When it is considered that Lord Roberts had to deal with a hostile population indistinguishable from the army opposed to him, and that the country in which he was operating offered greater difficulties of movement and fewer possibilities of local supply than most of those in which there is any experience of civilised war, it is impossible to withhold our admiration for the rapidity of his movements, the accuracy of his combinations, and the insight with which in every case he had forecast the effect upon the enemy of each of his own moves. Disappointment has occasionally been expressed with the absence of a decisive battle and its concomitant—a crushing loss inflicted upon the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners. But it must be remembered that the Boers, in virtue of their living on horseback and of the habits of war acquired by them in the conflicts of several generations with the native Kaffirs, are probably the best adepts in the world in the art of running away at the last moment, and that it is extremely difficult, except with an army of similar composition, to compel a force of that kind to stand and fight. The great object of the war was to destroy the military power of the Boers and to assert the authority of the British Government over their widely extended territories. This object Lord Roberts has undoubtedly attained; and though the military operations are not yet concluded, it seems even now safe to say that he has attained it with a sacrifice of life incomparably smaller than has been necessary in any previous war which could be compared, in respect of the importance of the issue, the extent of the area of operations, or the determination of the combatants, with that of which we are now witnessing the close.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—MALARIA AND THE MOSQUITO.

1. *Lectures on the Malarial Fevers.* By William Sydney Thayer, M.D. London: Henry Kimpton, 1899.
2. *On the Role of Insects, Arachnids, and Myriapods as Carriers in the Spread of Bacterial and Parasitic Diseases of Man and Animals. A Critical and Historical Study.* By George H. F. Nuttall, M.D., Ph.D. 'Johns Hopkins Hospital Reports.' Vol. VIII.
3. *Instructions for the Prevention of Malarial Fever.* Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Memoir I. Liverpool: University Press, 1899.
4. *Report of the Malaria Expedition of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine and Medical Parasitology.* By Ronald Ross, D.P.H., M.R.C.S., H. E. Annett, M.D., D.P.H., and E. E. Austen. Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Memoir II. Liverpool: University Press, 1900.
5. *A System of Medicine, by many Writers.* Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt, M.A., M.D., LL.D. Vol. II, 1897; Vol. III, 1897. London: Macmillan and Co.
6. *A Handbook of the Gnats and Mosquitoes.* By Major Geo. M. Giles, I.M.S., M.B., F.R.C.S. London: John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, Ltd., 1900.
7. *Reports to the Malaria Committee, Royal Society, 1899 and 1900.* By various Authors. London: Harrison and Sons, 1900.

IT has been said that one half the mortality of the human race is due to malaria. This may very well be an exaggeration, but there can be little doubt that of all the ills that flesh is heir to malaria is the most deadly, and exercises the most profound influence on the distribution and activities of

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man. It will be seen later that the disease is most rife where the densest populations are found; and the mortality of such a closely crowded area as India gives some idea of the enormous loss of life and the wide-spread suffering caused by this disease. In 1892, out of a total population in India of 217,255,655, the deaths from all causes reached the figure of 6,980,785. Of these, 4,921,583 were ascribed to 'fever.' All these fevers were not of course malarial, but comparison with other statistics leads to the belief that a high percentage of them was caused by malaria. Major Ross states that in 1897 over five million deaths in the same country were recorded as due to 'fever,' and that out of a total strength of 178,197 men in the British army in India 75,821 were treated in the hospitals for malaria. Fifty years ago the loss from malaria amongst the European population of India was 13 per thousand. With improved methods of living and more skilful treatment this has been reduced to 7 per thousand; but the native, who is slow to change his ways, and usually averse to modern methods of treatment, still retains a very high fever death-rate, over 18 per thousand. During the years 1887-1897 the average mortality in Italy attributed to malaria was 15,000 a year, and 2,000,000 patients annually suffered from 'fever.'

Apart from the mortality due to this disease, the amount of suffering and the decline in human power and activity which it entails deserve careful attention. Compared with the number of patients, the number of deaths is by no means large. In round numbers, out of every thousand soldiers in the British army in India in 1897, 420 men were attacked by malaria, but only one in a thousand died; even in the 'most malarious' districts the death-rate only amounted to 6 per thousand. In Sierra Leone, a district much more fatal than any in India, the average death-rate of the white troops, based on hospital records extending from 1892 to 1898, is estimated by Major L. M. Wilson at 42.9 per thousand, whilst that of the coloured troops is 5.9 per thousand. On the other hand the European troops show an annual admission to the hospital of 2134 cases per thousand, and the non-European troops one of 1056 per thousand. These figures probably under-estimate the amount of fever amongst the troops. It must be remembered that many soldiers who have slight attacks of fever do not present themselves at the hospital, whilst of those who do a considerable number are only detained for slight treatment, and are never entered on the hospital books, and so are not recorded on the returns.

From the statistics quoted above, it appears that of our

soldiers in India three out of every seven suffer from an annual attack of malaria sufficiently pronounced to be recorded on the medical books, whilst our soldiers on the west coast of Africa have an average of at least two attacks a year, and a considerable number of them die. There is no reason to believe that the civil population of India or West Africa is in any degree more exempt from the disease than the military, but the statistics in the latter case are more readily accessible.

Malarial fever, when it does not kill, leaves great weakness behind; and all who have watched malaria patients, or patients who are already recovering from an attack, cannot fail to have noticed the listlessness and want of interest in their surroundings and the lack of inclination to work that they all show. Apart from the mortality, the disease probably levies a heavier tribute on the capacity of the officers and officials who administer the British Empire than does any other single agency.

Before describing the organism which causes all this misery a word or two must be said about the distribution of the disease. Roughly speaking, malaria is confined to a broad irregular belt running round the world between the 4th isothermal line north of the equator and the 16th line south. It is, however, said to occur occasionally outside these limits, for instance, in Southern Greenland and at Irkutsk in Siberia; but until recently the accurate diagnosis of the disease has been difficult, and too much reliance must not be placed on these statements. The chief endemic foci of the disease are along the banks and deltas of large rivers, on low coasts, and around inland lakes and marshes. Malaria is common all round the Mediterranean region: it was well known to, and its symptoms were clearly noted by, the early physicians since the time of Hippocrates. They even recognised the difference between the mild spring and summer attacks and the more pernicious effects of the autumnal fever. In France there are several prominent malarial districts: the valley of the Loire and its tributary the Indre, and the valley of the Rhone; also the sea coast stretching from the mouth of the Loire to the Pyrenees, and again the Mediterranean seaboard. It occurs in Switzerland, and is found in Germany along the Baltic coasts, and on the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, and other rivers, and in many other parts. Scarcely a province in Holland is quite free from it, and it is found in Belgium and around Lake Wener, in Sweden. It extends along the lower Danube and around the Black Sea, and spreads across Russia, being especially prevalent along the course of the Volga and around the Caspian. From Europe it spreads over *Asia Minor*, and affects all southern Asia as far as the

East Indies, but in Japan it is curiously rare. It is also infrequent in Australia—where it is confined to the northern half of the continent—and in many of the Pacific Islands; and it is unknown in the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Samoa. In America it is more common, and of a more severe type on the Atlantic sea-board than on the Pacific; in the last hundred years its northern limit is said to have retreated in the centre of the continent, though some observers think it is creeping further north in the Eastern States. In a mild form it is known around the Great Lakes, and in Canada and in New England; but it reaches a high degree of intensity in the Southern States, Mexico, Cuba, and Central America, where it probably played a greater part in ruining the projected Panama Canal than all the corrupt financing of the speculators in Paris. It extends throughout the warmer parts of South America, and is known in a virulent form all over Africa except the extreme South.

In Great Britain it used to flourish. The following extract from Graham's 'Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century' shows what a part it played in the life of the Scottish peasant.

'The one ailment to which they were most liable, and in which dirt had no share, was ague. This was due to the undrained land, which retained wet like a sponge, and was full of swamps and bogs and morasses in which "green grew the rushes." Terribly prevalent and harassing this malady proved to the rural classes, for every year a vast proportion of the people were prostrated by it, so that it was often extremely difficult to get the necessary work of the fields performed in many districts. In localities like the Carso of Gowrie, which in those days abounded in morasses and deep pools, amongst whose rushes the lapwings had their haunt, the whole population was every year stricken more or less with the trouble, until the days came when drainage dried the soil, and ague and lapwings disappeared.'

In England it was once very prevalent. James I died of 'a tertian ague' at Theobalds, near London, and Cromwell succumbed at Whitehall to a 'bastard tertian ague' in 1658, a year in which malaria was very widely spread and very malignant; and it is only within recent memory that the fen districts in Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, Romney Marsh in Kent, and the marshy districts of Somerset have lost their evil reputation for ague. The older chemists in the towns in the fen districts still recall the lucrative trade their fathers carried on in opium and preparations of quinine with the *feamen* during the first half of this century; but with the

improved drainage of the fens this has all disappeared, and at present cases of endemic malaria appear to be unknown in England, though sporadic cases turn up at rare intervals. It was also very prevalent along the estuary of the Thames, both on the Essex and Kentish marshes. Pip in 'Great Expectations' says to his convict:—

"I think you have got the ague." "I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he. "It's bad about here," I told him. "You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish."

Ireland, which appears at first sight peculiarly adapted for the disease, seems to have been remarkably free from it. It may be that the strong antiseptic quality of the peaty bog-water hinders the development of the larval mosquito.

Turning now to the cause of the disease, it is interesting to note that the discovery of the organism which produces all this misery and death took place just about the time when Koch was making his far-reaching investigations into the cause of tuberculosis. In 1880 Koch was at work on the tubercle bacillus; and in the same year a French army surgeon, named Laveran, looking down a microscope in a remote military station in Algiers at a preparation of blood taken from a malarious soldier, recognised for the first time the small organism which has played a larger part in human affairs than the greatest politician or general that ever lived. This small organism is an animal, not a plant. It belongs to the great group of single-celled organisms, mostly microscopic in size, called Protozoa, and it lives as a parasite inside the body of other animals, from which it abstracts what nutriment it needs. Before describing its structure and life-history a word or two must be said about its surroundings in the body of man.

That blood consists of a fluid in which enormous numbers of cells called blood-corpuscles float is now a matter of common knowledge. These corpuscles are of two kinds, the red and the white, but the red surpass the white in number, in proportions ranging from 300 up to 700 to 1. A cubic millimetre of blood contains about five million red corpuscles; and since these act as the carriers of oxygen from the lungs to the tissues all over the body, and on their return journey carry away the carbon dioxide from the tissues to the lungs, where it is given off, it is obvious that the presence of a parasite in the red corpuscle will have a most serious effect upon the welfare of the body.

Before Laveran's discovery, Lankester had described a *parasitic organism* living in the blood-cells of a frog, and

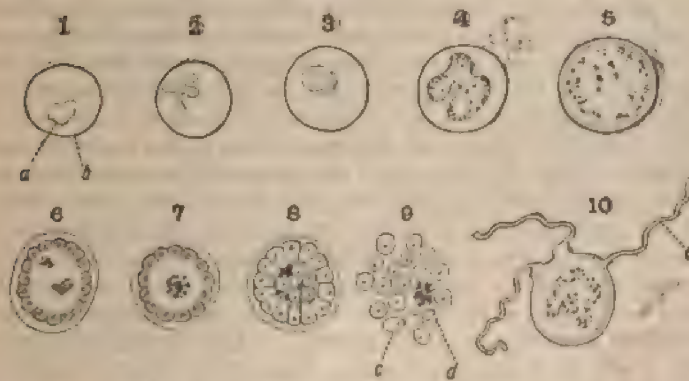
within the last twenty years numerous other organisms have been discovered and described by various investigators living in the blood-corpuscles of reptiles, birds, monkeys, and bats. There are at least three species of Haematozoa, as they are called, which live in the blood of man, and these three correspond to the three kinds of malaria, the tertian, the quartan, and the aestivo-autumnal or, as it is often termed, the irregular type of malarial fever, which occurs so frequently in the late summer and autumn in Italy and elsewhere. The haematozoön causing the last-named fever has been especially studied by the Italian observers, and it differs more markedly from those causing the tertian and quartan fevers than the latter do *inter se*. It is not universally conceded that the differences between these three forms of organism are such as to establish a difference of species, but the weight of opinion is in favour of this view. Ross even places the parasite of the aestivo-autumnal fever in a separate genus, and we have throughout this article adopted his nomenclature. Zoologically he groups all the three species infesting man in Wassielevski's family HAEMAMOEBAE, which, besides the human parasites, includes a species found in monkeys, three species in bats, and two in birds. The species causing tertian and quartan fevers are grouped by Ross in the genus *Haemamoeba*, the former being called *Haemamoeba vivax*, the latter *Haemamoeba malariae*. The parasite causing the aestivo-autumnal fever is called *Haemomenas praecox*.

With the exception of a few details the life-history of all these forms is practically identical, although the time which is occupied by different phases of their life-cycle varies in the different species. The account given here applies in the main to them all.

The organism which Laveran saw living in the blood-corpuscles of his malarious patient was a minute cell of irregular shape whose nucleus can be demonstrated by the use of appropriate reagents. The cell constantly but slowly changes its outline, pushing out and withdrawing blunt rounded processes: in fact the cell resembles the lobate forms of one of the simplest microscopic animals we know, the *Amoeba* (Fig. 1). The movements and change of shape consequent on them are termed amoeboid, and the organism in this stage is known as an amoebula. These amoebulae, whilst in the blood-cell, grow rapidly, and in some way they collect the haemoglobin, or colouring matter of the red corpuscle, within their own bodies, and convert it into a number of dark brown or black pigment granules, which crowd around the nucleus of the parasite. This pigment, the so-called malarial pigment or melanin, had been

recognised by Virchow and others about the middle of the nineteenth century as a characteristic product in the blood of malarial patients. The amoebulae continue to grow rapidly, at the expense of their cell-host, until, after a definite period, which varies from one to several days, they become mature, and by this time they have completely filled up the red corpuscle, whose scanty remains form a tight skin round the fully grown parasite (1-8, Fig. 1). When mature, one of two things happens—either they become (i) gametocytes, whose meaning and fate

Fig. 1.



The parasite of Tertian Fever, *Haemamoeba vivax* (Ross). Highly magnified. Figures 1, 2, 3, 4 show the growth and the changing shape of the parasite within the blood-corpuscle. Figures 3, 4, & 5, show the aggregation of the pigment, melanin, in the parasite. Figure 5 is a sporocyte, which in Figures 6, 7, and 8 shows the several stages of sporulation. Figure 9 shows the spores derived from a single sporocyte, escaped from the blood-corpuscle and free in the blood-plasm, ready to infect new corpuscles. Figure 10 is a male gametocyte, removed from the body of man, and either in the stomach of *Anopheles* or on a microscope-slide, forming there flagella or spermatozoa. a. parasite; b. red blood-corpuscle; c. spore; d. granules of pigment, melanin; e. flagellum or spermatozoa. From Thayer.

we will consider later, or they become (ii) sporocytes. In the latter case the nucleus of the amoebula breaks up into a number of small nuclei, and each surrounds itself by a small mass of protoplasm and forms a spore (5-8, Fig. 1). The result of this process of division may be roughly realised if we imagine an orange with but one pip in each 'quarter.' Then the skin of the orange will represent what is left of the red blood-corpuscle, the flesh will represent the divided sporocyte, each 'quarter' will represent a spore, and the pip will represent its nucleus.

At this stage the skin to which the red corpuscle has been reduced breaks, and the spores fall into the liquid part of the blood (9, Fig. 1). The pigment granules which escape at the same time also pass into the liquid of the blood, and are eaten up and removed by those scavengers of the vascular system, the white corpuscles. Each of the spores, after remaining a short time in the fluid of the blood, attaches itself to a new red corpuscle, penetrates its body, and becomes a small amoebula, which repeats the life-history described above. In this way a few organisms will soon produce enough spores to infect a very large number of blood-corpuscles; as many as sixty per cent. are in some cases infected. The severity of the attack naturally depends in a great degree on the number of corpuscles infected. Laveran not only first recognised and described the organism* we are dealing with, but he definitely connected its presence with malaria; but it was not until some time later, in 1885, that Golgi described the sporulation of the sporocyte and pointed out that the moment of the escape of the spores from the red corpuscle coincides with the paroxysm of the fever. Since all the amoebulae of one crop are at about the same stage of growth in any one host, millions of spores in a well-infected patient are thrown into the liquid of the blood at about the same time; and it is clear that this must be accompanied by a profound disturbance of the system. This disturbance manifests itself in a feverish attack. The period when the spores have left the corpuscles and are free in the liquid of the blood is also the time at which the administration of quinine is said to be most effective. Further, it is only at this stage that the disease can be artificially transferred from one man to another. All efforts to transmit the gametocytes have ended in failure.

Haemamoeba vivax, which causes the tertian fever, passes through the various stages of its life-history in man in forty-eight hours; hence the febrile paroxysm occurs every second day. Malaria is usually of the tertian type, and this is certainly the most common form in temperate climates. Occasionally the infection has been repeated, and we may find that there are two groups of the parasite present in the blood, which arrive at the sporulating stage on alternate days; in this case the febrile symptoms manifest themselves every day, and the type of malaria is designated 'quotidian intermittent fever.' In this case, if a single dose of quinine be administered at the right time, one group of parasites is killed off and the quotidian

* It had been seen before by Virchow and others, who, however, did not recognise its importance.

fever is reduced to a tertian. There may occasionally be more than two groups present, or the parasites may for some reason have failed to arrange themselves in groups, in which case the fever becomes irregular or continuous.

In the quartan fever the parasite *Haemamoeba malariae* takes seventy-two hours to complete its cycle in man, and the paroxysms occur every three days—that is, there are two days without febrile symptoms, followed by a day when there is a paroxysm. This form is common in Sicily and in certain parts of Italy, for instance around Pavia. Just as in the tertian fever, so in quartan there may be a second infection, in which case paroxysms arise on two successive days, followed by a day of intermission of the fever. If a third group be present we have a quotidian fever. The aestivo-autumnal fever, due to *Haemomenas praecox*, is noted by a marked irregularity in its clinical symptoms. It usually sets in during August, September, or October, and is attended by much more serious results than are the regular intermittent fevers. The ‘pernicious’ or ‘malignant’ form of malaria, rarely seen in temperate climates, but common in the tropics, is caused—in many cases, though perhaps not in all—by the same parasite.

From what has been above described, it is evident that when once the parasite has obtained entrance to the blood it may remain and multiply for years. The parasite is, however, very susceptible to the poisonous action of quinine, and this is especially the case at the time when sporulation has just taken place and the spores are being set free in the blood. Quinine seems to have little or no effect on the organisms whilst they are inside the blood-corpuscle, but shortly before the paroxysm is due it should be administered. Quinine is amongst the very few absolutely trustworthy specifics known to medical science. It seems to have been introduced into Europe in the year 1640 by the Countess of Chinchon, a small town south-east of Madrid. The Countess was Vice-Queen of Peru, and in 1638 was cured of a tertian fever by the use of Peruvian bark. Shortly afterwards she started for Europe with a supply of the drug, but unfortunately died on the voyage. About a hundred years later Linnaeus named the plant after this lady, but acting on erroneous information omitted the first ‘h’ in the name, and called the plant Cinchona. According to some authorities the word ‘quinine’ is derived from ‘quina,’ the Spanish spelling of the Peruvian word ‘kina,’ which signified bark.

But to come back to the parasite. It was mentioned above that the amoebulae become either sporocytes or gametocytes. We have followed the fate of the former and must now turn our

attention to the latter. In the genus *Haemamoeba* the gametocyte has a general resemblance to the sporocyte before its nucleus divides and it begins to form spores; and it is impossible to predict which amoebulae will become sporocytes and which will become gametocytes. In *Haemomenas*, however, the gametocyte can be recognised at an early stage. In this genus some of the amoebulae become globular and ultimately form spores, whilst others become elongated and slightly curved; in fact, they assume the shape of minute sausages. These are the gametocytes. It is on this difference in shape that Ross has founded his new genus for the parasite of the aestivo-autumnal fever, all the essential characters of which had, however, been previously recognised by Italian and American observers.

So long as the gametocytes remain in the blood of the patient they undergo no further development; on being liberated from the cell into the fluid of the blood, they degenerate and die; but if they be removed even only on to a microscope-slide they begin to develop. They escape from the red corpuscle in which they have hitherto been confined, and some of them—the male gametocytes—are then seen suddenly to emit long filaments (10, Fig. 1). These filaments can be watched under a high power, struggling violently to free themselves from the cell which has given rise to them. Ultimately they succeed, and breaking loose at once dart away amongst the corpuscles and other *débris* on the slide. So long ago as 1880 Laveran had seen these bodies, but until 1897 their nature was quite misunderstood. This formation of the filaments or flagella, sometimes called 'flagellation,' can only take place at comparatively high temperatures. This has an important relation to the seasonal variation in the prevalence of the disease.

Hitherto in this article we have only studied the malarial parasite inside the body, with the exception that we have just seen that, should it get out, certain cells undergo a further development and produce mobile filaments. It occurred to many that these filaments might be spores, which were in some way carried into the blood of man. Later research showed that this is not their true meaning; but, acting on some such belief, Dr. Patrick Manson propounded the hypothesis that the spores may be conveyed to man by the intervention of some blood-sucking insect; and the brilliant and laborious researches of Major Ross, undertaken with the view of establishing the truth or falsehood of this hypothesis, have within the last few years cleared up the whole question of the transmission of the disease from one patient to another.

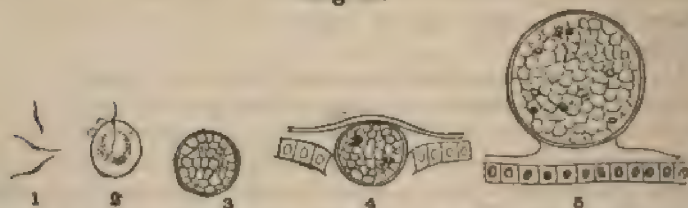
It is a well established belief in many malarious countries that the mosquito plays a part in the infection. The negroes of the Usambara Mountains, who acquire the disease when they descend to the plains, even use the same word to denote the disease and the mosquito. In Assam, in Italy, and in Southern Tirol, the belief in the mosquito origin of malaria obtains. Experienced travellers, like Livingstone, Emin Pasha, and General Gordon, insisted on the importance of mosquito nets, thinking that the netting 'acted as a filter against the malarial poison,' and knowing by experience that its presence diminished the tendency to the disease. The whole epidemiological evidence was put together in a masterly essay on the mosquito theory, read before the Philosophical Society of Washington in 1883, by Professor A. F. A. King. There was thus a considerable body of opinion in favour of the mosquito-malaria-theory, when, in 1894, Manson explained his views to Major Ross, at that time a surgeon in the Indian Medical Service.

Manson's own epoch-making researches on *Filaria*—another human parasite whose intermediate host is the mosquito—no doubt strengthened his faith and helped to encourage Major Ross, who in 1895 began in Secunderabad a series of investigations, which, after much weary work, were crowned with brilliant success. The difficulties of the work were very great. Hardly anything was known about the great number of gnats and mosquitoes which are found all over India, and it was often impossible to have them accurately determined. Then no one could predict the appearance of the parasite within the body of the mosquito—if it were there—or in what part of the body it should be looked for. The mosquito had to be searched cell by cell. The difficulty of dissecting a mosquito is great even in temperate climes, and when we recollect that hundreds of all the available species were dissected in the most malarious districts of India, we must recognise that it was only a faith akin to that which moves mountains which sustained the courage and stimulated the perseverance of the tireless worker. For nearly two years and a half Major Ross searched in vain. No matter what species of mosquito he worked at, the results were negative. A less determined man would long ago have abandoned the research; Major Ross only tried new methods. At Sigur Ghat, near Ootacamund, a peculiarly malarious district, he noticed for the first time a mosquito with spotted wings which laid boat-shaped eggs. Shortly afterwards he was able to feed eight specimens of this mosquito on a patient whose blood contained the parasites in the gametocyte stage—and it

should have been mentioned above that all mosquitoes dissected were first fed upon the blood of malarious patients. Six of these insects were searched through and through, organ by organ, but without result. The seventh showed certain unusual cells in the outer surface of the stomach, which contained a few granules of the characteristic black pigment or melanin of malarial fever. The eighth and last specimen showed the same characteristic cells with the same characteristic pigment, but the peculiar cells, quite unlike anything hitherto met with in the mosquito's body, were larger and further developed. 'These fortunate results practically solved the malaria problem.'

Without following in detail the various stages of the further investigations carried on by Major Ross, we must endeavour to give an account of the final results obtained by him and later

Fig. II.

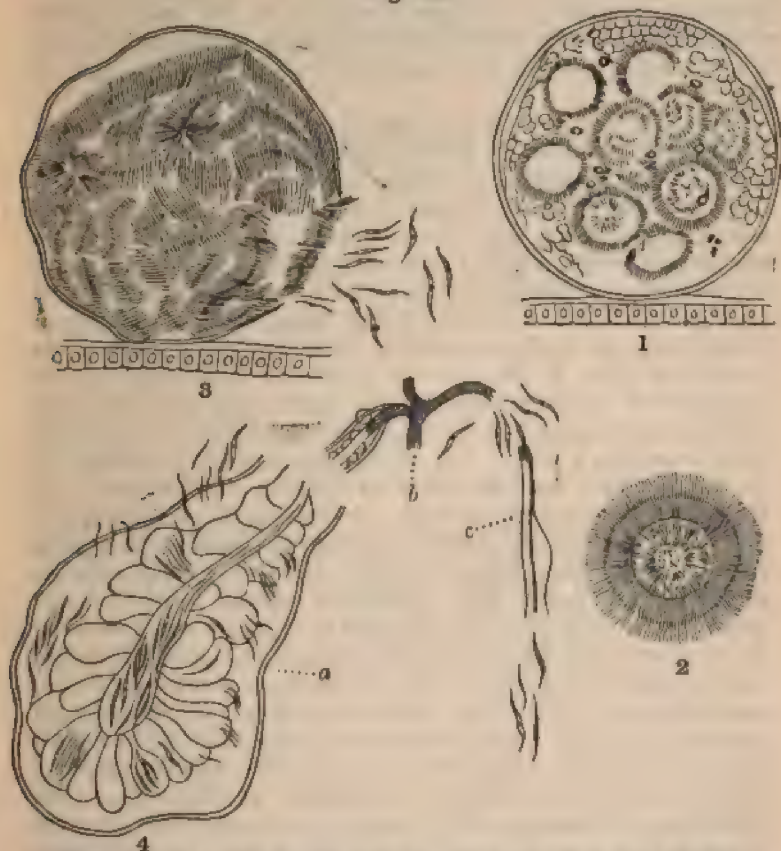


Various stages which the parasite of the Acute-autumnal Fever, *Haemomena praeceox* (Ross), passes through in the body of the mosquito *Anopheles*. Magnified 2000 times. After Ross and Fielding-Ould. Figure 1. Flagella or spermatozoa from male gametocyte (see Fig. I above). Figure 2. Flagellum or spermatozoön entering and fertilising the female gametocyte. Figure 3. The fertilised cell or 'zygote.' Figures 1, 2, 3 are found in the blood in the stomach of the *Anopheles*. Figure 4. The fertilised cell piercing the wall of the stomach of the mosquito to come to rest as Figure 5 between the epithelial lining of the stomach and the muscular sheath.

investigators. Being unable to obtain material for the study of malaria in man owing to the scare caused by the outbreak of plague amongst the natives, Ross worked out the life-history of an allied organism which causes malaria in birds. It is to the brilliant researches of the Italian school—prominent among whom are Grassi, Bastianelli, and Bignami—that we owe the first complete accounts of the life-history of the human parasite. It has already been explained that some of the parasites do not form spores, but persist in a more or less unchanged condition whilst in the blood of man as gametocytes. We have also seen that when removed from the human body some of these gametocytes throw off actively mobile filiform bodies. In 1897 MacCallum, of Baltimore, showed what these filiform bodies really are. Certain of the gameto-

cytes do not produce them, but lie passively still on the microscope-slide or in the blood within the mosquito's stomach. These are destined to form the female cell; the filamentous bodies which break off from the first-named gametocyte were seen by MacCallum to fuse with them and in fact to play the part of the male cell or spermatozoön. This, in fact, happens when a mosquito feeds on a malarious patient. The gametocytes, unchanged in the blood of man, as soon as they reach the

Fig. III.



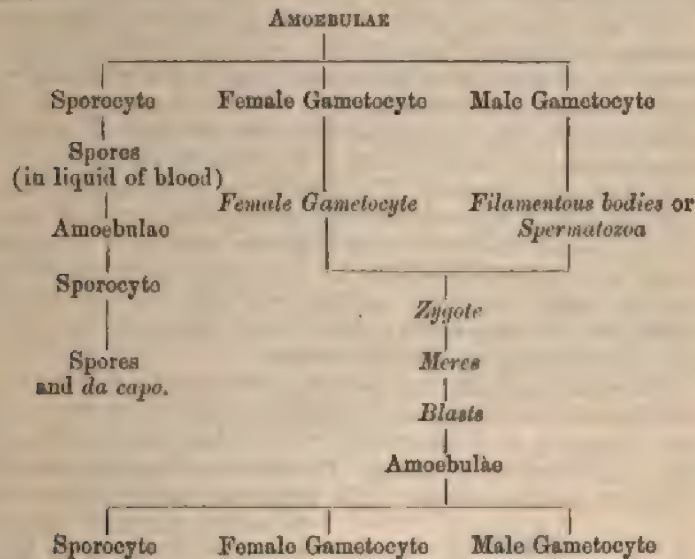
Formation of the blasts of *Haemomenas praecox* (Ross) within the body of the mosquito *Anopheles*. Magnified 2000 times. After Ross and Fielding-Ould. Figure 1. The full-grown zygote dividing up into meres. Figure 2. An isolated mere which has developed its filiform bodies or blasts. Figure 3. The zygote crammed with blasts is bursting. Figure 4. The blasts are making their way into the salivary gland of the mosquito *a*, through it into the oesophagus *b*, and finally into the proboscis *c*.

stomach of the insect, swell and burst from their red corpuscle. The male gametocyte throws off the filiform bodies, which actively swim about seeking a female gametocyte (1, Fig. II.) When found they fuse with it and thus produce a fertilised cell or zygote (3, Fig. II). This zygote is produced on the microscope-slide, and in the alimentary canal of certain mosquitoes, but so far as is known at present it undergoes further development only in the stomach of the various species of the mosquito genus *Anopheles*. In all other cases it dies or is digested. In *Anopheles*, however, the zygote travels to the walls of the stomach, pierces the inner coats and comes to rest underneath the muscular tunic which ensheaths that organ (4 and 5, Fig. II).

At first the zygote is very small, about the size of a red blood-corpuscle; but it grows, and in the course of about a week it has, roughly speaking, increased to five hundred times its original bulk (1 and 3, Fig. III). Its contents have not only increased but have divided into some eight or twelve cells called meres; and each of these meres has given off round its periphery a number of filiform cells called blasts (2, Fig. III). The structure of the mere, with its coating of blasts, may be easily understood by a zoologist when it is mentioned that it very closely resembles that stage in the formation of the spermatozoa of the earth-worm just before the spermatozoa separate themselves from the blastophor; the lay mind may gain a better idea of its appearance by recalling the head of a mop. As the zygote, still resting on the outside of the mosquito's stomach, matures, the cells which are giving rise to the blasts diminish in size and disappear, leaving the capsule packed with thousands of minute filiform slightly spindle-shaped blasts (3, Fig. III). Then the capsule bursts and the blasts make their way into the body-cavity, or space between the stomach and the wall of the mosquito's body. It is not known whether they have any movement of their own, but in some way or another they make their way into the salivary glands of the insect and accumulate in the cells which secrete the saliva. Thence the blasts pass into the salivary duct and down the grooved proboscis of the insect (4, Fig. III). The next time the mosquito has a meal off a man, some of these blasts will be washed into the man's blood by the saliva which causes the irritation set up by a mosquito's bite. It is known that when an infected insect bites a healthy man malaria ensues; and though the blasts have not hitherto been seen to enter the blood-corpuscles, they certainly give rise to the disease, and it can hardly be doubted that they force their way into the red

corpuscles and form the young amoebulae which we described at the beginning of this article.

The appended scheme will perhaps make clear the very diverse phases of these somewhat polymorphic organisms. Those stages which occur in the blood of man are printed in ordinary type, but those which occur in the mosquito are in italics:—



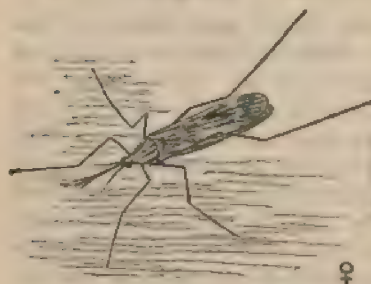
The foregoing account of this varied and romantic life-history is no hypothetical one. With the exception that, so far as we know, no one has yet seen the blasts enter the corpuscles and become amoebulae, every stage in the story has been verified over and over again by competent observers, and their observations are now accepted by all whose opinion in such matters has weight. Further, the facts here recorded are not peculiar to parasites in man. Allied forms of Protozoa attack other vertebrates, and in fact the first Haematozoön whose life-history was thoroughly worked out by Ross was the *Haemamoeba relicta* (*Proteosoma*), which causes a malaria-like disease in birds, and is conveyed from one bird to another by means of the common gnat, *Culex pipiens*. Again, the parasite which causes so much loss to stock owners, the Texas fever organism, *Pyrosoma bigeminum*, is, thanks to the researches of Smith and Kilborne, now known to be conveyed from one ox to another by the cattle-tick, *Boophilus bovis*. Thus, however strange the life-history of the malarial parasite may seem to the

unscientific, it is very much what might have been expected by zoologists who have worked on allied organisms, and it is vouched for in its main features by the most expert workers in England, France, America, Italy, and Germany. The whole literature of the subject of transmission of disease by insects has been ably sifted and brought together by Dr. Nuttall in a monograph whose title stands at the head of this article.

For two years and a half Major Ross dissected mosquitoes, looking for traces of the malaria organism and finding none, but at last he found what he sought in a species of mosquito that had hitherto escaped his attention. This means that, like most other parasites, the *Haemamoebidae* will develop in one kind of animal and in one kind only. If taken up by another kind they are simply digested. The mosquito with the spotted wings and boat-shaped eggs undoubtedly belonged to the genus appropriately named *Anopheles*; and only the species of this genus, so far as we know, are capable of conveying the infection from man to man. In their bodies only will the gametocytes develop. If swallowed by other biting insects or by leeches, &c., they disintegrate and are no more.

The word mosquito has no scientific import; derived from the Spanish or Portuguese, it simply means 'little fly'; it is used popularly to denote a gnat which bites, and most gnats bite when they have a chance. The word is sometimes extended to include certain midges. The Dipterous family, *CULICIDAE*,

Fig. IV.

*Anopheles maculipennis*, Female.

to which the gnat belongs, contains, according to Major Giles, some 242 species, divided amongst eight genera. The great majority of species, some 160, however, belong to the genus *Culex*; *Anopheles* includes 30; whilst the remainder are divided amongst the other six genera, none of which are large. The collections which have recently been made at the British Museum, and which are now

being worked out by Mr. Theobald, are said to contain 10 species of *Anopheles* new to science; so that, if all Major Giles' species are accepted, we have a total of some 40 species of the genus 'which has been hopelessly convicted of being the medium by which the malaria parasite is transmitted from person to person.' According to the last-named authority we have in

England 17 species of *Culex*, and 2 of *Anopheles*, *A. bifurcatus* and *A. maculipennis* (*claviger*), though some authorities are inclined to add a third, *A. nigripes*. Five other species, belonging to the smaller genera of Culicidae, make a total of some 24 species of gnat or mosquito found in England. *Culex pipiens*, probably the commonest gnat the wide world over, conveys the parasite *Proteosoma*, or, as Ross now calls it, *Haemamoeba relicta*, of the avian malaria from bird to bird; but it will not carry the parasite of human malaria. Indeed, fourteen different species of *Culex* have been tried in this respect and in each case with negative results. The same nice adjustment of parasite to host is found in *Anopheles*. It will not convey the bird malaria, that is to say, the gametocytes are destroyed in its body, but it is readily infected by the human parasite, and at the present date no less than nine species have been successfully tried, and this not only in Europe, but in Africa, India, and the United States.

Anopheles is obviously worth studying. It has now been found very commonly distributed in England, *A. maculipennis* abounding in the eastern counties. Its boat-shaped eggs, laid, not as are those of the genus *Culex*, in little rafts, but singly, give rise to a charming little larva, whose diet of minute algae gives a greenish tinge to the centre of the body, which elsewhere is of a brownish hue. When at rest, these small larvae float on the water parallel with the surface, and not hanging down into the water as does the larval *Culex*. They have a most beautiful arrangement of minute hairs, arranged like the ribs of an umbrella turned inside out, along the upper surface of their backs, and by the action of these hairs they hang on to the surface-film. Their breathing organs open near the tail, but are not produced into the long respiratory tube by which the *Culex* larva can be so easily recognised. They possess the most marvellous arrangements on the head for setting up currents conveying food to the mouth, and, in fact, they afford one of the most charming objects

of 'animated nature' that one could desire to watch. After some days, varying in number according to the temperature, the larva turns into one of those curious active Dipterous pupae which are well known in the case of other gnats. Like the larva, the pupa floats at the surface of the water. When

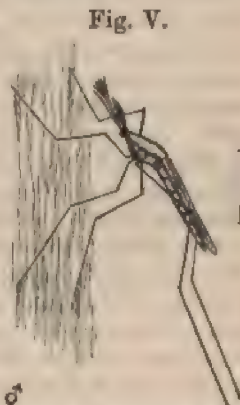


Fig. V.

Anopheles maculipennis, Male, in characteristic attitude.

mature its integument splits along the back; then the perfect insect steps out, rests a moment to dry its wings, and sails away into the air.

It is very doubtful if the male *Anopheles*, which can easily be distinguished from the female by its bushy feathered tentacles quite visible to the naked eye, ever sucks blood. The habit in the female is probably prompted by a desire to obtain material for the growth of the ova. Out of the numerous genus *Culex* only four species are known in which the male bites; and it is probable that malaria is always conveyed from man to man by the activity of the female. It is difficult to say how long mosquitoes live in the imago stage—certainly, if fed, for some weeks. The earlier collectors, not knowing how to feed them, used to cork them up in glass tubes, and then, noticing in a day or two that the poor insect had died, retired to their studies and wrote moral essays on the brevity of life, or learned treatises on the duration of life in relation to the methods of ovipositing. Now we feed the imagos—as a rule, on bananas—and they live well in confinement. The fertilised female survives the winter, hibernating in some dusky corner, and it is probable that some of the eggs also carry the species over the cold months from autumn to the following spring.

It should perhaps be mentioned that the infected mosquito does not transmit the parasites to its offspring. This was an important point to ascertain, because it is known that the tick which causes Texas fever does transmit its parasite to the young ticks, and they in turn communicate the disease to the oxen. A somewhat similar case of the transference from parent to offspring of an organism causing disease is that of the Pébrine, caused by a parasite which attacks silk-worms, and which is conveyed by the infected ova from one generation to another.

The above short *résumé* of the life-history and habits of *Anopheles* has been given as a prelude to the important question: What can be done to diminish malaria? A few years ago, before we understood the cause of the disease, much had been done to lessen it. While aiming at other objects, we drove malaria out of England by draining. Now that we know the secret of the disease we can direct our efforts more intelligently. There are two points exposed to attack. The first is the sporulating organism in the blood of man, the second is the insect. If we could eliminate the organism from man, the mosquito would be saved much suffering and would be powerless to infect man; or, if we could prevent the mosquito from access to man, either by guarding him against its bites or by killing off the insect, the haemotozoön would in the course of time gradually die out.

Both methods should be tried. Malarious patients should, so far as possible, be treated with quinine, and no effort should be spared to free their system from the parasite. Special precautions, such as hanging up mosquito curtains, &c., should be taken to prevent the access of the mosquito to the patient; otherwise he acts as a centre of infection. It is almost equally important to protect the healthy man living in a malarious place. The mosquito net must be carefully made, and let down over the bed well before sunset; its free edges should be tucked under the mattress, and the greatest care should be taken to prevent the ingress of a mosquito, especially when slipping within the curtains. Punkahs should be employed as much as possible; they certainly tend to keep the *Anopheles* at a distance. This summer an experiment has been initiated by Dr. Manson which must convince even those least open to conviction that malaria is preventible if proper precautions be taken. That the bite of an infected mosquito can convey malaria may be taken as proved by the voluntary submission of Mr. T. P. Manson to the experiment, as lately recounted in the 'Times.'* This gentleman allowed himself to be bitten, in this country, by insects previously fed on malarious patients; and in due course the disease—tertian ague—showed itself in him. To prove the other side of the case required even more courage and endurance. Since last May, Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon, of the London School of Tropical Medicine, with Signor Terzi, an Italian artist, and two servants, have been living in a mosquito-proof hut, near Ostia, in the Roman Campagna, and up to the time of writing have remained in perfect health. The spot selected for this experiment is so malarious that the Romans regard spending a single night there as equivalent to contracting a virulent type of malaria. Yet, when Professor Grassi and several other experts visited the mosquito-proof hut on September 12th, they found the inhabitants in perfect health—a fact which they telegraphed, with their salutations, to Dr. Manson, 'who first formulated the mosquito-malarial theory.' The conditions under which Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon and their Italian companions lived were all directed to the avoidance of being bitten by mosquitoes. During the daytime they were allowed out of their hut, because the chance of being bitten in broad daylight is so small that it may be neglected; but they were 'gated' an hour before sunset, and were not allowed out until an hour after sunrise. The mosquitoes were kept out of the hut by the use of wire-gauze doors and windows. By

* The 'Times,' September 21st, 1900; and medical papers.

these precautions contact between mosquito and man has been avoided, and man has lived for months in one of the most malarious spots in Europe without acquiring a trace of malaria. It is most satisfactory to record that a similar success has attended the efforts of the Italian authorities to improve the state of things in the great plain of Salerno. Visitors to Paestum and Battipaglia cannot fail to have noticed how malaria has marked that district as its own. By taking such precautions as are indicated above, the peasants and railway signalmen have this year, for the first time, escaped the disease; whilst for the first time new-comers to the district have failed to contract it. The intelligent activity of the Italian Government, and the well-known interest taken in the question by the King and Queen of Italy, cannot fail to have a profoundly beneficial effect upon the lives of some of the poorest and most hard-working of European peasantry.

The problem in Africa is more complex, owing to the fact that the native population is thoroughly permeated with the parasite. Mr. Christophers and Dr. Stephens, in their 'Further Reports to the Malaria Committee,' have shown that the children of natives are in the great majority of cases infected with malaria. In one village where the *Anopheles* was found in 'considerable numbers' 90 per cent. of the babies suffered, 57 per cent. of the children up to eight years, 28 per cent. of the children up to twelve years, after which age the children were 'very rarely infected.' This is but one example out of many, all tending to show that after a time a certain immunity to the disease is acquired, and further that travellers should as far as possible avoid the neighbourhood of native villages, and, above all, decline to sleep in native huts.

The destruction of the mosquito, at any rate in neighbourhoods inhabited by man, is a matter of difficulty, but is worth attempting. To expect to destroy the mature insect seems a vain thing, but the larva can be more easily dealt with. *Anopheles*—unlike the common gnat, which breeds close to houses, in cisterns, garden fountains, old tubs, drains, &c.—prefers rain-water puddles, natural hollows by the road side, small ponds, and rice-fields. We have occasionally found the larvae of *Anopheles* and *Culex* in the same water in England, but this is probably exceptional. In England, so far as our experience goes, the *Anopheles* larvae are usually met with in shallow water easily heated by the sun's rays; and we have always found them in association with the common green water-weed *Spirogyra*, though they are not known to eat this.

Attention to the standing water round houses or near towns

will do much to diminish the scourge of mosquitoes. All pots and pans containing water should be regularly turned out once a week, and puddles should be brushed out. The larva takes some seven days to develop, so that once a week suffices to destroy each brood. All useless water should be drained away and stagnant ponds filled up. The introduction of fish has markedly diminished the number of mosquitoes around Mr. Hanbury's celebrated garden at La Mortella on the Riviera. They eagerly devour the larvae, and should be made use of in all large areas of water. For smaller areas some *culicicide* should be tried, and more experiments in this direction are urgently needed. One of the simplest remedies known is kerosene oil. A piece of rag tied to a stick should be dipped into the oil, and then applied to the surface of the water. The oil diffuses in a fine film over the surface and clogs the breathing tubes of the larval insect; it possibly interferes with the action of the surface tension; at any rate the larvae die. Fresh tar has the same effect. This 'painting' of the water must be renewed once a week. Wells and cisterns should be kept closed. A more careful selection of the site for houses and a more liberal use of wire-netting mosquito shutters will do much to minimise the risk to Europeans in malarious districts.

The various remedies suggested above have been tried with success in different parts of the world. The writer has been assured by an old inhabitant of Colombo that the mosquitoes have distinctly diminished in number in parts of that town since the custom of storing water near the houses was abandoned. During this summer the authorities at Sassari in Sardinia claim to have 'practically exterminated the mosquitoes . . . by killing the larvae in the swamps with petroleum, and the flies with chlorine and other destructive chemicals.'

The extinction of malaria in England is a kind of by-product of the draining operations which restored to the agriculturist large tracts of land in the fen districts and elsewhere. The breeding-places of the mosquitoes were dried up and their numbers materially lessened; at the same time the parasite was killed in an increasing number of patients. Thus the mosquitoes which survived had fewer opportunities of infecting themselves, and as time went on the parasite was ultimately eliminated. *Anopheles*, though in diminished numbers, is still with us, and is especially to be found in those parts of England once infested with the malaria; but the parasite has disappeared. What has been done in England can be attempted elsewhere.

ART. II.—CHARLES LAMB.

The Life and Works of Charles Lamb. Edited by Alfred Ainger. Twelve vols. London: Macmillan, 1900.

IT is to be remarked that the writings of Charles Lamb are with difficulty attached to any general history of the progress of literature. Eminent as he is, and deeply beloved, his name is often mentioned casually, and as if in a sort of appendix, while contemporaries of his, by no means more eminent, and certainly less lovable, obtain comparatively lengthy examination. This is caused, without doubt, by several conditions. In the first place, with all his charm and power, Lamb was, properly speaking, not a professional writer. By the side of Hazlitt, of Leigh Hunt, of De Quincey, he is an amateur. He did not give his life, or even his leisure, but only his odd moments and occasional moods to the business of writing. By means of very handsome type, thick paper, few words on a page, by means also of including much that Mary Lamb wrote and not Charles, by means of four volumes of familiar correspondence and one of biography, his latest publishers have contrived to extend the 'Works of Charles Lamb' to a dozen tomes; he remains, for all their piety, an occasional writer.

Nor, in the second place, does Charles Lamb shine pre-eminently in his elaborate and ambitious undertakings. We are disappointed to find a certain intensity, which marked his letters and doubtless his conversation, lacking to his dramas, his poems, and his fiction. We are rewarded by it in his essays, which he cast from him in nonchalance, and in his scattered and brief critical dicta. But it is plain that in a historical survey, where volume counts for much, it is not easy to bring so exiguous a writer into competition with his copious friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Godwin, and Southey. Cerebral activity was restricted and intermittent with Charles Lamb; it is an injustice even to make him stand in line with those who could pour forth their thoughts and images in a never-failing stream. As Canon Ainger, the tenderest of his judges, has remarked, 'there is no difficulty in detecting the limitations of Lamb.' That is indeed so easy as to be hardly worth doing at all, and the accomplishment of the trumpety task has usually led to such ignominy as must, to the end of time, follow the peculiar efforts of Carlyle in this direction. It seems to be decreed that the critic who fails to appreciate Lamb shall, in so failing, lay himself open to derision. And it is decreed, too, that the

comparative historian of literature shall find no figure more difficult than Elia to fit into his general plan or puzzle-picture.

We find the nature of Charles Lamb, then, excessively individualised. But this very quality, if it embarrasses the historian, greatly attracts the biographer. In consequence, Lamb, with his clusters of personal details, his vivid unlikeness to all other people, his bounded and restrained character, whose current runs so deep and fast where it runs at all, has been singularly dear to the student of individual physiognomy. Ever since he died, those who have thought they knew and understood him have endeavoured to tell us what manner of man he was. From the first it was comprehended that he belongs to the exceptions, not to the rules, that he would evade the conventional biographical treatment altogether. The portrait of his soul is a labour fitted for a Japanese artist, who will be haunted by no rhetorical tradition, but will patiently add detail to detail till the whole is known. The life of Charles Lamb, the critical study of his work, must not be painted in 'the grand style.' It asks for strenuous labour in the arrangement of a congeries of individual traits and touches. His early biographers were not aware of this. They concealed and they adapted the truth about him. Gradually those weaknesses which they thought it pious to ignore have evaded their discretion. We now know the worst about Charles Lamb, and the severest judgment we can pronounce on his foibles is that they marvellously heighten the picture of his character. We see him now, it is probable, as distinctly as we shall ever see him, and we recognise in him a figure for the pen of Aubrey or the pencil of Holbein. He has found a biographer and editor exactly fitted for him in the Master of the Temple, who has now devoted twenty years to the happy labour of elucidating Charles Lamb.

There is a peculiar interest in studying the development of those minds which first, and with the mightiest throes, labour under the bondage of a time-worn tradition. We follow the intellectual and imaginative emancipation of a Marlowe or a Bürger or an Alfred de Vigny with even keener curiosity than we give to greater men who do not struggle against such local difficulties. Charles Lamb is not, of course, to be mentioned among innovators of this order. There is no incident in his career which parallels the walks and talks of his more inspired friends over the uplands above Alfoxden. Yet Lamb, too, and in a degree which has been insufficiently observed, was a pioneer in the romantic revival. In his early letters, as we now possess them, we are startled by contemporary

references to poets whom we are accustomed to think of as belonging to an earlier age. To the indifferent Coleridge, wholly occupied with the future, Lamb appeals for sympathy with what Burns is doing in Scotland and Cowper in Norfolk. His friends can hardly be said to have broken with the eighteenth century, for they were never chained to it. Lamb, on the other hand, with a greater mental docility, accepts all the partial ameliorations of the end of the old age, and is only gradually dragged on into the full light of romance.

It was circumstance, indeed, and not temperament which made Charles Lamb anything of an innovator. His early letters display him to us as almost painfully handicapped by a humility of judgment which his vivacity of fancy and a growing energy of thought gradually belied. He became confident and self-reliant, but he never ceased to be humble. It is a trait which adds to the beauty of his character and to our sympathy with it, but it is none the less pathetic. To the very last Lamb was timid, easily silenced, daunted by position and wealth and animal spirits superior to his own. If he nerves himself to write a letter to Sir Walter Scott, it is with the determination to be 'very respectful.' That any one should think it an honour to be addressed by Charles Lamb is a contingency which never crosses his mind. He deprecates the wrath of editors, he excuses himself to correspondents, he trembles at fifty before a board of indulgent and appreciative Directors. This was not an attitude common among his friends. Wordsworth was not timid, nor Coleridge unwilling to believe his conversation of advantage to the listener; if Southey could have been a little less 'cock-sure' than he was, it might have added a charm to his exuberant rectitude. None of these excellent men were, what Lamb was, humble.

Humility was the natural effect, on so sweet a nature, of the extreme disadvantage of the conditions under which his life began. Nothing could exceed the banality of his surroundings as a child and a young man. He sprang from the upper grades of the lower rather than from the lower grades of the middle class. His father, an excellent, ingenious, and trustworthy man, with many of the qualities of his son Charles, was a sort of clerk or confidential servant. From the child's earliest consciousness he must have seen those around him wrestling for a bare gentility, fearing by any rash act of independence to endanger it, and eclipsing their own wishes and tastes in favour of those of an employer. Here was the weariness of poverty, and none of its freedom. In the struggle to preserve the decencies of life, all its elasticity and all its charm must have been sacrificed.

We see Lamb dimly until his twentieth year. He is revealed to us as precocious, with something of the superficial smartness of the London street-urchin, in spite of a refinement and gentleness which his relatives contrived to preserve. But we find him now, and later on, making no effort of any kind to escape from the narrowness of his circumstances. He rather encouraged it; he strove for nothing better; he probably concluded, in his humbleness, that he was not fitted for anything else. He withdrew from the squalor of his life into literature, and this became his constant habit. It would be interesting to know how he formed this conception of an intellectual existence sustained, as it were underground, 'between cloister and cloister.' His father, we are told, had 'a fine turn for humorous poetry'; Talfourd gives what strikes us as a rather over-vivid account of Charles's Latin acquirements at Christ's Hospital; it seems that the library of Samuel Salt, with its 'spacious closet of good old English reading,' may have had on the mind of Charles the awakening effect which we know it had had, several years before, on that of Mary. But of positive information we gain little, until we find the imagination of Lamb kindled at the lamp of Coleridge.

It is solely through the happy circumstance that Coleridge preserved the letters of Lamb that we know anything of the mind of the latter before the summer of 1798. Hardly enough has been said about the biographical value of this correspondence. The Charles Lamb revealed in it has few of the characteristics which we come later on to identify with the figure of Elia. He writes in a tone of almost shrinking modesty, with convoluted phrases of timidity and deprecation. So late as June 1796, he reminds Coleridge how much he depends on his indulgent affection. 'You are the only correspondent, and, I might add, the only friend I have in the world. I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone.' We may judge from this what his desolation was before the solitary light of Coleridge broke upon it. Lamb can scarcely have been said to exist until, in December 1794, in his twenty-first year, he went through the strange awakening to the intellectual life which he described two years later to his unique friend, 'in that nice little smoky room at the *Salutation*, which is even now continually presenting itself to my recollection, with all its associated train of pipes, tobacco, egg-hot, welsh-rabbit, metaphysics and poetry.' This was the scene, and Coleridge's the company, in which Lamb awakened to spiritual consciousness; and the

egg-hot of the London tavern acted on his spirit not otherwise than did the sounding cataracts upon that of Wordsworth. Oddly enough, it was the same 'damaged archangel' who presided at each act of initiation.

If the circumstances of the Lambs were squalid and their physical conditions depressing in the extreme, the early correspondence with Coleridge proves that they tempered their sorrows at that early hour, and amid the worst experiences of their lives, with duty, piety, and affection. These shy, low-spirited, early letters, in which so little of the confident wit of the later Lamb peeps out, are at least precious for the evidence they give of his piety. It does not appear to us that a claim for much intellectual power during these early years can be made out. For ourselves we date the coming-of-age of the genius of Lamb later than this. There was a sudden and singular growth in power between January and July 1798, coincident with an enlargement of his experience and a cessation of the habit of leaning solely on Coleridge for his imaginative support. In the *cénacle*, as early as 1796, Southey was the leviathan and Lamb the minnow, quaintly reversing our present order of interest. Most amusing is the timid shrewdness with which Charles Lamb, in June of that year, criticises the 'Joan of Arc' of Southey. The poet is so large and confident, the critic is so small and hesitating, that wisdom clearly dictates a mere humble acquiescence in the beauty and splendour of the poem. Yet already Lamb is an accomplished technical judge of literature, and far too honest not to write his mind. He covers his retreat by naïvely saying: 'On the whole I expect Southey *one day* to rival Milton.'

In July 1797, Lamb was persuaded to pay Coleridge a brief visit at Stowey. We gather that he was very shy and silent, and cut but a poor figure at Tom Poole's or at Cruikshank's. Company and converse were strange to him, and he behaved himself, from sheer *gaucherie*, 'most like a sulky child.' He writes to Coleridge afterwards: 'It was kind in you all to endure me as you did.' But Sara Coleridge—herself, we may well conceive, habitually a little dazzled by the eloquence around her—had shown him a sisterly complaisance, and, above all—one knows not by what happy magic—he had found his way to the hearts of Wordsworth and his admirable sister. 'My silence was not sullenness, nor, I hope, from any bad motive; but in truth disuse has made me awkward at it,' says Lamb in accents which are touching in the extreme. But this was a silence which Wordsworth, at least, had the art to interpret. That rigid and restrained nature of his, which rarely accepted a

new-comer, but which never ejected one who had made good his entrance, opened to the silent, stuttering, ungainly clerk from London. For the remainder of Lamb's life, through good report and evil, Wordsworth was his loyal and consistent friend.

The miscellaneous writings which occupied these early years of Lamb's maturity are better known, we fancy, by name than by actual study to most readers of the present generation. They are found in vol. iii of Canon Ainger's sumptuous edition, and we venture to prophesy that this is not the volume which is likely to be earliest worn out with hard reading. But to the literary student these faint early productions, a little cluster of unobtrusive wild flowers, offer some very interesting considerations. The verses contributed to the Coleridge and Lloyd collections of 1796, 1797, and 1798, contain exceedingly little that is of permanent value. If these sonnets and ejaculations were presented to us anonymously, as the work of a young man writing at the close of the eighteenth century, we should be inclined to say that they showed acute and rather morbid sensibility, no great mastery of form, and a tender self-pity at once pathetic and absurd; we should scarcely anticipate for a writer so devoid of humour, force, or reticence, a distinguished future. We should be in error, of course, but we hold that at the age at which Lamb composed these verses his nature was still singularly immature. The influence of Bowles upon Lamb's early sonnets has often been observed; but that of Charlotte Smith, whose extremely popular collection of quatorzains appeared in 1782, and ran through eleven editions, is not less worthy of note.

In 1798, just at the moment when the powers of his mind were about to expand in a very remarkable manner, Lamb composed, in his twenty-fourth year, his solitary novel, 'A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret.' This is a production to which criticism has always been inclined to display an unaccountable indulgence. Shelley—who might claim to be a judge, as the one acknowledged author of a novel still worse than Lamb's—saw in 'Rosamund Gray' many merits, and among them 'much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature.' Even Canon Ainger, who is not blind to Lamb's weaknesses, is most unwilling to say anything disrespectful of 'Rosamund Gray.' We confess that we find this partiality very difficult to condone. It seems to us that, judged on its own merits, it would be difficult to discover in the whole range of literature a work of imagination more radically false and feeble. There is no evidence of the study of character in

any line of 'Rosamund Gray.' The excessive insipidity of the story—if story it can be called—is redeemed only by one criminal incident, boldly and brutally introduced, and not led up to or used for any constructive purpose. When we acknowledge that in some of the early chapters a little delicate rose-colour is mingled with the prevailing milk-and-water, we have exhausted all reasonable praise of 'Rosamund Gray.' It is usual to account for the crudity of form and for the unassuaged distress of Lamb's story by saying that he wrote under the influence of 'Julia de Roubigné.' But that novel had been published twenty-one years before 'Rosamund Gray' was written; there had been time for its 'influence' to die away. Moreover, although Henry Mackenzie is a lugubrious writer, and adds little to the gaiety of nations, it would be a libel to hold him guilty of such maudlin stuff as 'Rosamund Gray.'

If we are not so blinded by the personal charm of Charles Lamb as to be equally pleased with all the manifestations of his mind, we are forced to admit that in his one novel are summed up the worst faults to which his nature, in its less inspired moments, was liable. These were, surely, a tendency to incoherence, to an excess of sentiment bordering on the maudlin, and, above all, to what cannot be called by any other name than silliness. In his earliest letters, in pieces of verse like 'To Sara and her Samuel,' but pre-eminently in the crazy story of 'Rosamund Gray,' there is too much of what Coleridge—a Saul among the prophets—called the 'very simple, meek Simplicity' of Lamb. Of all Lamb's productions, then, we consider 'Rosamund Gray' as intrinsically the most worthless; yet it has a charm for the biographer. We can but point to the passages in his 'Life' and to the notes to vol. iii (pp. 296-299) as evidence of the skilful and yet prudent use which Canon Ainger has made of the incoherent half-revelations of the novel. One suggestion we would venture to add to those which he has ingeniously woven together. He pronounces himself unable to account for the grotesque violence with which Matravis is introduced into the plot. Matravis, it will be recollected, 'had formerly paid his court to Elinor Clare,' or in other words to Mary Lamb. This phrase is introduced quite incoherently into the account of the man's crime. Rosamund Gray being a sort of portrait of Ann Simmons, to whom nothing happened, but who lived long and happily, the tangle has been pronounced insoluble. But the mind of Lamb, in the act of mystification, always works in this irregular manner, by fits of realism and starts of fancy. We think it almost certain that Matravis is the portrait of some actual man who had courted

Mary Lamb, and who withdrew from his suit. Charles, deeply incensed by the real or supposed disloyalty of this person, and labouring under cerebral excitement (the central chapters of 'Rosamund Gray' are not the work of a sane being), determined to punish the prototype of Matravis by attributing to him the most atrocious crime he could think of, namely the outraging of the imaginary person in whom he had pictured the virtues of the real girl to whom he was himself attached. This is precisely the direction in which a mind slightly unhinged will work. We believe, then, that, if we were better acquainted with the early life of Mary Lamb, that 'very ugly man,' Matravis, would be revealed to us, and that we should find him to have been a most ordinary mortal.

If we have ventured to place 'Rosamund Gray' much lower in the scale of merit than is usually done, we may attempt to redeem our offence by claiming for 'John Woodvil' more favourable attention than criticism has ever yet granted to it. This little play was written in 1799; at Christmas of that year it was offered by Lamb to the management of Drury Lane, and was rejected. In 1802 Lamb printed it, against the advice of his friends, and it failed conspicuously. The same fate has followed it ever since, and to defend 'John Woodvil' is to stir the dust of a century. It is, however, essential to point out that it takes a very remarkable place in the evolution of Charles Lamb's genius. The reason why this fact has been overlooked is, in all probability, that reviewers have sought for a creative when they should have been content with a critical force. Viewed purely as dramatic fiction, without relation to time or place of composition, 'John Woodvil' is a somewhat ineffectual study of seventeenth-century manners, carried out with very considerable lyrical delicacy and sweetness of diction, but with insufficient knowledge of the stage, and with a rudimentary experience of the balance of character. But as a piece of criticism by construction, it is of extraordinary interest; so novel was it that people like Coleridge and Kemble did not even perceive its intention. As a matter of fact, that enthusiastic comprehension of what we loosely call Elizabethan drama, which has spread so far in the hundred years succeeding, begins with 'John Woodvil.' There had preceded that essay nothing in the least like it. To redeem the stage from its intolerable insipidity, several writers had, indeed, attempted to revive what was considered to be the Shakespearean manner. How little that manner was understood may be gathered from the reception given, in 1796, to the monstrous forgery of 'Vortigern.' In 1798 Joanna Baillie, with what contemporary criticism con-

sidered 'the greatest splendour,' delineated the passions in the manner of Shakespeare. She produced—particularly in her earliest tragedies, 'De Monfort' and 'Count Basil'—stately dramatic poems which rose much above mediocrity, but which bore no species of resemblance to anything written in England between 1590 and 1640.

Such was the state of critical taste in 1799, when Lamb, without support from a single friend, or hope of intelligent comprehension, composed 'Pride's Cure,' which we know as 'John Woodvil.' Here, for the first time, was displayed a real apprehension of the seventeenth century. This is the earliest, and, in spite of the efforts of Barry Cornwall, Beddoes, Darley, and a score of others, this remains the most successful, of all attempts to resuscitate the exact manner of our old dramatists. It is remarkable, as showing the entire independence of Lamb, that, although the tendency of the day (to which Southey, Godwin, and even Coleridge bowed) was exclusively in favour of a bombastic sort of tragedy, of which Lewis's 'Castle Spectre' (1797) and Sheridan's 'Pizarro' (1799) were the popular examples, Lamb imitates, not Marlowe and Webster, but the gentle and tender domestic plays of a later generation. In 'John Woodvil' the dominant note is that of Massinger, but it is tempered with Heywood, Dekker, and the easier cadences of Fletcher. To call 'John Woodvil' Elizabethan, indeed, is to commit a critical misnomer; it is essentially Jacobean.

It is difficult to be sure what Lamb had or had not read by the year 1799. He writes as if everything was familiar to him, from Sackville to Shirley. But we know that his intuition outran his erudition in these cases. An instance of this is offered by the fact that as early as 1796 we find him writing, apparently, a close reproduction of Jeremy Taylor, of whom he turns out not to have yet read a page. So, when we read in 'John Woodvil'—

'What is it you love?'

'Simply, all things that live,
From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,
And God-resembling likeness. The poor fly,
That makes short holyday in the sunbeam,
And dies by some child's hand. The feeble bird
With little wings, yet greatly venturous
In the upper sky. The fish in th' other element,
That knows no touch of eloquence. What else?
Yon tall and elegant stag,
Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
In the water, where he drinks.'

we are compelled to admire the completeness with which Lamb had seized the prosody and the verbiage of the period he imitated. 'John Woodvil' is not a powerful drama, but if it were presented to us in a small quarto dated 1635, we should not have much reason to question that it was the genuine work of a contemporary of Randolph or Cartwright. It is particularly in their phraseology that the imitators of our old drama bewray themselves. If we take a tragedy of Shiel or Sheridan Knowles—whose works were written much later than 'John Woodvil,' and when knowledge was far more widely diffused—we meet with solecisms of language in every few lines. In Lamb's play they are absent or rare indeed. Even the use of 'elegant,' in the passage we have just quoted, could be justified out of Milton, Bacon, and Walton.

As Charles Lamb's resuscitation of the old English drama is one of his main claims to our critical consideration, we examine with interest the sources of his own taste. We find but little that can explain his method. So early as July 1796 he is wishing that Coleridge 'would try and do something to bring our elder bards into more general fame.' He 'writhe[s] with indignation' at the complete neglect of Beaumont and Fletcher. He already perceives that these are 'men with whom succeeding dramatic writers (Otway alone excepted) can bear no manner of comparison.' This was a stupendous discovery, and it must have been succeeded by a study of Ford, Heywood, and the tragic Jacobean[s], of whom he was afterwards to write so brilliantly. But it is curious how little is said about the old dramatists in his early correspondence; this was due probably to the fact that he was assured of the indifference of those to whom he wrote. The composition of 'John Woodvil,' in which for the first time he showed himself to be one of the finest of English critics, was a labour solitary even in the constitutionally isolated career of Lamb. That he was, for a while, discouraged in his attempt to revive the master-style of the past, appears from various little touches in his correspondence. He turned to prose, and Robert Lloyd (in April 1801) seems to have urged Lamb to put together, in an anthology, the beauties he raved about in Jeremy Taylor. But the author of 'John Woodvil' was still sore with neglect; he declined to pick out these pretty twinklers one by one and play chuck-farthing with them. Seven years more were to pass before, in his famous 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' Lamb was to be persuaded to complete what the whole manner and execution of 'John Woodvil' proves to us he was prepared to begin so early as 1799. If we have vindicated the critical

importance of this neglected little drama, we hope it will procure us pardon for the disrespect with which we spoke of its better-known predecessor, Lamb's single attempt at a novel.

We have called attention to the development of all Lamb's intellectual faculties which took place in the year 1798. There was moral growth as well. He lost his excessive self-pity, his paralysing timidity; he stood up a man, conscious of his own inherent talent. The early letters, of which we possess only those written to Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd, are interesting to us now mainly because they were written by Lamb; they are not, intrinsically, very good letters. In any case, they are pale and poor by the side of what the same correspondent was to write later on. The earliest example of Lamb's peculiar quality is found in the famous letter to Southey (July 28th, 1798), in which he dares to mock the pomposity of Coleridge. 'Whether the higher order of *seraphim illuminati* ever sneer,' is one of the questions which Lamb asks. But an unusual spurt of anger animates this letter, which, brilliant as it is, is not particularly characteristic of the writer. Later in the same year, again in a letter to Southey, the real Charles Lamb peeps out, and the passage is worth noting historically. In the long piece of complicated absurdity about his tailor—'Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them'—ending with: 'And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side, and a black velvet collar! A cursed ninth of a scoundrel!'—we hold at last in its maturity that spirit of goblin laughter, that peculiar species of running drollery, for which Charles Lamb was to become more eminent than perhaps any other Englishman.

As he gains confidence, which was all that he lacked, he is more and more ready to fling out the happy paradox, the unexpected illuminating phrase of genius. His *trouvailles*, in this sort, begin to be divine. When we read, a few months later, 'there are feelings which refuse to be translated, *sulky aborigines*, which will not be naturalised in another soil,' we realise that out of much reading of Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne there has grown, like a new flower out of rich earth, another great master of the English language. Lamb is now (October 1799) full-grown, in his twenty-fifth year, and, by a most happy accident, he begins to correspond with Thomas Manning. Inestimable as was the companionship of Coleridge and Southey to Lamb, it is not to be doubted that he was somewhat subdued by their superior learning and their conspicuous literary *aplomb*. Shrewd as is his occasional criticism of Southey, there is in it

much of the attitude of the pert pupil towards his recognised tutor. From Coleridge and Southey (curiously enough, not from the austerer but greater Wordsworth) Lamb was accustomed to receive exhortation and chastisement. They loved him, but they despised him a little, and they did not spare the rod. In Manning he found an enthusiastic admirer, not inclined to claim any superiority, but determined to be pleased. Hence the letters to this friend, which began after Lamb's visit to Cambridge in the autumn of 1799, are particularly easy, unaffected, and garrulous. In writing to Manning, Lamb is under no restraint; he purrs and frolics like a young cat in the chimney-corner.

We shall probably become more familiar presently with the figure of Thomas Manning. He was little known even to Lamb's own contemporaries. Elia's description of him to Robert Lloyd is impressive: 'A man of great power—an enchanter almost—far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing—when he gets you alone he can act the wonders of Egypt. Only he is lazy, and does not always put forth all his strength.' It is to be supposed that we shall soon know Thomas Manning at last, for since the volumes before us left Canon Ainger's hands, the discovery is announced of Manning's diaries kept during his eventful journey to Thibet in 1811, and the letters which he addressed to Lamb from Canton, Macao, and Calcutta. If it were only as a framework for Lamb's incomparable letter of the 25th of December, 1815—'Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust'—a fuller recital of the wanderings of Thomas Manning would be welcome to all lovers of Lamb's correspondence. A letter less known, but hardly less surprising or diverting, is that of February 19th, 1803, where Lamb lingers, in the true spirit of Mesopotamia, over the blessed words, 'Independent Tartary,' and, with a voice of passionate entreaty, conjures Manning not to be persuaded to become a citizen of that 'nasty, unconvertible, horse-belching, Tartar people.' This is a very characteristic specimen of Lamb's linked and congregated humour, where each quip suggests another, and the wild trail of fun is thrown over a subject, like woodbine over a hedge, apparently in the very abandonment of recklessness, yet always with a certain consistency of purpose, and even of direction.

The peculiar humour of Charles Lamb has supplied Canon Ainger, himself a delicate humorist, with some fascinating pages. There is, however, something which evades criticism when the merriment of Elia becomes explosive. It then gives the impression of high, indeed of uncontrolled, animal spirits; *Vol. 192.—No. 384.* *z*

yet we know that vitality ran low in Lamb's veins. The examination of the sources and expression of this mirth is surrounded by difficulties. To 'ordinary' persons, we are told by contemporaries, the impression it made was always unfavourable, 'sometimes to a violent and repulsive degree.' The elder Patmore, who had a rough tongue, but who loved Lamb, went so far as to say that, to those who did not know or could not appreciate him, he 'often passed for something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon.' It is difficult for us to accept these three miscomprehensions on an equal level. A brute Lamb never, we think, can have appeared, in his least edifying moments, to the most casual observer. A buffoon it is just possible that precisians and people of slow brains might sometimes take him to be. An imbecile, although the most absurd misnomer of all, was probably that which was most frequent in the minds of his unsympathetic acquaintances.

It is startling and almost revolting to us to think of the lovable and beautiful mind of Charles Lamb as in any condition of chronic disorder. That his talk produced upon Carlyle the impression of 'demi-insanity' is not very important; to the vast egotism of the Dumfriesshire peasant anything so far removed from himself as the being of Lamb would be bound to seem a 'sorry phenomenon.' But we must be scrupulously just to the evidence regarding Lamb's foibles and his jests. Even Canon Ainger admits that many of the latter 'are little more than amusing evidence of a restless levity, and almost petulant impatience of the restraints of serious discourse.' We have his own admission, in the priceless fragment of self-description which he prefixed to the 'Last Essays of Elia,' that he would—

'sit silent and be suspected for an odd fellow; till, some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (*not altogether senseless, perhaps, if rightly taken*) which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him.'

This description confirms the impression which we form from the record of his jests, that an element of incoherence entered into Lamb's hilarity. 'The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet leads me over four-inch bridges,' he says, 'to course my own shadow for a traitor.' There were certain positions of the moon under which it was not safe to take anything written in the house of Lamb as serious.

Charles Lamb worshipped, like the Spartans in Edgar Poe's story, at the mysterious shrine of the god Gelasma. It would need a more exact classical erudition than either Lamb or Poe possessed to decide whether such a deity was or was not

worshipped in antiquity. The customary compendiums of cheap learning tell us of no such god of Laughter. But any dubitancy of this kind would rather have endeared the allusion to Elia, with whom vagueness of reference was a passion. Lamb, as is known, hardly ever writes a quotation which is textually correct, and he is capable of making a pedant of the 'will-it-be-credited' class burst with indignation, like an over-ripe apple fallen from the tree of knowledge. This inaccuracy of Lamb's was partly ornamental, like the irregular orthography of the age he loved; but it was also partly his fun. It was a sacrifice to Gelasma. It was an evidence of the vivacity of his cumulative fancy, which overleaped the bounds of exact fact, and made what is give place to what ought to be. Much of his laughter was founded on this slight hold of his upon reality. It was started by the over-sensitive balance of his brain, and was supported by a delicate sense of anomaly, pushed sometimes beyond the bounds of absolute decorum. The extraordinarily funny account of the 'insulting conversation' of 'Miss Benjay or Benje,' given to Coleridge in 1800, is a very good example of this anomalous merriment, on its happy side. This episode, so small, so trite, is described in terms realistic enough for it to be enclosed in a chapter of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' But it doubtless is all woven in cobweb threads of fancy. The lady's name was neither Benjay nor Benje, but Bengier, which is much less romantic. That Miss Bengier denounced the theory that the differences of human intellect are the mere effect of organisation may be very gravely questioned. What admits of no doubt whatever is that Lamb made a pun upon 'organ,' which 'went off very flat.' Ah! but how gladly one would have endured a wilderness of Miss Benjays (or Benjes) to have heard that pun.

Lamb had the laughter of those whose hold on the physical solidity of life is very slender. His tiny frame could not have filled the easy chair of Rabelais, and would have cut a poor blackamoor figure in the sunshine with Ariosto. He was little more, corporeally, than a goblin shadow, noiselessly leaping, skipping, falling, inconsequently revolving in a somersault, all without a sound. We hear, indeed, that at those meetings of boon companionship which were his bane, his merriment broke out in loud cachinnation. But his written laughter is curiously silent. It provokes exquisite enjoyment, but not a noise of mirth. He sends a watch by post, in a box, 'laid in cotton, like an untimely fruit.' The sudden, unexpected, exquisitely appropriate and absurd image fills the mind with delight, but we do not burst out laughing. When he warns Manning, who

is in Sicily, not to go 'too near those rotten-jawed, gap-toothed, old worn-out chaps of Hell,' the crater of Etna, we hardly smile, so intellectual is the amusement these bold and splendid adjectives afford us. Did Wordsworth laugh when he was told that the result on Mary Lamb of reading his poems was to make her almost to tremble for the invisible part in her? 'By your system it is doubtful whether a liver in towns has a soul to be saved.' We doubt if he laughed, but we are sure he smiled.

Lamb had a curious genius for supplying grave detailed budgets of news which were wholly imaginary, and which yet, in an odd way, gave, and still give, real information. The letters of unchastened folly to Manning, in which all is mirage and rhodomontade, nevertheless produce before us a more distinct impression of Lamb's daily life than the far more serious correspondence with people like Godwin and the Lloyds. That Coleridge was dead (in December 1815), having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, is a preposterous contribution to biography; but how delightfully true is the touch about the 'more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion.' We are not by any means equally pleased with the class of jest to which Lamb gave the probably contemporary name of 'Bites.' Doubtless these were much appreciated at the time, but to us they appear, we must confess, not merely puerile but almost depressing. They are of the April Fool order, but distributed over the whole year. It is as though when the domestic insect has responded to the shout of 'Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,' and has, at great personal inconvenience, sought its abode, it should find its house not on fire and its children safe in their beds. This would be an excellent 'bite' in Lamb's sense. Another is in a letter quite recently recovered, written to J. M. Gutch during his absence from home, to tell him that his manager has absconded, his boy is a thief, and the whole parish is in consternation. The reader turns over the leaf and reads: 'A Bite!!!'; none of these dreadful things have happened. This is a sacrifice to *Gelasma* which leaves us very cold indeed. Lamb himself was badly punished at last, for Thomas Allsop wrote to him, 'Coleridge is dead,' and then, over the page, 'to his friends.' Lamb received a serious fright, and his taste for these silly 'bites' was doubtless much reduced.

With the combination of qualities which have been touched upon here, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Lamb was very slow in coming to a sound apprehension of his real powers. He was the victim of special, not the cultivator of general

ideas—in this how unlike his great friends, Wordsworth and Coleridge! He was therefore swept on in the mid-current of no irresistible stream of ideas, but kept loitering and spinning in side-eddies of fancy and reflection, where no impetus arrived to urge him onwards. We have said, and it may be repeated, that Charles Lamb was not one of those who must unavoidably be writing; he was not born with a quill-pen behind his ear, like so many professional men of letters, for whom a career divided from ink and paper is scarcely to be thought of. In several epochs of English literature, Lamb would almost certainly not have written at all. But, at the very close of the eighteenth century, he had his surprising opportunity. At a time when literary humanity had at last broken out of the regular beaten track, there was a singular chance for such a man as Charles Lamb. He could not quite resist it, yet even then he became, as he said, 'an author by fits.' He was not widely versatile; he had, virtually, but one thing to say; he was *homo unius lingue*.

The life which Charles Lamb led combined with his temperament to make the steady cultivation of literature so difficult as to be practically impossible. In the early morning his brain was veiled, his faculties dulled and dejected. But his office work called him forth—that blessed employment at the India House which stood between him and poverty all his life, and against which, with so whimsical an ingratitude, he was always inveighing. He fancied that his duties at the desk stood in the way of his literature, although on this theme he could give Barton sensible advice enough. He resented having to spend hours after hours in auditing warehouse-keepers' accounts. He got tired to death of entering the records of tea and drugs and piece-goods and bales of indigo. When his holidays are over we find him writing, with exquisite humour: 'I come, I come. Don't drag me so hard by the hair of my head, Genius of British India. I know my hour is come, Faustus must give up his soul, O Lucifer, O Mephistopheles!' He even went so far as to pretend to wish that the India House were burnt to the ground, that he might have a chance of scribbling his own free thoughts again in verse or prose. But nothing, not even a general conflagration of London, would have made Lamb a fluent or a constant writer.

For, although he had his evenings, yet even of them he made but a visionary use. In a burst of enthusiasm, he applauds 'the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, and changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilli But

these Attic pleasures, nocturnal raptures, added nothing to the storing of Lamb's genius for posterity. In gloomier moments of reflection, the radiance of these *noctes*, so redolent of wit and ambrosia, was turned for Lamb into a dark passion of vain chagrin. 'The truth is,' he tells the faithful Manning, 'that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me.' The phrase is accurate; these joyous sacrifices of the fat and the marrow and the kidneys, these bouts of reckless wit and reverberating laughter, these too-constantly recurrent pursuits of the *ignis fatuus* of social enjoyment, were little blameworthy in themselves, and not to be reproved with a priggish severity, but they *consumed* Charles Lamb. They burned away, and utterly scattered and dissipated, powers of mind which were created for better uses than merely to sharpen the arrows of repartee for a cluster of idle *bons vivants*. They ate up, as in a devouring flame, the energies which would otherwise have been devoted to nobler and more perennial ends. They kept Charles Lamb, in short, an occasional author until close upon his forty-fifth year.

The literary career of Charles Lamb is divided into two equal portions by the publication, in 1818, of the two volumes which were prematurely called his 'Works.' He was now considerably past middle life, as such a constitution as his is bound to regard longevity. Between 1800 and 1806 he had scarcely written anything of the smallest merit, and it is not easy, indeed, save by such light as the Letters give us, to discover what he was doing with his thoughts and leisure. But in 1806 a period of some activity set in. He wrote the unlucky farce of 'Mr. H.,' and he joined with his sister in composing the 'Tales from Shakespeare,' which were published in January 1807. These were intended to introduce children to the genius and language of Shakespeare; and the project was a speculation of Godwin, who had lately turned publisher. It appears from a letter of Lamb's to Wordsworth (January 29th, 1807), that of these twenty tales, not fewer than fourteen were Mary's, so that the very high praise which Canon Ainger has given to these summaries has to be divided between the brother and the sister, with a large excess on the side of Mary.

But if the six tales from Shakespeare's tragedies cannot be made to occupy much space in our general estimate of Lamb's genius, the joint tale-book brought Charles a commission of a similar kind which he carried out alone, and with signal success. In 'The Adventures of Ulysses,' which appeared in Godwin's Juvenile Library in the summer of 1808, Lamb treated Chapman as he had treated Shakespeare, and produced

a juvenile abridgment of the Elizabethan conception of Homer which was flowing, eloquent, and melodious. It has been loosely said that Lamb went straight to the 'Odyssey' for the story, but he knew no Greek and made no profession of such knowledge. He wrote to Manning: 'It is . . . not from the Greek—I would not mislead you—nor yet from Pope's "Odyssey," but from an older translation of one Chapman.' When, however, we have done all due and possible honour to these pleasant exercises, it is quite impossible to say that they add much or anything to our conception of Lamb's original powers. That is not the case with the publications which have next to be considered.

In preparing this exhaustive edition of the writings of Charles Lamb, Canon Ainger has displayed so much tact and care, and in the more difficult parts of his task has acquitted himself with such rare skill, that we hesitate to question his discretion on any point. But we think he should have explained in a note his treatment of the 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.' He gives a preface, but it is not the interesting preface of 1808, and he prints some of the critical notes, but they are very far indeed from being what Lamb originally published. Canon Ainger refers to the volume of 1808 as though that was the basis of his text, but this it certainly is not. We believe that he has reprinted some much later recension, by Lamb himself, but a word of explanation was here required. The 'Characters of Dramatic Authors' which Canon Ainger prints are, indeed, founded upon Lamb's, but they are greatly curtailed. The amusing passage about 'Gorboduc' is entirely omitted, and so is the very important criticism of 'The Spanish Tragedy,' which has led to endless discussion. The reflections on Marlowe are cut down to about a third of their length. From the account of Chapman is omitted the following passage, which is one of the finest contributions to criticism that Charles Lamb ever made, and which is surely far too precious to be dropped from his 'Works':—

'I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakespeare, as of a wild irregular genius "in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties," would be really true applied to Chapman. But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal.'

We miss, too, the delightful note to Tourneur's 'Atheist's Tragedy,' ending with the words: 'These bountiful Wits always give full measure, pressed down and running over.' We should have expected a final collection of Lamb's writings, prepared on so minute a scale that it disdains not such trifles as 'Edax on Appetite' and the epigram on the *Hair Apparent*, to sweep up for us all the seed-pearl of Lamb's notes on the dramatists.

Three little stories or sketches ('The Witch Aunt,' 'First Going to Church,' and 'The Sea Voyage') were contributed by Charles Lamb to his sister's volume for children, called 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' in 1807. Their interest is wholly contained in the fact that they faintly foreshadow the 'Essays of Elia.' And now we have to record the very curious, and we think unexplained, fact, that after this mild burst of authorship, Lamb ceased almost entirely, and for a long period, to occupy himself with literature at all. What was he doing from 1809 to 1819, that is to say during the entire residence in Inner Temple Lane and for two years later? Fifty years earlier Dr. Johnson had lived in the same place 'in poverty, utter idleness, and the pride of literature.' Almost the same words might probably be used of Lamb. Talfourd tells us that this was the happiest section of Elia's life. The first five years of it are unilluminated even by his correspondence. It is a very strange fact that from this copious communicator we possess no letter of any kind dated between October 2nd, 1811, and August 13th, 1814; that is to say, there are three totally blank years in the centre of the career of one of the most beloved and befriended of English authors. What was his history? It seems probable that, like the fortunate nations, he had none. His salary at the India House had now risen to a figure which assured comfort to him and Mary, and made it no longer needful that he should seek other employment. The ambition of his younger years seems to have entirely sunk. Mary, though not cured, was not a cause for anxiety. In short, as he said, 'the wind was tempered to the shorn Lambs'; and the simplest way of accounting for the absolute quiescence of Charles is to suppose that nothing happened to him. He vegetated, like a window-pot of marjoram or thyme, in the noiseless garret of Inner Temple Lane.

One fact, and one alone, seems to be known about these years of soundless passivity; Charles Lamb occasionally contributed essays to the 'Reflector' of Leigh Hunt. The most remarkable of these articles is that entitled 'Theatralia No. I, on Garrick and Acting,' which was published in 1811, and now

appears in Lamb's 'Works' as 'On the Tragedies of Shakespeare.' Canon Ainger was the first to point out the signal value of this essay, and in the present edition he recovers, for the first time since it was published in the 'Spectator' in 1828, a remarkable letter of Lamb's on 'Shakespeare's Improvers.' Another paper from the 'Reflector' is 'On the Genius and Character of Hogarth,' where the coming 'Elia' is directly foreshadowed. Several others will be found in vol. iv of the edition before us. They are all interesting, and some of them valuable, though not one approaches in importance the essay on Shakespeare's tragedies. All brought together do not represent more than one week's labour with the pen, and we may broadly say that from 1808 until his connexion with the 'London Magazine' in January 1820, Charles Lamb did not write at all. This is an extraordinary fact, and one which we think is very seldom realised.

We are far from advancing the theory that the world was the loser by Lamb's long retirement. On the contrary, we are unquestionably the gainers in every case where quantity is made severely subservient to quality. In his prolonged indolence Lamb was ripening the critical judgment and sharpening the wit which was presently to beam and sparkle from the pages of 'Elia.' But we question very much whether this inaction conduced to his own happiness. On the contrary, it must have fostered his constitutional defects, have emphasised his innocent habits of self-indulgence, have strengthened the tap-root of his melancholy. The experience of the world is with Renan when he says '*le travail et la joie sont deux choses saines qui s'appellent réciproquement.*' In the never quite wholesome life of Charles Lamb, both work and joy were fitful visitants rather than steady home-mates.

We have now approached the moment in Charles Lamb's career when he became, at last, an active and a famous author. In 1820 he was forty-five years of age; he had seen his boyhood's friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, pass up into the zenith of celebrity, and all three become a little reduced in ardour and brightness. He had seen a new generation spring up, a generation of boys with whom he was little in sympathy—Byron, Shelley, and now Keats. But he himself had continued to be a writer of small reputation; as we have endeavoured to point out, Lamb still seemed to deserve but small reputation. The marvellous, the unparalleled 'Essays of Elia,' in which Lamb was to show himself the first critic of the age—as paramount indeed in criticism as Wordsworth or Byron in poetry—were now at length to appear. But it is proper to

observe that Lamb, a contemporary of the last years of Cowper and Burns, first claims celebrity with the authors of 'Endymion' and of 'The English Opium-Eater.' Having brought Charles Lamb to this point, we do not propose to pursue the theme much further.

It is rumoured that a learned professor of the last generation submitted to an editor a comprehensive monograph on Defoe, in which there was but one blemish—the author had forgotten to mention 'Robinson Crusoe.' It would be not less paradoxical, in discussing Charles Lamb, to say nothing about the famous 'Essays of Elia.' Yet there is a certain temptation to leave the subject at this point, before we have quite reached the mature authorship of Lamb. Criticism, in our opinion, has hitherto been in so great haste to proceed to the 'Essays' that it has been inclined to neglect the curious and in some respects unique features which marked the youth and middle age of this charming mind. We have, therefore, endeavoured to draw attention to certain sides of this slow development which have, we believe, lacked their due recognition. This has been the main object of the present paper; and what little we have now to say about the 'Essays of Elia' must be taken as supplementary to this enquiry.

If we notice one feature more than another of the intellectual temperament of Lamb it is, surely, his subjection to the influences of sympathy. Without the certainty of awakening a kindred emotion he could not work. But the main labour of his career was to be the creation, or the re-creation, of a kind of English prose highly individualised, extremely supple and imaginative, and generally founded, in its form, on the great writers of the middle of the seventeenth century. From almost his earliest years, in his private letters, and in the fragments of his published prose, Lamb had employed this manner of writing; but no one seems to have observed its character or value, and it was not possible to Lamb to develop in himself what no one outside him appreciated. Henry Nelson Coleridge, so far as we have been able to discover, was the earliest to perceive the paramount importance of the prose of Lamb. In 1821, himself a lad of twenty, the nephew and future son-in-law of S. T. Coleridge declared that 'Charles Lamb writes the best, the purest and most genuine English of any man living.' At this time the 'Essays of Elia' had since the preceding August been appearing in the 'London Magazine.' It was no longer possible to overlook the genius of Lamb; but honour is due to the future author of 'Introductions to the Greek Classic Poets' for his happy youthful clairvoyance.

Lamb was in his forty-sixth year when this discovery was made. Why had it not dawned sooner on his friends? Doubtless because all their thoughts were concentrated on the revival of another art—poetry. The neglect of prose at the period of our great romantic renaissance is a curious fact which is too generally overlooked. Canon Ainger says, with perfect truth, that Lamb did more than any man of his time 'to remove the Johnsonian incubus from our periodical literature.' But the drum of Johnson was not the only instrument in the orchestra of English prose at the end of the eighteenth century; there were the 'hautboys' of Gibbon and the trumpets of Burke. It was probably the authority of Burke which, more than any other influence, sealed the ears of English readers for a quarter of a century against newer and more fugitive harmonies. People saw, even before the death of Johnson, that the Johnsonian manner could easily be made ridiculous, and was often inappropriate. But the Corinthian splendour of Burke, the richness, energy, and variety of his style, overawed the age. It was not customary to admit that the English language had been or ever could be used with more fascination and magic than by Burke. Hence, for nearly a quarter of a century after his death in 1797, nothing was attempted in the way of reviving or refreshing English prose; those who were ambitious of excellence in this line aimed at nothing better than following Burke. We may review in memory each of the authors who specially distinguished themselves in prose during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century—Godwin, Hallam, Robert Hall, Jeffrey: we shall not find one who in the form of his writing progressed a step beyond the masters of the eighteenth century. Even Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen—with all their genius—could not be said to aim at any artistic beauty in the mere construction or arrangement of their sentences, nor to have conceived of any serious revolution against the metallic methods of Burke. To such readers the very passages in Lamb which enchant us most seemed 'a sort of unlicked, incondite things, villainously pranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases.'

Affectation and artificiality were vices which were utterly antagonistic to Lamb; he produced the kind of writing which was natural to him, not by striving after oddity, but by a leap in air over all that his contemporaries admired with most docility. The vague and solemn splendour of Burke, the solidity of Johnson, the fashionable systems of rhetoric of Blair and Campbell and Beattie, the æsthetics of Kames and the ethics of Reid, all that extraordinary barricade of intellectual

authority which the eighteenth century built up just before it died, imposed upon his contemporaries, even when their names were S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey, but it did not impose upon Lamb. With incalculable agility he bounded far over it all and alighted a century and a half higher up in the history of our literature. All that was natural to Lamb was unnatural to the rhetoricians. They had successfully proved that a solemn architecture was necessary for prose; Lamb could only throw out his wit in morsels, '*à pièces décousues.*' They held it essential that prose should move in a serious progression of ideas; Lamb recognised no guide but the capricious and uneven impulse of his humour. In short, he was a pure artist in prose born into a generation of orators and moralists. But he sprang over the barrier of the generations, and he found himself among his own kith and kin, with Burton and Cowley and Sir Thomas Browne.

In all this, in his entire conduct of the incomparable '*Essays of Elia*,' Lamb was exercising an influence over English prose which is to be measured only by that which Wordsworth and Keats exercised over English verse. He is here an innovator, a reviver and a restorer of the first order. In comparing Lamb with Montaigne, as is often done, it should not be forgotten that the element of technique is essential to any consideration of the place of the former. These two great writers, at first sight so similar in many of their superficial characteristics, should never be put, except very hastily, on the same plane. The more closely we examine Montaigne, the more he resolves himself into a philosopher, the more significant become the range of his ideas, his practical pursuit of wisdom, his impassioned desire to reach that height of serene experience '*d'où l'on voit sous soi toutes choses.*' With Lamb the philosophical considerations are worn loosely, with an amiable ease; they are not even essential to him; he is not found to be deeply exercised about these greater matters. On the other hand, the form of what he says, its quick appeal to the fancy, its colour, in short its purely artistic qualities—these are the object of his incessant preoccupation. It is the analysis of feeling that Lamb aims at, not the discovery of its sources nor the balancing of its responsibilities; and hence, as we compare him with the other most famous essayist that the world has produced, we find Montaigne taking his place more and more definitely in the midst of the philosophers, while Elia no less unmistakably is marshalled at the forefront of the critics. The last word about the '*Essays*' of Charles Lamb, indeed, seems to be that they comprise the most splendid work in pure

criticism, in its widest sense, that has been produced in the whole course of English literature.

Nothing remains but to qualify the beautiful form in which Canon Ainger has presented to us the writer on whom, for nearly a quarter of a century, he has expended such affectionate attention. If the half-title did not bear the words 'Édition de Luxe' (which, to any one who loves books, are as a red rag to a bull) we should be inclined to say that the volumes were without a blemish. We have searched the twelve tomes for new matter, and have discovered several contributions which we believe are presented to lovers of Lamb for the first time. An Epilogue to an amateur performance of 'Richard II' is quite new to us. It begins:—

'Of all that act, the hardest task is theirs,
Who, bred no players, play at being players;
Copy the shrug—in Kemble once approved;—
Mere mimics' mimics—nature twice removed.
Shades of a shadow! who but must have seen
The stage-struck hero, in some swelling scene,
Aspiring to be Lear—stumble on Kean?'

As regards the distinction between this edition and previous ones from the same hand, it appears to us largely to consist in removal of matter from the appendices to its proper position in the text. Any one who has followed, however cursorily, the bibliography of Lamb, is aware of the confusion which attended the early collections of his writings. The complications began with Talfourd and were not straightened out until Canon Ainger took up the threads. Even he, in one or two instances, has not contrived to escape from temporary and accidental departure from his principle of unbroken historical sequence. This is, however, a peccadillo, which we mention only to emphasise the fact that he has produced for the first time a really satisfactory and practically final edition of Lamb. Canon Ainger's previous edition of the correspondence is before us as we write, and we notice that he has had much more work than the hasty reader would suppose in transferring to the text letters which, in the previous case, had reached him too late to be put in their proper position. Here, too, for the first time, the letters to the Lloyds appear in sequence with the rest of the correspondence. We heartily congratulate Canon Ainger on having brought his monumental labours to such an admirable conclusion.

ART. III.—MOROCCO, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *The Moorish Empire: a Historical Epitome.* By Budgett Meakin, for some years editor of 'The Times of Morocco.' London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1899.
 2. *Au Maroc.* By Pierre Loti. Paris: C. Lévy, 1890.
- And other works.

A STUDENT, traveller, and Christian who should make us better acquainted with any part of the world of Islam—so unlike our own, yet in many points touching it as with a sword of fire—would deserve, we think, very ample recognition. Such a well-equipped writer is Mr. Budgett Meakin, who, in putting forth his volumes on Morocco and the Moors, may claim that he is doing England a public service. Mr. Meakin's ambition is to write history in the spirit of Arnold when editing Thucydides: he would offer us not 'an idle inquiry about remote ages and forgotten institutions,' but 'a living picture of things present' for the guidance of the statesman and the citizen. He has spent fifteen years of labour and study in this 'Western Turkey,' and is exceedingly familiar, as every line of his published works proves, with its language, customs, and institutes. He has travelled in all the Mohammedan countries, from India to Morocco. There is no previous author on this subject whom he has not consulted, or indeed epitomised, from those picturesque Hamites, Ibn Khaldun and Leo Africanus, to the rough sailor Pellow, the erudite Hüst, and the incomparable Dozy. A style unpretending, but clear and persuasive, carries us along to the end, while incidental allusions to minute but telling circumstances in the everyday life of this curious people satisfy us that the author has used eyes and ears to good purpose, and may be trusted when he appeals to his own experience.

Few names convey to English ears associations at once so opulent in romance and so confused in their setting as the words 'Moor' and 'Moorish.' They belong hardly at all to the present; but in the past they signified a whole world of heroism, suffering, art, and literature which has sunk out of sight, though it can never be forgotten. When we think of 'the Moor,' Othello rises up before us with his dusky features; we glance at that Prince of Morocco, the aspirant to Portia's hand, who, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' boasts that his complexion is 'the shadowed livery of the burnished sun'; we call to mind Robinson Crusoe, taken by the 'Sallee rovers'; and there, perhaps, our reminiscences fail, unless we have 'crammed' the story of Tangiers for some examination which

dealt with the reign of Charles II, with Colonel Kirke, Lancelot Addison, and Pepys' 'Diary.'

But still, we know that during hundreds of years the Moor was spoken of in this country as a 'blackamoor,' though his skin was by no means sable; and a blackamoor was the fiercest and most formidable of barbarians, a sort of 'Tamburlaine' on land, a pirate at sea, before whom Christian merchantmen fled in terror, like doves at the swoop of the falcon. The Moor had boundless courage and no pity; his tremendous onset would 'outbrave the heart most daring on this earth'; and Venice, England, Holland paid him a tribute, as shameful as it seemed indispensable, to protect their subjects from evils worse than death. For this barbarian held the Pillars of Hercules, lorded it over many waters from the Canaries to Candia, reckoned his Christian slaves by thousands, and laughed to scorn the prayers of Spanish friars, the diplomacy of the Dutch, the threatenings of infidels, English, French, or Castilian, to whom so late as the year 1779 he gave haughty licence 'to destroy one another in his ports or on his shores.' Such had the Moors been for over six hundred years, from 1189, when Pope Innocent III wrote to Yakub el Mansur 'the Victorious,' begging protection for the monks who went to ransom captives out of his hand, down to 1803, when the Americans, first among civilised peoples, refused blackmail to 'these most cruel villains,' as they were justly termed by an English historian in the preceding century. In character, if not in blood, they were Turks, who preyed on Western Christendom as their brethren at Constantinople preyed on the Nazarenes of Asia Minor and in the Balkan Peninsula, without truce or compassion.

Yet this lugubrious picture had some splendid and even gracious lights. While the Moors of Morocco displayed qualities which their religion, so far from curbing, did but consecrate with a Mexican ferocity, the Moors of Spain were eminent for their patronage of letters, their taste in architecture, their orders of chivalry; and the names of their capital cities, Seville, Cordova, and Granada, to this day affect us like music heard in a dream. Not many Europeans, except scholars or travellers, possess even a dim idea of the African Marrakesh, Fez, or Mequinez; but who does not know the Court of Lions in the Alhambra, or the exquisite outline of the Giralda Tower at Seville? By an amazing though not unexampled stroke the romance of the Moorish Empire in Spain has conquered even those whom a common faith and love of freedom should have ranged on the side of the Christians; nor do we yet altogether prize at a just value the achievements of the native genius in

art as well as in war. To Englishmen mediæval Spain is Moslem; they are apt to imagine it was Arabic in race no less than in language, and on this point they have much to learn.

We are accustomed to speak of the soldiers of Islam who, in less than a century after Mohammed's death, overran North Africa, as Saracens, from an Arabic word which signifies 'the East.' Easterns, indeed, these 'Sharkein' were, true disciples of the Koran, that least poetical among sacred books; and their dry, legal, and furious temper has lasted on, unchanged like the Desert, whose sons they have always shown themselves to be. But though they conquered, they did not colonise the Mauretanian sea coast, much less the wild and inaccessible highlands of the Atlas, which the Romans had never penetrated, and which even the Carthaginians never subdued during the palmiest days of their dominion. 'The Mohammedan conquest of Africa,' says Dozy, than whom no more competent authority has ever written on this subject, 'was only achieved after seventy years of murderous warfare, and then on condition that the rights [of the Berbers] should never be interfered with, and that they should be treated, not as vanquished, but as brothers.' Before the hundredth year of the Hegira, in A.D. 718, says Ibn Abd el Hakim, 'there remained not a single Berber who had not become a Moslem.' This circumstance, by making the wholesale confiscation of native property impossible, would itself have checked immigration from the East; but it appears that no general movement of Arab tribes across Africa took place until after 1049, when many inhabitants of Nejd and the Hejaz, who had been transported to Upper Egypt and would not stay there, fled to Morocco. Such were the Hilali Arabs, who occupied the plains of which they then made themselves masters, while the older inhabitants retired to the mountains where their descendants are now dwelling. But long before this revolution at home, the Berbers had carved Spain into kingdoms for Islam. They were not Saracens; the Spaniards whom they drove out knew and feared them under the name of Mosarabite, which means only 'Arabicised'; and undoubtedly that is a true account of this picturesque and chivalrous people. In religion they were Easterns of the Desert; in race, it is plausible to maintain that old European affinities bring them within the circle of our cousins, if not of our brothers.

Morocco, which its inhabitants call *Maghrib el Akas*, 'the Far West,' lies, in fact, at an enormous distance from the home of the Semites. Geographically, it is a continuation of Spain across the Straits of Gibraltar. It has a similar conformation of high mountains and arid plains, watered by rivers which are

foaming torrents at one season to disappear the next. We may describe it as the country of the Atlas, leaning down to meet the Atlantic on its western slope, the Mediterranean on its northern. To the east and south its limits have ever been vague or fluctuating. From Algeria it is divided by an artificial line, which the French, who contemplate some day absorbing Morocco, may overstep when they find it convenient. One of their boldest travellers, the Viscount de Foucauld, now a Trappist, has visited not only the valley of the Sus, but the little-known Southern Atlas, and other points below Mogador, where the frightful Iron Coast begins, dangerous at all times and during winter inaccessible. But the Great Atlas, called *Daran* of the Berbers, is itself a magnificent country of mountains, rising from four to twelve thousand feet along the main ridge, with peaks still higher. In its secluded glens timber is plentiful; from its snowy steepes countless rivers descend. Unhappily, the lowlands above which it soars have been stripped bare of forest; the beauty of their colour depends on bright spring blossoms and a transparent atmosphere; in summer they are scorched and brown. Every tourist has lifted his eyes to the lesser ranges of Atlas or the Riffian hills that stretch for two hundred miles along the Mediterranean; but the interior is less known than almost any part of the Dark Continent. The tribes which have marched over this African Spain—five times as large as England and Wales—from before the dawn of history, may well be allied in blood to the Basques, the Celtiberians, and other mixed families, not Canaanite or Punic, whatever else they were; and Dr. Bertholon maintains that the Berber language, yet surviving, is a Phrygian dialect of Greek. The designation of Morocco is, however, late and Oriental, connected with words like *Algarve*, *Oreb*, *Erebus*, and perhaps *Europe*—all of which are names indicating sundown, or darkness, given to places by a population that kept moving towards the West. The earlier races belonged to the Stone Age, and have left, as Tissot informs us, ‘dolmens, menhirs, galgals, barrows, and cromlechs’ in the land where they were cave-dwellers. Such were the men that Hanno fell in with during his *Periplus*, when he sailed from Carthage into the Great Ocean and perhaps advanced as far south as the Niger.

With the Roman conquests in Africa, the history of Morocco may be said to begin. There is a wild legend in Procopius, who talks of two white columns existing near Tangiers in his day—the period of Belisarius and his triumph over the Vandals—on which an inscription stated, ‘We have fled before the face of Joshua, the robber, son of Nun.’ It may be permitted

us to say with Gibbon, 'I believe in the columns, I doubt the inscription, I reject the pedigree.' We know, however, that Sertorius in 78 B.C. invaded Spain from Africa with an army which contained seven hundred Berbers; and a most interesting anticipation it was of the raid, some eight centuries later, which Tarik made with only one hundred horse and an equal number of foot-soldiers. Three times have the Moors conquered Spain, once from the Visigoths, and twice from their fellows in Islam. The prospect across that narrow strait must have been always tempting; and if the races were mingled from prehistoric periods a great deal which has hitherto seemed mysterious in the Moorish development of Spain will admit of explanation. The 'Saracens,' to whom our mediæval ancestors were indebted for their philosophy and their science—in whatever degree—will then be more or less of the Aryan stock, and by temper susceptible to the influences which distinguish Greeks, Latins, and Germans from unprogressive Orientals.

However this may be, it is certain that the Roman province never extended farther along the coast than to Salli; while its innermost limit was a little beyond Volubilis, the ruins of which are still extant on the hill of Zarchon. Mountains to the south and east hemmed in these northern plains; the country below Salli was fertile and deserted—Pliny says it was the home of elephants. Mauretania (such is the correct spelling) under Tiberius included little except Algeria. The province was not considered a valuable one, although its forests yielded the citrus wood, called by the natives *thuja*, of which we read in descriptions of Roman luxury; and a purple dye was drawn from its seas which vied with the Tyrian. Berber troops assisted Trajan under Lusius Quietus, who for these services was made Governor of Palestine; but with him they revolted against Hadrian; and the last we hear of Mauretania during the Imperial age is that a general of Antoninus Pius drove certain Moors into the valleys of the Atlas. Gibbon tells us of the Gætuli and other native tribes, that 'during the vigour of the Roman power they observed a respectful distance from Carthage and the sea-shore; under the feeble reign of the Vandals they invaded the cities of Numidia, occupied the sea-coast from Tangier to Casarea, and pitched their camps with impunity in the fertile province of Byzacium.' The Vandals, Suevi, and Goths had passed into Spain with Genseric in 429. They entered Africa, and made Ceuta and Tangiers tributary; but they do not appear to have established themselves in Morocco. Nor would it be safe to infer from the one hundred and seventy episcopal sees which were reckoned within the Imperial pro-

vinces of Tingitana and Cæsariensis that Christian influences had reached the Roman limits, much less overflowed into the wild country beyond. There is not a particle of evidence that the Berbers had the Gospel preached to them; and in the 'Far West' no sign of a Christian settlement has been discovered.

Centuries of darkness, therefore, usher in the Moslem invasion. During a series of campaigns from A.D. 666 onwards, Okba, the great Arab chief, assailed the independent Berbers, received the homage of Ceuta and Tangiers, and reached the shores of the North Atlantic. His cry, when he urged his steed into the waves, is well known: 'Great God, were my course not stopped by these waters, I would go on to the remote kingdoms of the West, preaching the unity of Thy holy Name, and putting idolaters to the sword.' Such was the defiance of Islam to the Spanish Christians; but Carthage had still to be taken, and twenty years passed before Musa overcame the tribes that dwelt on the edge of the Sáhara; nor was it until 710 that Merwan captured Tangiers and garrisoned it with ten thousand Arabs and Egyptians under the famous Tarik. But already the 'men of Medina,' to whose faction Tarik belonged, had borne a severe defeat at the hands of Syrians in the battle of Harra. On the death of Mohammed, the Great Schism of the East, which continues down to the present day, had broken out. It was destined to make a deadly breach between Damascus or Baghdad and Cairo, between the Fatimites of Egypt and the Idrisi of Morocco. And now when the Turkish Sultan is looked upon as a usurper by all except his own subjects, the Shareef, whom the breadth of Africa and the Red Sea divides from the Moslem Holy Land of Hejaz, exults in his descent from the Apostle of God. This is much as though the Stuart family were settled in California, with the House of Cromwell reigning still in Britain.

Tarik began the Spanish invasion in 710, and returning burnt his boats in 711. The first to enter Andalusia was Tarif, described by Arab historians as a Berber, and a freedman of Musa ibn Nosair. 'By a stroke of fortune,' says Dozy, 'a mere raid had expanded into a conquest.' Visigoth Spain lay helpless at the feet of the Moslems. But these were destined to split up at once into Arabs and Berbers; the war of races became entangled with the war of dynasties in Africa; and during a long generation the struggle lasted on both sides of the Straits. In 740 the Arab nobles were annihilated in Morocco. Next year the Syrians, who had marched to avenge them under Kolthum el Kashairi, suffered a terrible defeat, fled to Ceuta, and joined hands in Spain with the Medinite party,

enemies to themselves, but still more hostile to the Berber converts, whose share in the acquisition of the Peninsula no Arab was willing to acknowledge. Yet we must agree with Dozy that they were its veritable conquerors. 'Musa and his Arabs had done nothing more,' he says, 'than pluck the fruits of the victory won by Tarik and his twelve thousand Berbers over the Visigoth army.' But these nobles from the East took for their own the rich and delightful Andalusia. To the dusty plains of La Mancha and Estremadura, to the rough mountains of Galicia and Leon, they relegated the companions of Tarik. After 740 the Berbers united, chose an Imam, and set out in three separate bodies to besiege Toledo, attack Cordova, and capture the fleet in the harbour of Algeciras. They were met by the combined forces of all the Arabs; their columns were beaten in detail; their fugitives hunted to death like mad dogs. An everlasting feud between Arab and Berber in Spain was the consequence. 'The only place in the north where the Arabs outnumbered their foes was Saragossa. Till the end of our ninth century the Berbers held Jaen, Elvira, Estremadura, and Alentejo; they ruled in Carmona till the eleventh. But they had constantly much to endure; they were often insulted like the Jews; and once, at least, were threatened by their brethren with expulsion. On the other hand we shall see later what glorious things were done in Spain by the Moroccan dynasties, though these proud rulers would fain have disowned their Berber origin, and professed to derive themselves from the companions of Mohammed.

The story of the world seems to hang on trifles. Among the members of 'the saintly House of Ali' were some who drank wine, contrary to the Prophet's injunction. These men, in the year 762, were sacrilegiously exhibited in the streets of Mecca and Medina with halters round their necks. Their kinsfolk burst into rebellion; certain of them fled; and one among the latter was Idris, or Enoch, great-grandson of the husband of Fatima. The blood of Ali and the Imams ran in his veins; he could claim to be one of the true Caliphs of Islam. After various adventures Idris arrived at Volubilis, where he found disciples and a kingdom. In three years he had drawn about him many Berber tribes, conquered Salli or Shella, and made his party triumphant. His kingdom was that of Fez; to the south he attacked the Masmudas in vain; but westward he stretched as far as Tiemçen, although that town has never formed a lasting acquisition of Morocco. From Baghdad the Black or Abbaside Caliph, Haroun of 'The Arabian Nights,' then reigning, sent to Idris—so rumour

babbled—a secret assassin. But the descendant of Ali did not die without children. He founded a succession that lasted down to A.D. 985, the loyal subjects of which henceforth declared themselves the Faithful, as having over them a genuine Caliph, or Vicar of the Prophet, and thus became independent of revolutions on the banks of the Tigris or the Nile.

The kingdom of Fez, indeed, was ruined in 917 by a Mahdi, Obed ibn Abd Allah, one of those singular and dreadful apparitions which, from immemorial times in the East, have shaken constituted authority by an appeal to prophecies that announce the end of all things. A period of immense confusion followed. When next we take up the thread of consecutive history, the tribe called Lamtuna, from their shields of buffalo hide, and Mulaththamim, or 'the veiled,' from the white visors which protected their faces against the sun and sand of the desert, are conquering all before them, under Yusef bin Tashfin. This remarkable man became his cousin's lieutenant at fifty-six, then forced him to abdicate, and reigned in great splendour until he was a hundred years old (1060–1106). Yusef was thus a contemporary of William the Conqueror and our first Norman kings. In 1062 he began to build the city of Marrakesh, but Fez remained the capital; and whoever got possession of it then or since has always had a strong claim to the Imperial power. The new chieftain adorned it with 'mosques, baths, sandaks, mills, and other public buildings.' Tangiers capitulated, Tlemcen was taken, and the modern town set up. When Oran fell to Yusef, his dominions almost touched Algiers. He became the first Emperor of Morocco.

His ambition did not halt there; for the Spanish Arabs were split into factions; their kingdoms were in a state of dissolution; and their fawning letter which deprecated an assault only spurred him on to trample them down. Yusef understood no Arabic; he was a wild son of the Sáhara; but his 'ponderous lance' thrust through horse and man; he seemed irresistible. Alfonso the Valiant was pressing hard on the petty sovereigns of Andalusia; they implored Yusef's help, and sent him the keys of Algeçiras. In 1086 he came, saw, and conquered. At Sacralias, an unknown spot on the frontier of Portugal, not far from Badajoz, the Christians were defeated with immense slaughter. Standing on piles of Spanish heads, the muczzins chanted their call to prayer, 'No God is there but *the* God; Mohammed is the Apostle of God; come ye to repentance!' Forty thousand heads were carried to Morocco and adorned the gates of its cities. With a hundred horsemen Alfonso escaped to Toledo. A second expedition followed,

and a third. In 1090 Yusef laid siege to Toledo, but without success. On a futile pretext he seized Granada. One of his lieutenants struck boldly at Seville and captured it. The king was deposed; Yusef and his Moravides now held the whole of Spain in their grasp.

Seville was made the new capital instead of Cordova; and a wise administration, a sound currency, and an alertness worthy of Napoleon in finding occupation for his troops, bore witness that Yusef deserved to rule over the countries which he had subdued. No monarch of the Murabti line, which lasted ninety years, equalled him in success or in renown. Yet Ali III took Madrid, Oporto, and Lisbon, and 'purged the Algarves of the infidel.' This ambitious king was recalled to Africa in 1121 by the rise of a Mahdi, Mohammed ibn Tumart. From Granada he transported to Mequinez and Salli thousands of Christians, who may be considered as the first of those myriads that have appealed from amid sufferings indescribable to the charity of mediæval and modern Europe. The Mahdi soon passed away; but he left a disciple and successor, Abd el Mumin, who fought with Ali during thirteen years, overcame his son and grandson, took Mequinez in 1146, Fez and Salli in 1147, and two years later was proclaimed Emperor in Spain and Morocco. The fugitive Moravides took refuge in the Balearic Isles. They were succeeded by the fresh dynasty which called itself 'Muwahaddi,' or Unitarian, but in Spanish appear as the 'Almohades.'

Mohammed ibn Tumart, from whose religious enthusiasm this change of empire had sprung, was perhaps the most astonishing figure in a history which is all made up of romance and surprises. A native of Sus, he yet claimed descent from the Prophet. He was a scholar and a saint, as scholarship and sanctity are understood in Islam. He had visited the East, lived in austere poverty, and broken the jars of wine-bibbers and the musical instruments of dancing mendicants. His plain-speaking offended many; he was driven out of Mecca and refused an asylum in Egypt and Tunis. In 1120 the dervish found friends and disciples in the White Mountain, a day's journey beyond Aghmat. Ten years passed. He proclaimed himself the Mahdi; anathematised the metaphysics which distinguished between the substance of Deity and its attributes; persuaded the Masmuda tribes to believe in the miracles which he wrought; united them against the rest of the Berbers, and defeated the Imperial forces. Abd el Mumin, his favourite disciple, succeeded to Ibn Tumart's great power. The mountaineers followed him from victory to victory. At

Salli Mohammedan Spain brought its homage to this son of a potter; within three years Constantine (the ancient Cirta) and Tunis, which concealed the ruins of Carthage, yielded up their arms; Kairwan, Tripoli, Barca surrendered; and the Moorish Empire touched its extreme limits. The Caliph of Baghdad bore as his title an Arabic phrase signifying 'Prince of the Believers,' which mediæval writers corrupted into 'the Miramolin.' It was now assumed by the potter's son. Through insurrection and intrigue he lived on to the age of sixty-three. He was then described, by one who must have seen him, as 'a man of upright stature, with large head, dark eyes, bushy beard, and hard hands; he seemed tall even when sitting down; he had teeth of the purest white, and a mole on his right cheek.'

Such a man would carry his soldiers with him wherever he went. But Abd el Mumin was likewise a poet, dear to literati; he was an excellent judge and a strict devotee. All the mosques, walls, and strong places throughout the Empire he restored; he built the Castle of Gibraltar; he made a complete tithe survey from Barca to Wady Nun; and his own tribe furnished him with a body-guard of forty thousand soldiers. His fleet was large, and was recruited from the ports along the coasts of both seas. It might be imagined with reason that Morocco had now entered on the path of civilisation, and would rival Spain in its contributions to science.

Yusef II, the brother and successor of Abd el Mumin, walked in his footsteps. He built the great mosque of Seville and the aqueduct of Carmona; he recovered from the Franks all the Moslem possessions except Toledo; he collected many books; he studied philosophy and medicine. Among his classics were the volumes of Plato and Aristotle. He was what the Arabs term 'hafiz' and the Germans 'Bibelfest'; that is to say, he could recite the whole of the Koran by heart. He drew to his court a number of learned men, among them Mohammed ibn er-Rushd, whom Christians long feared as a heretic, yet studied as a philosopher, under the name of Averroes. In 1184 Yusef II perished at the siege of Santarem in Portugal; and his son, Yakub the Victorious, reigned in his stead.

Yakub, whose mother was a Christian, had many fine and some austere qualities. He was tall and good-looking, always went dressed in wool, like the Dominican friars after his day, and was known as the most veracious of men and most elegant of speakers. He took for his device, 'In God is my trust.' His reign lasted fifteen years. He opened the prisons,

administered justice with a firm hand, went back to the Koran instead of the commentators for his decisions, and put to death all who drank wine. His piety was manifest to the world. When Saladin despatched an embassy to Morocco it met with a cool reception; yet a hundred and eighty vessels were afterwards sent to the coasts of Syria as an auxiliary force in the struggle of the Saracens against the Crusaders. Yakub, however, had fixed his eyes on what the Franks were meditating in Spain. He crossed the Straits in 1194, and next year overthrew them in the frightful battle of El Arcos, where a hundred and forty-six thousand are said to have been lost on the side of the Christians in killed or prisoners. Sixty thousand coats of mail were laid up in the Moorish treasury. On the great public buildings thirty or forty thousand captives were employed. A Christian was now sold for one dirham—about ninepence—which was also the price of an ass; and a horse would fetch only five. The captives were formed into a separate clan. We may doubt Oriental numbers, but that El Arcos witnessed a ruinous defeat of the Christians is matter of history.

This Berber chieftain, El Mansur, erected the Giralda as a mosque-tower at Seville. Two others no less magnificent were designed at Marrakesh and Rabat, which latter city the Emperor had built with straight wide streets on the model of Alexandria. He was occupied with a third invasion of Spain when Azrael, the angel of death, came to him at Salli, and his body rested for a while in the tomb of his father and grandfather on the White Mountain. He is the Barbarossa of his country's legends, 'the King that disappeared without dying.' Under him the Moors touched the height of greatness; they were now to decline as rapidly as they had risen.

Mohammed III, Yakub's successor, was called 'Victor in Religion'; but he could not manage his own troops, and at Puerto Real they deserted in presence of a Spanish army, thus yielding the upper hand in a decisive moment to the Nazarene. It was the year 1212, and this is that battle of 'Las Navas de Tolosa' in which 'numbers numberless' perished, to the depopulating, it is said, of Morocco; but far more important in that, as El Makkári testifies, 'it was the true cause which led to the subsequent decline of the Moors and Andalusians.' En Nasir was killed by his own guards a year later in the park at Marrakesh. The Empire began to break up. Spain was henceforth lost, except for a brief interval. Fez surrendered to the rival dynasty of the Beni Marin. The heir of these 'Unitarian' Amirs was slain in 1266 or 1269, when the mo

famous of Moroccan houses had ruled during a hundred and fifteen years, and had made itself an everlasting name.

Revolutions in Islam follow a monotonous logic. They appear to spring from religious motives, call to their aid the show of piety and miracles in some wandering dervish or nomad of the desert, and draw down from the wilder mountain-places a horde of tribes in quest of booty, on towns which have become defenceless, and against Sultans lapped in effeminate ease behind the walls of the hareem. The newcomers triumph, are corrupted in their turn, and melt away beneath demoralising influences which no Moslem rulers have been able to vanquish. At the battle of El Arcos a Berber clan, the Zanāta, had furnished its contingent; but when the immortal Spanish victory at Las Navas left Morocco desolate, these locusts found a saint and a robber, Abd el Hakk, who would lead them on their march down into the plains. He died shortly, but his death did not cause them to halt one single hour. They swept all the open country, called themselves the Beni Marin, and in forty years added to their dominions the principal large towns.

Of the Emperors of this race Yakub II (1258-1286) was the most illustrious and humane, as well as the most fortunate. Yakub is described as a scholar, philanthropist, and soldier, who set up hospitals, spent many hours at his devotions, built New Fez, and three times invaded Spain. He fought always, like Hal o' the Wynd, for his own hand. With Alfonso of Leon he entered into a compact which enabled him to lay waste Andalusia. Yakub, however, died at Algeciras; and in no long while the Marinides sank to the level of an Eastern dynasty, with its blood-stained record of murders in the palace and a succession determined by poison or the scimitar.

For three hundred years this feeble house continued its misrule, down to 1522, the age of Charles V. It had become apparent by the middle of the thirteenth century that the long duel of Christian and Moslem in Spain must end in the triumph of the Cross. But when Cordova and Seville had fallen, there ensued an armistice of nearly two hundred years, during which the little mountain-kingdom of Granada held its own unmolested. We arrive at the year 1400, when a Castilian fleet was attacking Tetuan; we pass to 1415, and the Portuguese are laying hands on Ceuta, where their colony never prospered. Tlemcen and Tunis were now independent of Morocco. Abd Allah III, last of the direct Marinide line, was killed in 1471 by a Shareef assassin. Had Spaniards and Portuguese chosen
ly, the Moorish realm must soon have become a

province of the rising Christian Empires of the West. For Granada capitulated in 1492; Boabdil and many fugitives fled to the ancient home of their race; in 1497 Melilla was taken by Medina Sidonia; and Portugal held Mojador, Saffi, and other sea-towns. To the Court of Lisbon the Berbers furnished sixteen thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, and contributions in kind. Yet the Christian dominion never extended beyond their ports. In 1517 Barbarossa, the famous Greek renegade, ruled supreme at Algiers. The Turks held Tunis and threatened Morocco. The limits of that chaotic empire were closely drawn; but it now accepted with joy the descendants of Mohammed, who, under various names and in rival branches, have since governed as much of the country as their soldiers could harass and their tax-gatherers lay waste until the present day. The Saadi Shareefs lasted about a century and a half; they were followed in 1668 by the Filali, who, by sufferance of the European powers, are still on the throne.

There is little need to pursue a history which makes no progress and has left no impression on the civilised world. When the Moors gave up their expeditions across the Straits of Gibraltar, when Spain rose to be an empire such as Alexander had not dreamt of, in continents new and old, it was no longer possible for barbarians from the Atlas to spread beyond the confines of Morocco, unless they would go south towards the terrible Sáhara, or develope into pirates and catchers of men on the ocean. With the overshadowing Turkish Sultans a dynasty of Shareefs could not well be on amicable terms. Thus their vocation was marked out for them. But from an early date there must have been trafficking in Christian slaves in the bazaars of Morocco, for piracy was an old prelude or accompaniment of commerce. Treaties with Pisa in 1186, with Genoa in 1211, with Venice, Marseilles, Aragon, and Barcelona during the fourteenth century, indicate relations which to the Oriental mind imply tribute on the part of foreigners, while to Europeans they seem merely exchanges of friendship. All along, we may conjecture, there had been pirates in the Mediterranean who ran to the Berber ports with their booty of men and merchandise; and the charitable endeavour to ransom captives out of Moslem hands may be traced, no doubt, to the very beginnings of Moorish dominion in Spain. But when foreign conquests had come to an end this abominable traffic in human flesh took unheard-of proportions. The Emperor of Morocco was a slave-catcher and slave-owner second to none in history. Though for some time the pirates traded on their own account, and the business of capturing unlucky Christians

was a private enterprise, the Court insisted on its royalties, demanding first a tenth, afterwards a fifth, and at last the whole of the booty, for which it rewarded the pirates at so much a head. Ransom was now the great object of this vile Government, but ransom extorted on its own terms, and not until the 'Christian dogs' had undergone indescribable tortures.

A most touching heroic story, not so well known to Englishmen as it deserves to be, is that of the various Orders, Spanish and French, instituted in the thirteenth century, for the redemption of captives. They were called Trinitarians or Mathurins, Rescatadores, Brothers of Mercy, Friars of our Lady of Ransom; and their founders were saintly men whom the Latin Church has canonised, such as John of Matha, Felix Count of Valois, Peter Nolasco of Barcelona, and Alfonso X of Castile. Afterwards the Franciscans took a noble share in the work by ministering, under hard and horrible conditions, to the prisoners themselves. It was computed in 1635 that up to that time the Trinitarians alone had paid ransom for 30,720 captives in the whole of Barbary. Gomez y Martinez, who died in 1431, had in eleven voyages rescued 2984. In 1519 Diego de Gayangos brought back 500. Yet in 1550 it was estimated that there were over a thousand Christian slaves at Fez, and in 1568 twice that number at Marrakesh. So late as 1626 a petition reached the English Government from 2000 poor women whose husbands were detained 'in woful slavery and grievous torments in Morocco.' The prisoners once taken on the field of battle, with whom the Spanish friars were chiefly concerned, did not now furnish these large contingents. They were sailors or travellers by sea; and instead of the Berber infantry and cavalry we hear much of the Salli rovers.

Who first taught the Moors to be pirates is an interesting but insoluble question. 'Beyond a doubt,' says Mr. Meakin, 'they owed nearly all they knew of sea warfare to Europeans, from whom at a later period they almost exclusively obtained not only their arms but also their vessels.' Captain John Smith, president and planter of Virginia in the reign of Elizabeth, makes a statement, if we are not to call it an accusation, which is yet more startling. He declares that the old original pirates of Morocco were Englishmen from the coast of Devon. Scaliger had affirmed that 'Nulli melius piraticam exercent quam Angli'; and Smith's evidence bears him out. 'It is,' he says, 'incredible how many great and rich prizes the little barques of the West Country daily brought home.' These Devonshire buccaneers had long, indeed, been the terror of Christian princes; and in the days of James I, Smith goes on

to inform us, they retired to Barbary. His account is curious and minute, as of an eye-witness ; it runs as follows :—

‘Ward, a poor English sailor, and Dansker, a Dutchman, made first here their marts, when the Moores scarce knew how to saile a ship ; Bishop was ancient, and did little hurt, but Easton got so much as made himsele a marquisse in Savoy, and Ward lived like a Bashaw in Barbary ; they were the first that taught the Moores to be men of warre.’

If that was the case, ‘those Sally men or Moores of Barbary’ paid back their teachers in kind. Not only did they ‘take purchase even in the main ocean,’ but they infested the ‘narrow seas’ of England, where ‘forty sail of Turks’ might be seen in 1624 off the Devonshire coast. Piracy was profitable, and ‘several Englishmen went into the business,’ as Drake and Hawkins had done in a previous generation. But the Mediterranean swarmed with vessels of prey from of old ; and the Salli rovers might have learnt their trade from half a dozen different nations, for Genoese, Sicilians, Greeks, Provençals, Catalans, and Pisans all practised it. With Christians it was that the Turks manned their mighty fleets. When the Ottomans established themselves in ‘Central Barbary,’ they drove the Moors to pursue that fortune on sea which was denied them on shore, and from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century this foul disgrace was suffered by Europe to flourish without let or hindrance.

Philip III of Spain expelled from his dominions in 1610 nine hundred thousand Moriscos, charged with dissembling their faith in the Prophet under a Christian mask. Many fled across the Straits ; and it is not wonderful if they gave an impetus to the pirate business, or made havoc of the Spanish merchantmen. Descriptions in abundance remain of the galleys, chaloupes, rebecks, and other craft, then sailing in the Mediterranean, which they employed. These famous galleys were long low rowing boats of the ancient pattern, their length from twenty to sixty yards, their breadth from three to seven. They were propelled by oars, sometimes sixteen yards long, and by lateen sails, such as are customary on the Spanish felucca. Two hundred Christian slaves, packed tightly on two dozen benches with a gangway down the centre, urged them on their course ; and while the merchantman had few hands and was always at the mercy of the wind, these well-armed galleys could go where they pleased, almost like the steamers of to-day. The Moorish rovers seem to have employed vessels called ‘carraques, pinques, and polacres’ on the Atlantic, where the

waves did not permit chaloupes to be manœuvred without danger. But in every instance the sight of a corsair struck terror to the hearts of Christians at sea. They could escape only by fast sailing or desperate fighting; or so they believed. Most trading vessels were practically defenceless; the name of Barbary inspired a fear which solemn processions in the churches of Spain, and large and frequent collections in the churches of England, did much to exaggerate. Hired mercenaries, renegades, and captives executed the commands of Mohammedan officers; and traders, or even consuls, were not above making a profit out of slaves, bringing arms and powder from Europe in exchange for them, but holding them still as security for the ransom which their fellow-Christians were collecting to pay into the Imperial coffers.

We cannot but deem it extraordinary that States so powerful at sea as Venice or Holland should have bought off these detestable ruffians by a yearly rent. No less singular is it that when England was becoming herself a great naval Power, the English captives held on the Barbary coast exceeded those of all other nations. Regular tribute was not paid so long as the corsairs plundered on their own account; but matters altered when in 1672 Mulay Ismaïl succeeded to the throne of Morocco. During a reign of fifty-five years, while this preterhuman tyrant practised cruelties not to be described on his people, his slaves, his wives and his sons, his favourites and his kinsfolk, he so enhanced the terror which distant nations felt at the Moorish name that gifts began to pour in from all sides; and even after his death in 1727 the tribute did not cease. Mulay Ismaïl was the strong ruler whom Easterns not only obey but worship as a peculiar emanation of the Deity. His rage, lust, and avarice were equally great, beyond the proportions of Roman wickedness in a Nero or a Caligula. But he had an iron will, a perfect knowledge of the genius and temper of his people, and a constitution which did not fail him till he was past eighty. His corps of 'Black Guards,' recruited from the Soudan, amounted to thousands; they spared none of his subjects, and he did not spare them. To this day their descendants survive, and would now be taken for typical Moors by the stranger who knows not their pedigree. Ismaïl sought in marriage the hand of Mlle. de Blois, daughter of Louis XIV and the Duchesse de la Vallière, when his harem contained hundreds of concubines. His great, or rather long, siege of Ceuta is famous, lasting as it did from 1694 to 1720. Exhausting the labour of thirty-three thousand slaves, Christian and native, he built sixty-six kasbahs or strongholds, raised a colossal

palace at Mequinez, and covered the land with his restorations. He is the last great Sultan whom the Moors remember; and with good reason, for the country is now pretty much as he left it, although the terror of the Moorish name has passed away.

To this tyrant and his successors gifts were sent and ransoms paid of which it is now impossible to form an estimate; but we may argue that they rose or fell in value with the reputation at Fez of the countries which yielded them. Mulay Ismail sold his Spaniards cheap; they were fugitives from justice at home and cost him nothing. But the French prisoners had fought the pirates as long as they could, inflicting heavy losses; and their ransom was consequently high. Colonel Kirke, who held a commission at Tangiers before his infamous campaign with Judge Jeffreys, agreed to pay for every Englishman 200 pieces of eight, which would mean nearly fifty pounds. The Dutch in 1698 bargained for a Netherlands slave at 800 crowns and a Moor thrown in. And it is on record that some years afterwards eighty-six Dutch prisoners were bought on speculation for powder and arms by Benzaki, a rich Jew, who had the effrontery to get himself appointed as envoy to the States-General, that he might secure the larger ransom for them. In 1725 Thomas Betton, a Turkey merchant, left a large sum to the Ironmongers' Company for the redemption of British slaves. The investment of this bequest yielded at least 10,000*l.* a year, and the Sultan received varying but considerable amounts as late as the year 1825, when no more slaves were forthcoming. In the Canongate, Edinburgh, a tall building still bears the name of Morocco Land, in memory (so it is thought) of a similar bequest. To these must be added the collections made in London and elsewhere by order of the bishops, which between 1700 and 1705 alone amounted to the sum of 16,591*l.* 12*s.* 2½*d.* Thus every season fresh slaves were taken, especially during April and May; while pious hands contributed to keep up the trade by their assiduous gathering of tribute for 'His Barbarian Majesty' all over Christendom.

The maritime Powers were indeed chiefly to blame. From an early date down to 1815, Holland paid 2,200*l.* a year as blackmail to the Sultan. In 1632 Venice undertook to pay 50,000 sequins at once and 10,000 per annum, as well as large presents to the Court of Fez. Sweden, Denmark, Sardinia, and even France bought a doubtful security with hard cash during the whole eighteenth century. So late as 1734, an English ambassador, Sollicoffre, was agreeing to pay extravagant sums for the one hundred and forty-four British subjects who were

all he could rescue from Abd Allah 'the Acceptable'; and Christian slavery was not abolished in Morocco until the year which preceded Waterloo.

But the pirate business had long been waning. It was kept up more by the ignorance and supineness of European Governments than by courage or strength on the part of the Moors. Captain Phelps, who had been himself a buccaneer, asserted in 1685 that 'no Salleeman will fight a ship of ten guns.' They sailed two or three together, and made up in threats, which often proved effectual with timid merchantmen, for what they wanted in ammunition. Towards 1750 this chapter of sanguinary and shameful, yet picturesque, history was coming to a close. In 1781 Sir John Acton, an Englishman in the service of Tuscany, dealt the traffic a severe blow, by demanding and getting back with damages two of the Grand Duke's captured vessels. A hundred years ago not much was left of it; in 1817 Mulay Sulaiman disarmed his useless craft, which steam was about to supersede altogether; and the bombardment of Laraiche in 1829 by the French, though ineffectual, at length put an end to the system. Not only is piracy a thing of the past, but it has been forgotten by the Moors themselves, who neither write nor read what their fathers accomplished in the good old days of Islam. We heard much three years ago of the Riffians and their exploits; but the Mountain-Berbers are not Salli rovers, and they simply observe the immemorial and once universal custom of dealing with the shipwrecked as evil folk given by God into their hands.

El Hasan III, who came to the throne in 1873 and reigned until 1894, was a strangely interesting and even mysterious figure, not unlike Louis II of Bavaria in his attachment to the past, his dreams of kingly romance, his melancholy, and his seclusion from the modern world. But Louis II was a mere dilettante; El Hasan lived like a dervish within his palace-walls, proclaimed and attempted a religious reform, drew his sword repeatedly on rebels who denied him tribute, invaded Sus, and with his motley array of black and brown soldiers 'ate up' more than one province. Yet the Sultan was thought by his subjects to be a little too mild; though blood was often shed, he seemed averse from capital punishment; and it is questionable whether the charming Pierre Loti has drawn a true portrait of him, when he praises Mulay Hasan for 'wanting neither press nor parliament, neither railways nor carriage-roads.' It is certain, at all events, that during the twenty years of his reign intercourse with strangers has grown and their power in Morocco has made itself increasingly felt. But this

much we may grant to M. Loti, that few of the Shareefian dynasty have been more loyal to the genius of Mohammed than his far-off descendant, El Hasan. Severe, fanatical, touched with the devout madness which has never been without admirers in the East, and always conscious that he alone was the true Caliph—not the usurper at Stamboul, nor the champagne-drinking heretic at Teheran—this singular survival of a doomed idea felt the intoxication which a divine mission brings with it. His people, though careless where he was strict, shared the Sultan's faith if not his enthusiasm. He and they, as M. Loti never wearies of telling us, have slept their sleep and dreamt their dream of a thousand years in their dead cities. Who could awaken them? For his part, concludes M. Loti, he never would.

This locked and guarded kingdom—this almost impenetrable Land of Sunset—keeps, therefore, until to-day its perplexing and curiously-mingled charm. Over its treeless deserts, and its plains smothered in iris and asphodel, which the burning blue heavens seem to call out in spring only that they may be scorched into white dust as the summer advances, a nation of horsemen moves to and fro, clad in thick wool, veiled in long white muslin, silent for the most part, yet suddenly breaking out into noise, fury, and murder—the Ishmael of peoples. When these brigands are at home in their white sunburnt cities, they bar their houses like mediæval donjons against sudden assaults; their wives live as in convents of the strictest observance; and the amusements, meetings, studies, and public agitation, without which Europeans could not exist, are unknown to them. Every day has its order of prayers; instead of the southern Ave Maria which rings out at sundown, the grave muezzins utter their musical monotonous cry in 'the holy hour,' and the land answers it by universal prostration before Allah. Fanaticism is the breath of their nostrils. The Moroccan has a jingling rhyme which he loves to repeat, 'The Nazarene to the stake, the Jew to the halter'; if he tolerates them it is because he must; he longs for the good old days when he could squeeze a revenue out of their fears or their helplessness. He despises the Christian convert to Islam and calls him 'Alj,' a renegade. But his own countrymen, Moslem like himself, are made a prey whenever he can use sword or rifle with impunity. Nor does the sacred custom of eating bread and salt with tribe or man preserve from destruction. When the Ait Sokhman, in 1888, had thus welcomed Mulay Sarur, an uncle of El Hasan, and thrown him off his guard, 'suddenly the powder spoke,' as these guests were reclining

after supper; Sarur was killed, and 'of all who went but few returned.' The Sultan marched upon the Ait Sokhman; he found their land deserted, and turned against their allies, the Ait Yussi, whom he destroyed root and branch. 'The army,' says a native account, 'ate up everything the men could lay hands on; what the men left fattened their beasts; what the animals left the fire licked up; the country which they found a garden they left a desert.'

Such were the Assyrian-like expeditions of a merciful Sultan, whose own troops perished in his mountain-marches, during the winter of 1893, amid the rocks and snows of the Atlas. He never reached his capital again, and 'El Hasan's entry into Rabat was in a coffin, at the dead of night,' says an Englishman who shared his retreat. The victorious Emperor of seven years previously had been compelled to make presents to the wild tribes through whose borders he advanced. These incidents, which are perpetually recurring, tell us under what extraordinary conditions even a legitimate and acknowledged Vicar of the Prophet holds his own. The Court is a camp; taxes are recovered at the point of the sword; and much as devout Mohammedans may talk of the Law—in a strain which our Old Testament bringing-up has made familiar to us—the only power recognised in Morocco is brute force. 'No one pays when he is asked or what he is asked,' says Mr. Meakin, who knows the present system of administration thoroughly, 'all pleading poverty, and many suffering imprisonment, or even the lash, to avoid establishing a precedent by too great a contribution at once, for the more readily the money is forthcoming the more is demanded. Everyone, therefore, not enjoying protection of some sort, conceals his wealth, and anyone who has a little money buries it; consequently, when an official falls, his dwelling is ransacked, if not demolished, in search of treasure.'

By law there are limits to extortion, and the shrines of saints, property belonging to mosques, religious foundations, and persons attached to these, as a rule escape payment. Foreign protection is used, especially in the seaport towns where Europeans reside, for a like purpose; the taxes levied on all who are lucky enough to be sheltered under a strange flag were fixed by treaty in 1887. Some tribes furnish horse-soldiers, one from every household; it is a common and disagreeable duty to provide sustenance for all Government officials and their train during a progress. At public festivals the Kaïds must come themselves or send their deputies with valuable offerings. If a governor cannot satisfy the demands thus made upon him, he will be cast into gaol and his mansion pulled down, or l

may 'be treated to corrosive sublimate or arsenic in his tea.' No feast-day passes without the imprisonment of some high officials. False charges are made against the 'unprotected' rich; they are often tortured to extract money from them; by such proceedings a governor may earn for himself the title of 'Father of Sugarloaves'—bribes being given in this form—but at length when he is 'fat' enough, according to the Moorish idiom, he too will be summoned to the Sublime Porte of Fez, and 'squeezed' in his turn. The bashaw's nominal income may be a few pence a day; his ascertained spoils, of which Mr. Meakin gives an authentic and amusing list, came in the instance quoted to more than two hundred pounds a month. Hence, protection from governor and Sultan is eagerly sought; Europeans have made the most of their opportunities; and the natives have been willing to pay high for appointments which carried with them freedom from their own rulers. But, in our author's opinion, until the Government is reformed, protection, though liable to abuse, is inevitable, and ought to be regulated by the agreement of all concerned. 'Let the European nations,' he says, 'protect every Moor and Jew they can, upholding them through thick and thin, till the Moorish Government yields and protects them itself.' The system began when piracy flourished, when Christian slaves were sold by auction in the cities of Morocco. It has been supported to encourage a foreign trade which would otherwise never have existed. And it is now the strength of Christian influence in a country where more refined methods are doomed to failure. The people, it is certain, ask only to be saved from plundering Kaïds and soldiers whose trade it is to eat up provinces. There is a shrewd saying of Mohammed's often quoted, 'An empire may stand with infidelity; it will not stand with tyranny.' The unbroken tyranny of the Shareefs and their army of locusts may seem to give it the lie. Yet Mr. Meakin is confident that, although 'the courage and fanaticism of the Moors will make them a difficult race to conquer, their avarice and treachery will tell against them in the long run.'

The Moorish Empire itself is now much like a stranded ship, at the mercy of Europeans, who cannot agree how they shall break up or share it. From their point of view it is corrupt, decadent, barbarous, and almost effete. Our politicians are of one mind with our philosophers in applying to this, as to every other Mohammedan country, the tests of civilisation and progress which they would apply to their own. But Morocco has never known what we term civilisation. It is the land of a mixed people who worship the Koran which they cannot read,

while they indulge their sensual appetites with the *naïveté* of children. They submit to the strong hand as the true divine right, consider the art of lying as given for man's protection, cheat and are cheated by natural instinct, and display at once the vices of slaves and despots. Islam does not propose to itself the ethical life as the aim of its teaching; it is a ritual, a custom, or a tradition; it has never been progressive; and its revolutions, led by a Mahdi or his lieutenant, are plundering expeditions which take religion for a banner. During the last hundred and forty years the Christian States, though at variance among themselves, have yet carved empires out of Islam; they have set up under the name of protection colonies in all its chief towns and factories on all its coasts, to which the resources of the natives are being gradually subjugated. Europeans can now deal as unjustly with Morocco as Morocco ever dealt with them. But this 'travesty of an Empire' has in it no principle of reform or regeneration, since its people want neither. As they were a thousand years ago, such they are to-day. Their lawyers, priests, doctors, learned men, saints, pilgrims, soldiers, officials, have never changed from the old-world pattern, which may be primitive or mediæval, but is the same now that it was in the thirteenth century of our era. What they call education we should call superstition; their science is on a level with astrology; their disdain for the Nazarene is transcendent. No missionary makes the slightest impression on them. Their government, time out of mind, has been a tyranny; but the people have never risen against tyrants as such. Rebellions of tribes against the Sultan, wars of the mountain against the plain, massacres and assassinations—in short, anarchy of one kind or another—they always have seen, and expect always to see. It is an instructive lesson for modern Christians, showing us within twenty-eight hours' sail of France the barbarism of the Middle Ages in full vigour.

There are, indeed, 'genial, polished, and picturesque Moors'; as in the days of chivalry, manner, costume, and a certain outward magnificence light up the cruelties of war outside the city and injustice within. But an infallible Koran destroys all hope of moving upward from the ideals which it has stereotyped. Morocco is framed on the military pattern, with clans obedient to a chief, and on the absolute or old monarchical plan, which cannot distinguish the sovereign from the law which he administers. It has, therefore, no constitution, but only custom; rights which are divine, or no rights at all. The Ulemas will always 'find Scripture' to justify warring Sultan decrees. Imprisonment, and even death,

this régime, can have no terrors for men accustomed to bloodshed, therefore the prison is a house of torment; and mutilation, flogging, the 'salting of hands,' and starving in granaries underground, hold the place which torture did with us in not very distant ages. Heads are still fixed above the city gates, in front of which seethes and festers the offal of dead beasts. The police are intensely corrupt. The governors of towns or districts make a hundred times as much by bribes as by their legal emoluments. The Sultan himself expects and receives presents whenever he gives an audience; and while the Kaïd, or secular judge, affects to maintain the Emperor's peace by his arbitrary jurisdiction, and is often unable to read, the Kadi is bound to give sentence after the Koran, is chosen for his learning, and holds out to the accused a better hope of justice. Again we seem to be looking on at the Middle Ages, with their spiritual courts, their learned clergy and unlearned soldiers, their violence tempered by religion, and their superstition into which a stray gleam of ethics might pierce occasionally, when Jews or heretics were not in question and human nature could assert its kindlier instincts.

The long agony by which mediæval Europe passed out of this condition to equality before the law, an enlightened free press, and a recognition of popular rights, was spread over many centuries. Reform came from within; and the New Testament did not oppose it. Morocco has neither science nor the New Testament; it is satisfied with the creed of Islam; and though the people are ground down with oppressive taxes, their very ignorance is a protection to the governors against whom they may sometimes revolt, but whose character they will never amend. If the Powers of Europe could agree to put Morocco in commission, with a trained civil service, they might do for the Moors what England is doing for the Egyptians. But two civilisations are face to face on the shores of the Mediterranean, and while it is evident that no Moham-medan ruler can withstand the science and progress which we call Christian, it is equally clear that no European Power has yet transformed the spirit or refined the daily life of any people who believe in Islam.

ART. IV.—RECENT POLITICAL THEORY AND PRACTICE.

1. *Politik. Vorlesungen gehalten an der Universität zu Berlin.* By Heinrich von Treitschke. Two vols. Leipzig: 1897-1898.
2. *First Principles in Politics.* By W. S. Lilly. London: John Murray, 1899.
3. *English Political Philosophy from Hobbes to Maine.* By William Graham. London: Edward Arnold, 1899.
4. *The Philosophical Theory of the State.* By Bernard Bosanquet. London: Macmillan, 1899.
5. *Problems of Modern Democracy.* By E. L. Godkin. London: Constable, 1896.
6. *Some Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy.* By E. L. Godkin. London: Constable, 1898.
7. *American Ideals and other Essays, Social and Political.* By Theodore Roosevelt. Second edition. New York and London: Putnam's Sons, 1898.

IS there such a thing as political philosophy? The mere fact that the question can be asked, that to nine tenths of the readers of this Review it will appear to be the obvious question, is evidence of the profound change that has passed over the spirit of political inquiry. For the first time, it might almost be said, since Aristotle, we find ourselves face to face with the bare facts, unbiassed and uninspired by any absolute creed, asking as soberly as we may, in various moods of confidence, hope, indifference, or despair, What has been? and What ought to be? but hardly expecting to either enquiry a final and comprehensive answer. With the question, What has been? we are here only indirectly concerned. It is in connexion with the other question—What ought to be?—that we propose to examine the trend of recent political speculation.

In this, as in all other departments of modern thought, the characteristic note is relativity; a note which implies, here as elsewhere, a revolutionary change in the whole way of conceiving the subject. For political philosophy, from the earliest times, has been marked by the character of absolutism. Even Aristotle, positive and scientific as he was in his method and aim, was able, owing to the limitation and comparative simplicity of the material before him, to discover for the problems he raised solutions that he could believe to be definite and final. For him the City-State was the only polity that deserved consideration; and of this polity, various as were the forms which it had assumed under various conditions, he yet felt himself

competent to formulate, with something like finality, both the absolutely ideal and the best practicable type. Since his time the civilised world has passed through a series of transformations undreamed of in his philosophy; and these, it might naturally have been supposed, would have been reflected in the course of political speculation. But that is precisely what did not occur. From the fourth century B.C., one might say, to the eighteenth of our era, the theory of politics was divorced from experience. For two thousand years the doctrine of Natural Law, derived originally from Aristotle himself, elaborated by the Stoic philosophers, grafted on Roman jurisprudence, and finally incorporated into Christian theology, was made in one form or another the basis of all political speculation. It was of the essence of this doctrine to formulate deductively, without reference to the facts or possibilities of any particular age, a complete system of general principles. There are imprinted, it held, in the Reason of man, *quâ* man, independent of time, place, or circumstance, certain fixed and infallible rules of Right, the realisation of which is the object of all laws and government. These rules prescribe the ideal, an ideal indifferent to experience, absolute, not relative, for everywhere and everywhen, not for here and now. The natural affinity of such a doctrine to theology was discovered by the Pagan and developed in detail by the Christian world. But it does not depend on theology, though it may readily be subordinated to it. It survived the break-up of the universal authority of the Church, and in the form of a purely ethical rule championed the cause of reform and revolution. Yet it is no more necessarily revolutionary than conservative in its spirit. Its one characteristic note is its absolutism. It is the 'categorical imperative' of politics, in which form it definitely appears in Kant; but the content of this Imperative, the thing commanded, as opposed to the character of the command, every speculator, once the authority of the Church was undermined, was at liberty to fill in as his own prejudices might dictate. Natural Law, in a word, was the annihilation of political science, while it was the apotheosis of political philosophy. To the question What has been? or What is? it was indifferent; to the question What ought to be? it professed to have found an absolute and final answer.

Such was the general character of the conception which in one form or another dominated political speculation for two thousand years. But this whole way of approaching the subject has been revolutionised by modern thought. Natural Law has not indeed been simply swept away, in spite of the English

school of jurisprudence. It still survives, one might say flourishes, not only on the Continent, but within these islands; but it survives in a form profoundly modified by the history and the speculation of the century. It has discarded, it would seem, or all but discarded, its characteristic absolutism; and while retaining the element of obligation involved in the very term 'ought,' it recognises the obligation as relative to this or that set of conditions, rather than as indifferently valid for every time and place. Thus, for example, Professor Lorimer, in his '*Institutes of Law*,' appears, if we interpret him rightly, to regard the history of institutions as a progressive discovery by the human spirit, under the stress of experience, of its own intuitive Rules of Right, every age and civilisation having thus a Right of its own, though this, again, is but a phase in the evolution of the ultimate ideal. Even Mr. Lilly, in his recent book, '*First Principles in Politics*,' while he insists on the conception of an 'absolute order of Right,' yet professes himself as 'very far indeed from holding, with the sophists of the French Revolution, that these natural rights and duties are independent of conditioning circumstances.' The function and form of the State, he maintains, not only are but should be variously adapted to the needs of various times; and while, on the one hand, he enunciates a series of first principles, on the other, he limits and qualifies them in their practical application. For the abstract 'man in general,' who was the subject of the eighteenth-century theorists, he substitutes the particular citizen of this age and this country. While basing himself on Aquinas and on Kant he quotes with approval that apostle of the Relative, M. Taine; and while claiming for Right the character of an imperative law, consents to interpret that law in the light of experience.

Even those, then, who still adhere to the terminology of Natural Law have been compelled by the spirit of the time to relax the rigidity which attaches to their doctrine. Much more have others who have broken loose from this historic tradition succumbed to the tyranny of the Relative. We may refer in particular to those disciples of Hegel whose influence still prevails at Oxford and in the Scottish universities. That a philosophy of the Absolute should issue in the Relative may seem at first sight to be a paradox; but Hegelianism is nothing if not paradoxical; and by Hegel it would seem, or at any rate by some of his followers, the Absolute is conceived as evolving itself in Time. History, Law, Art, Religion, Philosophy, all manifestations, in short, of the human spirit, are represented as unfolding themselves in a series of logically related stages, each of which, while it is,

for the time being, the Best it could be, contains also inherent defects by which it is compelled to pass into a Better. While therefore, in a sense, Right is at any moment embodied in existing institutions, yet these are right not absolutely, but only under the given conditions, being always at tension, as it were, to transform themselves, under stress of the Ideal which is working in and through them, and to pass on, through the appointed phases, towards some ultimate realisation. Of this view Mr. Bosanquet's 'Philosophical Theory of the State' is the most recent and complete exposition. The difficulties and contradictions which it presents, the confusion of temporal and logical relations, of Will and Reason, of aspects and of stages, above all, the extraordinary and provoking optimism which practically asserts that the State can do no wrong—all this we need not here pause to discuss in detail. It is enough to point out in illustration of our main thesis that the writers of this school explicitly affirm, what even Mr. Lilly finds it impossible to deny, that Right, even though in its essence it be conceived as absolute, is in any given manifestation relative to time, place, and circumstance, and that it is futile, if it is not dangerous, to oppose to the concrete facts of the present the absolute demands of a naked, unembodied Ideal.

If this conclusion has forced itself even upon metaphysicians, much more does it commend itself to historians. The historic method is, in fact, both an effect and a cause of the breakdown of the belief in absolute principles. And thus we are not surprised to find that a writer, for example, like Treitschke, who makes no pretence to philosophy, has been led by his historical researches to the conclusion that in politics there is nothing unconditioned. The 'unnaturalness of Natural Law,' he says, 'is now generally recognised'; and he adds, quite in the spirit of the Hegelian philosophy, that 'the infinite development of the Divine Reason is richer than the barren idea of an absolute code of reason independent of all positive law.'

To Englishmen, in particular, all this may seem obvious enough. We have been living for many years past under the influence of the Utilitarian creed, or perhaps it would be truer to say, of those convictions which the Utilitarians have formulated into a system. But Utilitarianism is above all a philosophy of the Relative; and herein really, much more than in its principle of 'greatest happiness,' has resided its practical importance. The principle itself is disputable, and in some of its tendencies is fairly open to the criticism so passionately urged against it by Carlyle. But it has had the great merit that it has impelled its disciples to a careful analysis of existing

conditions and possibilities of good (as they conceive it), while it has vigorously challenged principles which, though philosophically they might be defensible, had come, in their practical application, to have nothing but an obstructive force. While asserting emphatically the relativity of all ideals, it has shrunk from no inquiry, however minute, as to what, in detail, the ideal for the present might be. No philosopher in the history of the world has been the originator of so much practical good as Bentham; and among recent English writers few have devoted to the study of politics so much hard thought and patient analysis as the late Professor Sidgwick.

From all these points of view, then—from those of metaphysics, of history, of common sense—we find political theory gravitating to the view that Right is relative to circumstances. Does this imply the destruction of political philosophy, which in fact, as we saw, for twenty centuries proceeded on the opposite hypothesis of absolutism? Surely not. The nature of Right is not altered by the fact that we seek to fill in its content not arbitrarily by general propositions purporting to be derived from Reason as such, but by a patient investigation and analysis of the complex conditions with which, here and now, we actually have to deal. Right may be defined as means to Good; its essence is obligation—an obligation as absolutely affirmed by the Utilitarians themselves when they say, 'You ought to pursue happiness,' as by any other school of philosophy. It is upon this imperative character of Right that Mr. Lilly strenuously insists, and, so far, we are in complete agreement with him. But, paradoxical as it may seem, it does not follow that because we ought to do Right we know what Right is. It is our business to discover it, as well and as far as we can, by an analysis of conditions, patiently pursued from that point of view and with that end in prospect. This is the task of political philosophy, which thus is, or should be, the handmaid of practice. Its sphere is the sphere of opinion, not of exact demonstration; but it believes that some opinions are righter than others, and that those will be rightest which are the result of the soundest judgment instructed by the widest acquaintance with facts. The ideal political philosopher, in other words, would be the ideal statesman. Both are involved in the same paradox, that while they believe there is a right course which they are bound to pursue, they are also aware that they have at any moment only the most imperfect and inadequate knowledge of which it is. To be perpetually perfecting their judgment is their bounden duty; but they know nevertheless that their judgment is never perfect. Such a position, of

course, is easily assailable by the sceptic. But a scepticism that would attack political philosophy is one which must attack also political action; and scepticism of that kind, though it may be irrefutable in logic, will always remain ineffective in practice. Men must act, and acting will believe that right action is possible. The task of political philosophy is to sum up and, so far as may be, to systematise, from the point of view of the end to be achieved, the experience upon which the judgment of the practical politician has to work.

The transformation which we have indicated in the attitude of political speculation was prompted, one might say necessitated, by the course of recent political history. In an age which has witnessed the foundation and portentous development of the United States of America, and in Europe the transition from feudal to modern institutions, the transformation of old and the creation of new polities—in such an age political thought, if it was to be in touch with facts at all, could not fail to undergo revolutions and crises analogous to those which were proceeding in the world of events. The character and results of these we may now proceed briefly to indicate.

If we look back to the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find confronting one another two opposite schools of thought, championing with the enthusiasm of absolute conviction, the one the yet unembodied idea, the other the long-established fact. We have, on the one hand, that potent genius of rationalistic thought, which, confining itself, in the exposition of Locke, to an *a priori* deduction of the principles of 1688, passed, by a natural process, to the enunciation of republican and democratic formulæ, and shaping itself everywhere under stress of the particular conditions with which it had to deal, became, in America the basis of a polity, in France the inspiration of a revolution, in England the ferment of an agitation for reform. From this point of view, the American and French Declarations of Rights, with their uncompromising appeal to Reason and Natural Law, the metaphysical fiction of Rousseau's 'Social Contract,' the characteristically English reversion of Major Cartwright and his friends to an imaginary past, and the Utilitarianism of Bentham, with its contempt alike for nature, fiction, precedent, and established fact—all these are but diverse manifestations and expressions of a single faith, the faith in popular government, to which, because it had never been tried, it was still possible to attribute every possibility of good.

The other current of thought, evoked by antagonism to this propaganda, is the one variously represented, in England, by writers like Burke and Coleridge, in France, by de Maistre, Bonald, and others of the Catholic school. Different, and even radically opposed, as these writers may be, in their principles, their methods, and even their conclusions, they yet agree in the single point, important for our present purpose, that, revolted by the crude assumptions, the shallow learning, and the superficial analysis of the Rationalists, and horrified by the catastrophe of the first attempt to put the revolutionary principles into action, they sought for a basis in the history, the religion, and the philosophy of the past, and made it their aim to justify to the reason and conscience of their contemporaries an order of things which it could still seem plausible to hope they might preserve and perpetuate.

The opposition of these schools led to a clash of absolute ideals, brilliant, inspired, vibrating on both sides with a passion of conviction untroubled by doubt and unclouded by disillusionment. But the resulting flash was only momentary, like that of an electric spark; and with its passage both sides were left exhausted, neutralised, and cold. On the one hand, the philosophy of the reaction vanished with the institutions it had laboured to justify. Absolute monarchy, feudalism, estates, even the British Constitution in the form in which it was championed by Burke and by Coleridge—these things are gone beyond recall. On the other hand, the democratic ideal, which ostensibly survives as the victor, survives shorn of its original sanctity and splendour. It has descended from heaven and become incarnate in man; in every sense it has 'put on corruption.' It has indeed succeeded in establishing itself in the world of fact; but just for that reason it has forfeited the claim to simple and absolute Rightness which it could plausibly advance while it remained a mere ideal. There is no Western State which has not now some form of popular government; there is none in which popular government has achieved what was expected by its original champions, none in which it has not developed vices and defects the most opposite to any which it was anticipated could flow from its constitution.

The effect of this actual experience of popular government may be traced in the development of political thought. At the beginning of the century, in the times of Bentham and of James Mill, there was as yet no indication of how Democracy would work under normal conditions in a large modern State. The government of the United States was still under the control of the picked men who had made the Revolution; the

population was small, the influx of aliens had not begun; the characteristic features of the present day—election of officials, short periods of service, the system of ‘spoils,’ and the whole party machinery which has been built up upon this basis—either were not yet established, or had not developed their consequences. It was still possible to point, as Bentham habitually does, to the United States as an example of the admirable results to be expected from democratic institutions. In England, on the other hand, the vices and defects of aristocratic government were exhibiting themselves under the Tories in their most odious form. The Continent was under the beel of the Holy Alliance. Everywhere, except in the United States, there was reaction; everywhere the basis of government was as irrational as its practice was impotent and disastrous. It was the very time for a confident elaboration of the democratic theory. The virtues attributed to the ideal proposed no one was in a position to deny; the vices of the actuality it attacked were palpable and gross; and Bentham and his followers were able without hesitation to credit the polity they were constructing in the air with a complete and happy solution of all the problems of government and administration. An enlightened and intelligent people freely and of their own impulse selecting for all the important offices of State the most competent, devoted, and disinterested of their fellow-citizens—such is the picture presented by the earlier philosophy of Democracy.

But gradually the note changes. With the year 1830 popular government announces itself no longer as a mere idea but as a militant fact; and as, after many vicissitudes, it gains at last a stable footing, it begins to reveal its real characteristics and tendencies. Already by the middle of the century its friends no less than its enemies are raising a warning note. They are beginning to fear the domination of the majority, and to suggest expedients and plans by which it may be obviated. It is difficult for us now in England to realise that down to 1867 the form which our polity was to assume still hung in the balance; and that, of the many schemes which were suggested, the one which received least support from theorists and statesmen was exactly the one which has been established in practice—pure majority-rule based on a wide and practically equal franchise. Even those who, like John Stuart Mill, advocated universal suffrage, would have qualified it by important limitations and checks, none of which, in fact, have been adopted. More popular, among political philosophers, was the principle of representation of interests, the distribution

of power among classes rather than among individuals, the development of the old idea of Estates of the Realm. This, as is well known, was originally the principle of Disraeli; and it is curious and ironical that it should have been he, of all men, who was destined in the Franchise Act of 1867 to launch his country on the path of majority-rule. The continent of Europe adopted the same course; and now in every important Western State, with the one great exception of Germany, the ultimate depository of power is a representative Chamber elected on a wide and commonly an equal franchise. This is the system that is now on its trial; and an estimation of its real results is the problem with which political philosophy is beginning to grapple.

These results are widely different from those which were originally anticipated either by the friends or the foes of Democracy. Both sides proceeded on the assumption that the mass of men would really govern, or at least really control government—a prospect which was regarded by the one party with satisfaction, as a guarantee of honesty and efficiency, by the other with dismay, as a signal for the plunder of the rich by the poor. Neither side foresaw that under Democracy, as under every other form of government, power would fall into the hands of a few; and that the success or failure of Democracy would turn upon the character and capacity of these. What kind of men does Democracy in practice bring to the top? That is the important question; and if it is one to which no general or conclusive answer can be given, we are at least in a position to say something about it.

It is in the United States that democratic institutions may be seen at work at once on the largest scale and with the least admixture of alien elements. There is no hereditary monarchy, no nobility, no bureaucracy strong in its independence, its capacity, and its intelligence, no leisured class undertaking gratuitously the functions of government, and expected and desired to undertake them by the rest of the community. There is a population of more than seventy millions, an electorate of some twenty millions, and a system of election applied not only to legislative assemblies, but to almost all administrative and judicial posts. Under these conditions, who governs? No instructed American would hesitate to reply: the professional politician, the Boss, and the Power behind by which the Boss is controlled. By methods which have been fully analysed and explained by competent and experienced politicians, the whole machinery of government has fallen into the hands of party cliques, who dictate nominations, control elections, and determine

in ordinary times the policy of the country. Such, notoriously, is the situation; and as notoriously, it is not satisfactory. But wherein exactly does the unsatisfactoriness reside? Not, surely, in the simple fact that power is in the hands of the Boss. Bosses there must be—what else, for the matter of that, is Carlyle's 'hero'? The whole question is as to the character of the Boss; and here it is that the experience of the United States reveals what is perhaps a fundamental defect of democratic institutions. Democracy, by a process of 'natural selection,' brings certain men to the top; and these, like all selected men, have in a high degree a certain kind of capacity. In this case the capacity is that for organisation; but this does not necessarily involve—under certain conditions it may even exclude—any of the qualifications most essential for a statesman, public spirit, honesty, intelligence, imagination, the capacity for ideas and ideals. The Boss, as America has produced him, is no doubt a man of great ability; but also, more often than not, a man uneducated, unscrupulous, and unintelligent. Between the lower ranks of his adherents (picturesquely termed 'heelers') and himself the connexion is maintained by a hierarchy of party officials; and the whole machine is held together by a complex system of corruption, the material of which is the spoils of office. Of the actual results of this system over so large an area, with so many variations of local conditions, it is difficult to say anything to which exception might not be taken. But one fact stands broadly out—the ill-repute into which politicians generally have fallen. Decent citizens will not enter the arena; they are blamed for it, but, as we think, rather unfairly; for the fact is that Democracy has elaborated a method of selection which gives little chance to intelligence, public spirit, and honourable ambition, unless they be accompanied by that phenomenal vigour and delight in battle which, when other circumstances favour, may bring to the top a man like Mr. Roosevelt. Such men, in politics, are exceptions. Normally, the politician is a not too scrupulous person, distinguished, at best, by party zeal and a capacity for organisation; at worst, by a complete subservience to the domination of his chiefs with a view to direct personal gain. Under these conditions, it may fairly be said, there are indications that the elective system is breaking down. Representative assemblies are so profoundly discredited that recourse is had to every possible device to limit their powers and cut short their sessions; while there is an increasing tendency, at any rate in the great cities, to reduce the number of elective posts and hand over to a single man—the 'czar-mayor' he has

called—the appointment of all important Commissions and Boards.

Whatever may be the end of this process, one thing at least is clear, that Democracy in the United States has, with some notable exceptions, brought to the top the wrong kind of man. Whether this is a necessary effect of the democratic form of polity, or whether it is to be attributed to peculiar and transitory conditions, capable of modification by wise effort, is obviously a question of the first importance. On the one hand, it may be said that the United States is a new country, that its best brains and ability hitherto have been naturally devoted to developing its resources, and that political issues, since the Civil War, have not been sufficiently important or dramatic to appeal to the imagination and enthusiasm of the best citizens; while at the same time it may be pointed out that there are specific defects in the actual organisation of government—such, for example, as the ‘spoils’ system, with all that it involves—to which may fairly be attributed, in part at least, the breakdown of the machine, and which are not only capable of reform, but are actually being reformed. All this is true; but, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how, in the absence of good public traditions, such as Democracy hitherto has shown no capacity for developing, power is ever to fall, unless by an exception, into other hands than those of professional organisers; or what guarantee there can be that those who control the organisation should be men of public spirit or wide intelligence. The principles which do offer such guarantee—for example, education, training, and sound tradition—are aristocratic or bureaucratic in their character; and though there is no reason *a priori* why they should not be incorporated in a democratic polity, yet they seem in fact to be antipathetic to its spirit. American experience appears to show that democratic institutions, while they afford no safeguard against the domination of a few, afford also no guarantee that those few will be either virtuous or competent.

The experience of Europe points in the same direction. Switzerland, it is true, with its long tradition of local self-government, its small population, its simple manners, its intelligence, sobriety, and thrift, is a golden example of democratic principles successfully carried out to their logical extreme. But from the peculiar conditions of Switzerland no inferences can fairly be drawn as to probabilities in larger and more complex communities. When, on the other hand, we turn to France or to Italy, in both of which countries the ultimate depository of power is a representative assembly

elected on a wide suffrage, we find that, as in the United States, government has fallen into unsatisfactory hands. Mr. Lilly quotes from M. Leroy-Beaulieu the following description—probably somewhat exaggerated—of French politicians:—

‘Contemporary politicians of all classes, from municipal councillors to Ministers, taken on the whole, and with few exceptions, are the vilest and the narrowest of sycophants and courtiers that humanity has ever known; their sole end basely to flatter and develop all popular prejudices, which, for the rest, they but vaguely share, never having consecrated one minute of their lives to reflection and observation.’

In Europe, as in America, special causes may be assigned for this result. In France, and, to a less extent, in Italy, the co-existence of parliamentary government with a highly centralised administration, whereby a vast patronage is thrown into the hands of a ministry dependent on an elected majority, naturally leads to the distribution of that patronage being determined by political considerations, and a chain of ‘influence’ or, less politely, corruption, being established between the constituent, the deputy, and the minister. This is a bad arrangement, and certainly one which is by no means of the essence of a democratic polity. But here, again, it may be doubted whether it is to these secondary causes that we can fairly assign the effect in question, or whether the nature of the elective principle is not such that it is unable, under the normal conditions of a great modern State, and unmoderated by other factors, to select the best ability of the nation.

Some further light may be thrown upon the matter if we turn for a moment to the experience of the two great European States in which the term politician has not yet become simply one of reproach, and the term statesman has still an application and a meaning. We refer to Great Britain and Germany. Of these, Germany has a position apart. It is, not only in name, but in truth, a monarchy. Formally, this truth is embodied in the fact that in the Federal Government, as well as in all the States of the Empire, the ministers are ministers of the sovereign, dependent on his favour, and not on the support of the majority in the elected House. But this fact is itself only an outward and visible sign of an attitude of the people towards the monarch, a reverence rooted deep in the past, hardly shaken by the storm of revolution which extinguished it in France, and confirmed by the recollection that it was a king and a king’s minister, acting in violent and, indeed, revolutionary opposition to a Parliament, that brought about the unity of Germany. A hereditary monarch, a monarch who really

'governs,' not merely 'reigns,' a monarch informed and inspired by the traditions of a great House, zealous for his office and his country, the champion of the State as a whole against all parties, factions, classes, and interests—such a monarch is understood and valued by the Germans, and such a monarch many of them believe they do in fact possess. Under the German system the Kaiser selects his own Chancellor; and the Chancellor, under his directions, administers the Empire, assisted by, but not dependent upon, a council of trained statesmen deputed by the various federated States. This is the real government of the Empire; the Reichstag, elected by universal suffrage, is comparatively unimportant. The selection of the men who really rule is made by the monarchic not the democratic principle; and that principle brought to the front Roon, Moltke, and Bismarck. In France, on the other hand, the elective principle, worked by a gang and embodied in a *plébiscite*, brought Napoleon III to power. The contrast is striking, but it cannot be said to be instructive for any other nation than the Germans. They may well be proud of a monarchy which has produced such results; it may yet have a great future even in this democratic age, and may enable Germany to find efficient and perhaps unique solutions for the problems which perplex the modern State. But the German system is and must remain, in the European polity, exceptional, if it is not merely transitional. Monarchy of that type, once destroyed, whether by force or by a quiet process of substitution, cannot be reconstituted, even if it were considered desirable that it should be. It is to England, therefore, rather than to Germany that we should look for instruction in the better possibilities of democracy.

England is peculiar among European States in the fact that while, under the forms of a monarchy, she has adopted democratic institutions, she has adopted them by a process of gradual change, without any violent breach of continuity, with the result that not only certain monarchical and aristocratic forms, but, what is more important, certain traits of political manners and morals, handed down as an inheritance from the past, survive into and profoundly modify the practice of the present. Neglecting here the more obvious points, such as the influence of the Crown, still considerable though indirect, and the existence of the House of Lords, we may emphasise two important facts. One is the institution of a trained and permanent Civil Service, selected both for appointment and for promotion, in theory, and to a great extent in practice, on grounds of presumed or proved ability. This institution,

as Treitschke points out, is more consonant with the spirit of monarchy or of aristocracy than with that of democracy; it is, in fact, regarded as definitely anti-democratic by public opinion in the United States, which insists, just as did opinion in ancient Athens, on the equal capacity of all men for all offices, and on the principle of 'turn and turn about' so as to give all a chance; and it was introduced into England as the last legacy of the aristocratic *régime* just before the final plunge of 1867. But whether it be anti-democratic or no, and whatever dangers it may involve of bureaucratic incompetency and routine—dangers which, for that matter, Englishmen are always apt to over-estimate, and against which public opinion is always fiercely on the watch—there can be no doubt that it is a valuable, perhaps an essential counterpoise to the tendency of popular institutions to transfer the reins of office in quick succession to a series of men who, whatever may be their abilities, are commonly without special experience or training in the affairs with which they have to deal. A trained and permanent Civil Service is the fly-wheel of government, and no modern democracy can expect to work successfully if it refuses to admit this check upon its own principle.

The other point on which we wish to lay stress is the fact that there survives in England, by tradition from the old *régime*, the conception that public service is a responsibility and a duty incumbent on the educated and wealthy classes of the community. There is still in England a leisured class which is also a political class; and it is this factor in English public life that strikes the foreign observer, especially the American, as above all significant and admirable. To it, more than to anything else, must be attributed the fact that the House of Commons is still, however much we may allow ourselves to abuse it, a respectable, capable, and public-spirited body. The change that has come over it in recent years is less in the quality of its individual members than in the function of the assembly itself. For some time past the House of Commons has been steadily abdicating its power in favour of the Cabinet, till, under the present Government, it has really done little else than register the decrees of ministers. This is a change of immense importance, and probably an inevitable one; for the more extensive and complex the functions of government become, the more difficult is it for a large assembly to exercise or even to control them. But it is a change which only emphasises the importance of the considerations we have been advancing. For this Committee to whom we entrust the fate of our vast Empire depends in the last resort on popular election; and

that the best talent of the country should come forward, and come forward with a chance of success, at the polls, is simply the fundamental condition of national security. But in the mere form of our government there is nothing to guarantee this result, more than in that of France or Italy or the United States. If, therefore, the result is at all obtained, the cause must be sought in the spirit with which our institutions are informed, a spirit which expresses itself in the fact that men of position and ability do feel it to be a public duty to offer their services, and that their fellow-citizens are ready and anxious to accept them. But this spirit was the product of an aristocratic age. In other countries, as we have seen, democratic institutions have as yet been unable to evoke it; they have even seemed actually to repress it. If, with us, it still survives, that may be because our whole society, manners and morals as well as institutions, is in a state of transition, so that for the moment we are able to combine the advantages of two *régimes*, the disinterested ambition for public service which is traditional in a governing class, with the free criticism, the flexibility, the open career for talent which popular institutions are intended to secure. If by any chance we could fix this moment of transition, could retain what was good in the old order while enlarging, inspiring, and controlling it with the spirit of the new, if, in a word, we could boldly grasp and adhere to the truth that the object of Democracy is to bring to the front the right kind of Aristocracy, we should perhaps succeed far better than if we were to attempt a logical and consistent remodelling of our traditions and institutions in solving the problems which await us in the new age.

However that may be, one thing is clear, if we look frankly at the contemporary world—that democratic institutions, whatever may be the future that lies before them, have not achieved the results expected of them by their earliest champions. Democracy, it was supposed, would offer a final, and, as it were, automatic solution of the problem which all political machinery is designed to meet—the selection of the best ability under control of the soundest public opinion. But no conceivable institutions could achieve this result simply by their own merits; the most they can do is to give opportunity and remove hindrances; and it was natural to suppose, especially in an age when clear and definite abuses resulted from the monopoly of government by privileged persons, that this effect would in fact be achieved by the elective system. That it has not been generally achieved is now sufficiently palpable; and political thought, following, as it should do, the course of experience, has turned from

propaganda to criticism. This criticism sometimes takes the form of a general condemnation of the democratic basis. So conceived, it has little effect, partly because it is in too violent an antagonism to current prejudices, partly because it has no other basis to suggest except those which have been equally discredited by experience, and which, in any case, are incapable of artificial construction under existing political and social conditions. More sober and more fruitful is the criticism, now very common in the United States—we may mention in particular the names of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Godkin—which, while accepting as inevitable, and indeed as desirable and right, the general framework of democratic institutions, endeavours to analyse in detail the particular defects to which the results generally deprecated may be referred. The fault of this school is, perhaps, an over-insistence on the efficacy of machinery, a readiness to believe that a mere manipulation of methods of election and the like may be expected to defeat tendencies which perhaps lie deep in the structure of society, and would make themselves felt under any conceivable system of organisation. For society, it must always be remembered, is not, as earlier political theories loved to imagine it, a collection of simple homogeneous individuals, more or less equal in intelligence and capacity, and more or less at one in their aims and desires. It is a complex struggle of contending interests; and it is just this struggle, as we have already remarked, to which democratic institutions open the field of politics. Aristocracy means, in practice, the formal domination of one of these interests; Monarchy means a power enthroned above them all; but Democracy is simply a free fight in which the victor monopolises the political organisation. That is the real meaning of Boss-rule in the United States; a social force has got hold of the machine, and will not be readily dislodged by a change in the mechanism.

It is from this point of view that we first begin to realise the full importance of the considerations on which we have been insisting. On the kind of men which Democracy puts into power will depend the kind of things Democracy can do. If it is to be government for the people as a whole it must select champions of the whole, and not mere reckless partisans. The function of government, in a word, depends intimately on its structure; and we shall find accordingly, as we look back, that theories of what the State ought to do have always varied with the view taken of its constitution.

At the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, when government was still in the hands of

privileged persons, and institutions were based on a social and industrial order which was passing away, it was natural for intelligent reformers to hold that government is in its nature obstructive, and that the less you have of it the better. This, accordingly, was the era of the school of *laissez faire*—of the school which, with a certain plausibility, could regard government as an organisation for plunder, and its regulations, especially in the industrial department, as so many ingenious devices for transferring the wealth of the country to the pockets of privileged persons. 'Only let us alone,' became the cry, especially of the middle and commercial classes; and on the whole they got their way, with results more satisfactory to themselves than to the community as a whole. *Laissez faire*, when established in practice, supplied its own refutation; the free competition of self-seeking units, from whose counteracting egotisms it was supposed a social harmony would issue, resulted, as is now notorious, in such oppression, misery, and confusion that the State was compelled, however unwillingly, even in England, to intervene, and, with the first Factory Act, to initiate a precedent whose ultimate consequences we are not yet in a position to gauge. It is indeed remarkable how, even in this country, where Socialistic ideals have never been widely or passionately accepted, and where it is habitual with the class which still practically governs to mistrust the activity of the State, even when it is under their control—how even here government has been driven to a more and more extensive interference, till we have elaborated a central machinery of administration as imposing almost as that of a Continental State, directing or controlling, in one way or another, every important department of national life. In England this result has been accomplished, on the whole, in opposition to the prevailing sentiment, piecemeal, as new needs arose, and without any intention of inaugurating a general policy of State-control. Yet even here the individualistic view has been discredited by mere pressure of facts, if it has not been supplanted, as it has to a great extent on the Continent, by the new gospel of Socialism.

No sooner, in fact, had *laissez faire* revealed itself in its aspect of anarchy than a revulsion set in towards the extreme of State-control—a revulsion favoured on the Continent by a long tradition of centralised government. The State, it was maintained, should organise in detail the whole of society, and in particular its industrial basis; only, of course, it must be a State not exploited, as of old, by nobles and kings, but representing impartially the interests of the whole community.

How such a State should be constituted was regarded at first as an open question, as indeed it might plausibly appear to be, when every actual State was suffering from a prolonged crisis of revolution. Thus we find St. Simon, at the close of the last century, already detecting the latent anarchy of the new industrial *régime*, and proposing as the remedy universal regulation by an omnipotent government, under the control of a Platonic Aristocracy of philosopher-priests. Less fanciful, but similarly based on an aristocratic ideal, was Owen's plan of government by Captains of Industry. But it was not in that direction that political evolution was to move. The future, for good or for evil, lay with Democracy; and only those theories were destined to have practical weight which accepted the democratic idea. On that idea, in fact, was based the Socialism of the middle of the century. The theories of Marx and of Lassalle, of Proudhon and of Louis Blanc, of Chartism, of the 'International,' of the Paris Commune, all alike rest on the idea that under democratic institutions the mass of the workers will get control of the State, and use it to expropriate the private capitalist, nationalise the sources of production, and organise industry in the interests of the whole community. The idea was plausible enough; it is indeed the very thing that Democracy was expected to do by its enemies as well as by its friends; it is still the programme of Continental Socialists and of a certain section of Socialists in England; a programme which in New Zealand may even be said to be in process of fulfilment, always, of course, in the tentative, cautious, and essentially non-revolutionary spirit characteristic of English politicians. Before Democracy was established one might have said it was the most natural thing in the world for the people to use their power to appropriate to themselves the wealth of the Few and administer it in the interests of the Many. But Democracy is now established: in England, in France, in Italy, in the United States, everywhere, almost, power has now been actually transferred to the Many, so far as the mere form of institutions can transfer it. Why, then, do they not use it in the way suggested? Partly, we may reply, because they do not want to; partly because, when it comes to the point, they cannot.

'They' do not want to, we said; but the very word 'they' begs the question. There really is no such thing as a 'Mass' or a 'Working class,' in the sense of a single homogenous body. The workers, in the narrower sense in which they are opposed to the owners of capital, form, in fact, an immense complex of interacting groups, opposed as well as united in a thousand

varying relations, differing infinitely in their immediate interests and aims, in their standard of well-being, in their intelligence and their social ideals. They, too, are attached by innumerable ties to the system of private property; among them, too, are those who are dependent and those on whom they depend, owner and tenant, master and man, exploiter and exploited; and this actual complexity in which they are involved is really the determining factor of their action, rather than the abstract conception of the Socialist that they form a single whole, irreconcilably and absolutely opposed to that other whole, the Capitalists. Such at least appears to be the case—among Anglo-Saxons, at any rate. On the Continent, where men are more open to the influence of ideas, the working class really does so far cohere politically that it sends to representative assemblies a solid and powerful Socialist contingent; but how far, if such a party should ever come into power, it would find itself able to carry out in detail a united policy may well appear to be questionable. Meantime, Socialism is not in power; and that brings us to the other point, that even if it were legitimate to conceive the Mass as a whole, inspired by a single interest and a single ideal, it is not in fact, even under democratic institutions, the Mass that does actually monopolise power. Political power, it seems clear, gravitates, no matter under what institutions, into the hands of those who exercise social power; and social power, in a modern industrial State, is concentrated, to a degree never known before, in the hands of the rich. The thrusting aside of the old Aristocracy has made room for a new Plutocracy; and it is wealth that rules the modern world.

Of this fact the United States offers the most striking example. There, as we have noticed, democratic institutions have evolved the Boss; but the Boss, we must now add, is himself controlled by organised capital. The Corporation, the Syndicate, the Trust, are political as well as social forces; their business interests require that they should be so. These interests have been built up and are maintained by concessions, tariffs, and the like; in a hundred ways, direct or indirect, they may be helped or hindered by the action of legislatures; for a smooth working of their affairs they require the control of the judiciary; and we find them, accordingly, everywhere at the back of State and Federal politics. By contributions to the campaign funds—of both parties—by deputing or controlling members of legislative bodies, by 'working' committees, by 'keeping' judges, they manage, whatever party is in power, to convert State and even national politics into a mere instrument of

private domination. In other countries the same influences are at work, though their operations may be less patent and less unscrupulous. Without exaggeration it may be said that it is at least more probable, under a *régime* of universal suffrage, that power should be monopolised by the rich than that it should be monopolised by the poor.

But the one result would be as unfortunate as the other ; and that consideration brings us face to face with the problem which is always the hardest and the most urgent for the State to solve, namely, the constitution of a government which shall be able to regulate the conflict of interests from above. In form, a monarchy would appear better adapted for this task than any other form of government. A hereditary monarch, who really governs, stands, by the character of his office, above parties. It is not from any section of the nation that he derives his power ; he does not even derive it from the nation as a whole ; the title by which he rules is inherent in the family to which he belongs, and is held by virtue of his membership, along with which he has received his country and his people as an estate to be administered in trust for his descendants. Such was Disraeli's idea of what the English monarchy still might be ; such is the conception of the German monarchy, a conception not merely residing in the brains of political theorists, but actually felt as an inspiring faith both by the Kaiser himself and by large sections of his subjects. And closely connected with this monarchical ideal is that whole view of the supremacy, the dignity, the absolute authority of the State, which is so common among political thinkers in Germany, and so puzzling to the English reader. The note is given, for example, in Treitschke's definition of the State, 'Der Staat ist das als unabhängige Macht rechtlich geeinte Volk.' Macht—*Might*—is the key to the idea ; but *Might* which is also *Right*, over-ruling in the last resort all individual wills, demanding, and demanding justly, every sacrifice, not to be questioned, not to be cavilled at, even on moral grounds, since its morality is superior to all other, and dominating, potentially at least, every sphere of activity except that of the Soul in its relation to God.

To an Englishman this conception of the State seems strange enough, so instinctive in him is his confident, one might say his reckless, individualism ; so deeply rooted, in consequence, his idea that government is, at the best, a necessary nuisance, a machinery for securing the freest play for individual wills by restrictions which are only tolerable so far as they are indispensable to secure a clear ring for that pugilistic conflict which loves to describe as the 'battle of life.' Of such an atti

representative government, as understood among Anglo-Saxons, is the proper exponent, since it brings face to face, as it were, selected combatants, and leaves them to fight out on a small arena that part of the great struggle which is concerned with the control of political machinery. Pushed to its extreme, representative government, so conceived, would imply the complete elimination of the impartial judge, whose functions in a true monarchy are performed by the sovereign, and whose simulacrum is still, in England and elsewhere, the ostensible head of the State. But even in England and America the idea is hardly pushed to its extreme; it is held that somehow or other government should stand above parties; and the power that is to secure this result, since it is not embodied in any institution, is supposed, vaguely, to reside in public opinion. This is a term that is seldom analysed; but an analysis would probably reveal a real belief that there is after all a common interest as well as a clash of particular interests, and that this ought somehow to be represented in government—that, at all events, a compromise between these interests is possible and better than the one-sided promotion of any one of them. The common interest, it may indeed be supposed, will emerge of itself as the result of the general conflict; but that is exactly the optimistic conclusion to which facts give very little support. Public-spirited men—that is, men who take the view of the Whole instead of fighting merely for their own hand—may indeed be selected under democratic institutions; but, as we saw, those institutions give no guarantee that this will be the case. A judicious manipulation of mere machinery may do something to facilitate the desired result; but more essential is a habit and a tradition which Democracy has not yet been able to develop, and the development of which may be regarded as at bottom its main problem.

An examination then of the tendencies of the modern political world would seem to show that whereas, on the one hand, there is an increasing demand for the State to assume more and more extensive and important functions, and those such as imply an authoritative interference in the great conflict of interests, on the other hand, under democratic institutions, government tends to fall under the control of a class of men who at best are insignificant, at worst the paid agents of the very forces which it is claimed that government should control. The first and most pressing problem would therefore seem to be the creation of a strong and impartial public authority. The method of election does not necessarily secure this result; no
ry of itself will secure it, though the better the

machinery the better the prospect of success. In the United States the machinery is about as bad as it can be, with the result that there is a clear tendency for the government to be captured by wealth. But it is for Americans to set their own house in order; we at home may be content to take warning from their experience, and to note in particular that if and so far as our Government is an efficient machine for doing the work which in increasing measure is being laid upon it, that is because, and so far as, the belief in trained skill and ability persists among us, with the tradition that politics is a career for those who wish to serve their country, and not merely for those who have their own interests to pursue. This belief and tradition are embodied in our system of a trained Civil Service, and in the fact that the men who control politics are actuated in most cases, if not exclusively, by high ideals, at any rate by motives not frankly and avowedly sinister. Whether these conditions will continue may be problematical. There are many who think that our present stage is merely transitional, and that Democracy gravitates by its own weight to the American model; but such a view appears to be unduly pragmatical. Democracy, in this country, like everything else, will probably run a course of its own; that it shall be an honourable and fruitful one will depend on the preservation of the idea that the object of all institutions, democratic as well as other, is to select the right kind of Aristocracy, an aristocracy not of privilege or of birth, but of trained ability and proved public spirit.

ART. V.—ELIZABETHAN SPORT.

1. *The Diary of Master William Silence, a Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport.* By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden. London: Longmans, 1897.
2. *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting.* By George Turberville. London: 1575.
3. *Coursing and Falconry.* By Harding Cox and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. (Badminton Library.) New edition. London: Longmans, 1899.
4. *The Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time.* By Emma Phipson. London: Kegan Paul, 1883.

ALL lovers of old books should feel indebted to Mr. Eliot Stock for the valuable facsimile reproduction which he has recently issued of that delightful and quaint work 'The Boke of St. Albans,' by Dame Juliana Berners, of whom even Mr. Blades could tell us so little. Originally printed in 1486, it was held in such estimation that by the end of the sixteenth century it was reprinted, wholly or in part, some twenty times. Many other valuable works on sport and horses appeared in the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries. But the religious and political struggles of the Puritan era and the licence of the Restoration killed interest, if not in sport, certainly in the literature of sport. The average country gentleman of the eighteenth century could beat a cover and follow the hounds with zest, but his interest in books on sport or animals rose no higher than the study of a treatise on farriery. What could be expected from him as he is presented to us in the novel and on the stage, in the type of the Pickles, the Westerns, the Sullens, the Sir John Brutes, the Sir Tunbelly Clumsys? Notwithstanding the redeeming features of Squire Allworthy, Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, and others, their attainments as a class were not such as to stimulate the literature of sport.

In this century the literature of sport leaves little to be desired, and there is hardly a branch of it that has not received more or less exhaustive treatment in our own day. Nevertheless, among recent books on the subject, 'The Diary of Master William Silence' stands, in a sense, alone. The book is not a diary, even though based on a supposed one; it is not a study, in the sense in which the word is usually understood; it is, rather, the work of a keen sportsman and a ripe scholar versed in the literature of the subject. The author gaily from Shakespeare, and weaves apt illustrations

from the dramatist into his text with rare skill and judgment. Few subjects connected with the England of Shakespeare have been left untouched, but sport is one; and a book on Elizabethan sport supplies a long-felt want. Though Mr. Madden's work is not a complete study of the subject, yet the special departments he deals with are so fully and exhaustively treated that he puts all students, both of sport and Shakespeare, under a debt of deep obligation. The author veils his knowledge under a delicate web of romance; and whether this be the best form in which to give the world a study of Elizabethan sport or not, no one can deny that he succeeds admirably in maintaining interest in the Shakespearean characters that figure in his pages. He has traversed the highways and byways of Elizabethan literature, and throws much light on many words and phrases in the language of Tudor sport, whose meaning has been hitherto hidden, not only from the ordinary reader, but even from most Shakespearean commentators.

It has ever been characteristic of the British race to delight in the open air and the pleasures of the woods. Outdoor life was, it is true, much more common, and the practice of field sports more general, in Tudor times than in these days of mechanical industry, when the toiling millions are confined to shops, factories, mills, and mines, and when the vast increase of population and the wholesale enclosure and cultivation of land—only one-fourth of England being under tillage in Elizabeth's reign—have made a profound change in the conditions of sport. But the Englishman remains a sporting animal, even if the instinct sometimes shows itself among the working classes in a form not to be admired. It is a natural instinct in man, whether savage or civilised, to follow the chase; and it is a healthy element in the British race, which civilisation, it is to be hoped, will never eliminate, for it would be to the loss of some of the best qualities which have enabled us to maintain our place in the van of human progress. A quick eye, a steady hand, a ready judgment, intrepidity, courage, and endurance—such are the qualities required for, or acquired in, sport, qualities which in a large measure have contributed to build up the British Empire.

The England of the sixteenth century was very unlike what it is now. Much of the land remote from the towns was then open and unenclosed; thousands of square miles of country now fruitful and well cultivated were then barren moorland, moors, marshy fens, or, as Shakespeare has it, 'unspruce and 'unshrubb'd down.' Home and foreign Tudor England agree as to the great ex-

the harbouring of game, and to the large tracts of pasturage compared with the limited areas under cultivation. Harrison estimates 'that the twentieth part of the realm is imployed upon deere and conies alreadie.' He makes a vigorous protest against the game enclosures, and the Malthusian doctrine defending them, in the following passage:—

'Where in times past, manie large and wealthie occupiers were dwelling within the compasse of some one parke, and thereby great plentie of corne and cattell scene . . . now there is almost nothing kept but a sort of wild and savage beasts, cherished for pleasure and delight; and yet some owners, still desirous to enlarge those grounds, (as either for the breed and feeding of cattell,) doo not let dailie to take in more, (not sparing the verie commons whereupon manie townships now and then doo live,) affirming that we have alreadie too great store of people in England; and that youth by marrieng too soone doo nothing profit the countrie, but fill it full of beggars, (to the hurt and utter undooing, they saie, of the common wealth.)'

'This little world, . . . set in a silver sea,' was then, indeed, rural England, something like what our great modern idealist speaks of, no 'heap of cinders trampled by contending and miserable crowds; . . . her sky polluted by no unholy clouds . . . under the green avenues of her enchanted garden a sacred Circe, true daughter of the sun.' Every shire had its parks, and in early Tudor times they are said to have numbered four thousand. Stow tells us that the first enclosed park in England was Woodstock, seven miles in circumference, and walled with stone by Henry I. According to Harrison, Queen Elizabeth had nearly two hundred parks, a sufficient number for the 'great Diana throned in the West.' The parks were enclosed by strong oak palings, stone, or slate, 'wherein great plentie of fallow deere is cherished and kept.' The forests were numerous; Harrison names twenty-six, besides 'manie other now cleane out of my remembrance,' of the eighty-six mentioned as existing in Elizabeth's reign, though many were rapidly losing all the characteristics of forest-land. The greater part of Lancashire was moor and forest, its surface unseamed by unsightly pit heaps, and its streams unpolluted by the poisonous refuse of factories and the sewage of its many towns. There was the forest of Arden, which at one time stretched from the Severn to the Trent. 'In Queen Elizabeth's time Needwood Forest was twenty-five miles in circumference.' Sherwood covered the country lying between Nottingham and York. In the reign of Henry VIII, according to Leland, 'The forest,

from a mile beneath Gnarresburgh to very nigh Bolton yn Craven is a 20 miles yn lenght; and yn bredeth it is yn sum places an viii miles.' The Forest of Dean occupied nearly the whole of Gloucester west of the Severn, an area of four thousand three hundred acres. It was there that the oak grew which chiefly supplied material for the ships of the royal navy; and hence the reason of the special injunction given to the commanders of the Spanish Armada not to leave a tree standing in the Forest of Dean.

It is indeed true that the country, as a whole, was gradually being stripped of its trees for house and shipbuilding, firing, and charcoal-burning. Many warning notes were sounded against the evil of excessive clearing of woods. Statutes were passed by Henry VIII and Elizabeth for the preservation of timber; Norden in his 'Surveyor's Dialogue' (1607) states that the wealds of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent had been stripped of trees to feed iron furnaces and glass kilns. Harrison complains of the destruction on the Peak Hills and in the East, saying that Lud, the builder of Lincoln, 'if he were alive againe, would not call it his citie in the wood, but rather his towne in the plaines.' Drayton's soul is vexed that the fairies are—

'Exiled their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled,
They with the oaks that lived now with the oaks are dead.'

But there were still plenty of wild and tree-clad tracts in England to afford material for the brilliant descriptions of woodland scenery in Spenser's 'Faërie Queene,' or in that dramatic idyll of life in the woods 'As you Like It.' Besides the park there was—

'the franke chase, which taketh something both of parke and forrest, and is given either by the king's grant or prescription. Certes it differeth not much from a parke, nay, it is in maner the selfe same thing that a parke is, saving that a parke is invironed with pale, wall, or such like, the chase alwaie open and nothing at all enclosed, as we see in Enveeld and Malverne Chases.' (Harrison, bk. iii, p. 310.)

Of the beasts of the chase we shall presently speak. There were rabbit warrens innumerable, the black rabbit being especially prized for its skin. Rabbits were as much eaten then as now, as we gather from the household books of the time; in Wild Darrell's bills, published by Mr. Hubert Hall in the appendix to 'Society in the Elizabethan Age,' they figure at most meals, and seem to have been generally roasted. Fynes Moryson says:—

'The English have great plenty of connies, the flesh wherof is fat, tender, and much more delicate than any I have eaten in other

parts, so as they are in England preferred before hares, at which the Germans wonder, who having no venison (the princes keeping it proper to themselves, and the hunting of hares being proper to the gentlemen in most parts), they esteem hares as venison, and seldom eat conies, being there somewhat rare, and more like roasted cats than the English conies.' ('Itinerary' [1617], iii, p. 149.)

In the changing conditions of the ownership and occupation of lands in Tudor days care was taken that game should be preserved in as wild a state as possible. It was 'a time,' says Mr. Madden, 'when a man could no more take to himself without lawful title the right to empark animals *feræ nature*, than he might assume coat-armour, a barony, a manor, or the estate of esquire.' But the old days of true forest hunting, with all its primitive attractions, were drawing to a close in England. Rules regulating hunting grew out of tribal relations, for the exercise of sporting rights was conditioned by the circumstances of early existence. Deadly wars have often been waged between savage tribes for breaking the bounds of hunting territories settled by mutual agreement. Forest laws are of early origin; their spirit exists in all laws for the preservation of game, wild birds, and fish, and the general principle upon which they are based is eminently sound. Man early exercised his ingenuity to lessen his labours and ensure success in the pursuit of game for food. Every development in hunting weapons, the use of toils, nets, or traps, increased his power, and lessened the chance of life for the creatures he pursued. Had laws then not been put in force for the preservation of game, wild birds, and fish, not only would most, if not all, animals of the chase have been exterminated, but many other creatures supplying human food would have been destroyed, and irreparable mischief wrought to all cultivators of the soil—a truth unfortunately not generally recognised or understood by gamekeeper, farmer, and peasant.

From early hunting days there was a broad classification of animals into 'beasts of venery' and 'beasts of the chase'; all outside these might be termed 'rascals.' Dame Juliana Berners thus names the beasts of venery to 'my dere chylde':—

'Lystyn to yowre dame and she shall yow lere.

Fowre maner beestys of venery there are:

The first of theym is the hert, the secunde is the hare,

The boere is oon of tho, the wolf and not oon moo.'

The laws of Canute (1016) enumerate, among the wild beasts of the forest, horses, 'bugalls,' kine, goats, and wolves. Of the wild oxen that once existed in Great Britain none were

known to Harrison; but, as Topsell tells us, they existed there and were the ancestors of the wild cattle (*Bos scoticus*) now preserved at Chillingham and Cadzow. Wild goats have disappeared; in Ireland, however, some are still to be found on the Achill cliffs. The wild boar also Harrison does not mention, but it was probably not finally destroyed in England until the Commonwealth. In early times, judging from the remains found, it must have ranged over the whole country. We learn from the household books of the Earl of Hertford that wild boars existed at Savernake when Henry VIII, attracted by Jane, visited it during the residence of the Seymours. Macaulay, who speaks with some authority from several contemporary writers, says:—

‘The last wild boars, indeed, which had been preserved for the royal diversion, and had been allowed to ravage the cultivated land with their tusks, had been slaughtered by the exasperated rustics during the license of the civil wars.’

Charles I imported some wild boars into the New Forest, and Aubrey says:—

‘They much increased and became terrible to travellers . . . In the Civill warres they were destroyed, but they have tainted all the breed of the pigges of the neighbouring partes, which are of their colour, a kind of soot colour.’

Echoes of the time-honoured complaint of the ravages caused by game reverberate round us still, and we know their general hollowness. Macaulay is nearer the truth when he says, of the attitude of the Puritan towards bear-baiting, that he hated it, ‘not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.’ James I hunted the boar in the forest of Windsor; and at Hoghton Tower in Lancashire, on his return from Glasgow in 1617, according to Nichols, ‘wild boar pye’ figured at a feast. In ‘The Noble Arte of Venerie,’ which Mr. Madden (perhaps rightly) thinks was not George Turbervile’s, we have a fairly full account of hunting the wild boar, and of the dangerous nature of the sport:—

‘It [the boar] ought not to be counted among the beasts of venery which are chascable with hounds. . . . If a Bore do once strike your hounde and light betweene the foure quarters of him, you shall hardly see him escape. . . . I saw once a Bore chased and hunted with fiftie good houndes at the least, and when he saw that they were all in full crie and helde in round together, he turned heade upon them, and thrust amiddest the thickest of them in such sorte that he slew sometimes sixe or seaven (in manner) with twinkling of an eye; and of the fiftie houndes there went not twelve sounde and alive to their masters’ houses.’

The boar usually made for a thicket, and from his great strength and formidable tusks he was more than a match for the dogs, which he could thus deal with individually, until dispatched by spear thrusts. There was considerable danger to man and dog when the boar was brought to bay, and of this we have a somewhat laboured but finished picture in 'Venus and Adonis.'

It is difficult to give the date or place of the killing of the last wolf in England. Harrison and many other writers record the fiction of their having been exterminated by King Edgar; but Strutt states that—

'As late as the eleventh year of Henry VI, Sir Robert Plumpton held one bovate of land in the county of Nottingham, called Wolf-hunt land, by service of winding a horn, or chasing or frightening the wolves in the forest of Shirewood.'

Mr. Harting, weighing the historical evidence and the records of tradition, shows that the wolf had ceased to exist in England in the reign of Henry VII. In Scotland wolves were fairly numerous in the seventeenth century, and the last was not killed until the middle of the eighteenth. John Taylor, in the 'Penniless Pilgrimage' (1618), giving an account of his pedestrian journey from London to the north of Scotland, and speaking of the 'Brae of Mar,' says:—

'I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, cornfield, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.'

In Ireland money was voted for the extermination of the wolf by the Grand Jury of Cork, in the impenetrable forests of which county he lingered so late as 1710. Both north and south of Ireland claim the last of his race many years later. He was hunted for centuries by the magnificent Irish wolf-hound, a splendid breed, of which some are still kept by a few Irish gentry. It is recorded in the journal of Sir William Russell, who was Lord-Deputy in Ireland in 1596, that 'my lord and lady rode abroad a-hunting the wolf.' The country round Dublin was then wild and savage enough to afford ample cover for all the beasts of venery and the chase. Campion, in his 'History,' says: 'The Irish are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limme than a colt'; and Sir James Ware calls these wolf-dogs 'creatures of great strength and size, and of a fine shape.' According to the writer of the 'Noble Arte of Venerie,' the wolf was hunted as follows. The covert of the wolf being known, a spot was chosen at some distance

and the carcase of an animal brought to it. A portion was trailed over the ground and back to the carcase. The wolf, prowling at night, scented the prey and began to feed. Early in the morning a brace or two of hounds were placed between the wolf and the covert at some distance apart. The wolf on retiring was allowed to pass the first station, and the dogs being slipped from the leash at the same moment, he was thus attacked from opposite quarters.

The fox was not hunted in the true sense in Tudor times; he was not then the gentleman of importance he afterwards became, for the great rural sport of a later age was undreamt of in the sixteenth century.

'Fox-hunting,' says Mr. Madden, 'as we now understand it, did not exist in [Shakespeare's] day. There was no systematic keeping of country, or stopping of earths. Coverts were left entirely to nature. If cubs were hunted, it was merely for the purpose of exterminating vermin. The ordinary kennel of running hounds, uncoupled at every chase, was master of none; and even the best of the breed, if reserved exclusively for fox-hunting, would have been wanting in the speed and drive needful to enable them to account for a straight-necked fox in Menth or Leicestershire.' ('The Diary,' p. 176.)

The fox, 'which lives by subtlety,' was hunted anyhow; he was marked to ground, bolting-holes earthened, and hounds uncoupled; then came the unkennelling and the merciless sport. 'We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case [skin] him,' the Second Lord says to Bertram in planning the tricks which stripped Parolles of the last shred of respectability. Such sport was despised; the author of 'The Noble Arte of Venerie' says: 'I account small pastime of hunting them, especially within the ground.' No consideration was shown to the fox; even in the middle of the seventeenth century he was looked upon 'as a mere nuisance,' says Macaulay in a well-known passage, 'who was to be snared by any means and knocked on the head without pity . . . and to shoot a female with cub was considered as a feat which merited the gratitude of the neighbourhood.' According to the laws of Canute, 'foxes and wolves are not accounted beasts of the forest nor of venery, and therefore the killing of them is not subject to any recompense.' The wolf subsequently became one of the four beasts of venery, as the passage quoted from Dame Juliana Berners shows; but it was not until the eighteenth century that the fox reached the high position in the field of sport that he still so deservedly maintains. In Elizabethan days the skin of the fox was highly appreciated; and lawyers were confined by statute to wearing it, or lamb-skin, in that age of sumptuary laws. 'Twas never merry

world,' Pompey says to Elbow ('Measure for Measure,' iii, 2), 'since of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.'

The badger, or 'brock' of Shakespeare, was then common, burrowing like the fox, as Harrison says, 'in our sandie and light grounds, where woods, firzes, broome, and plentie of shrubs are to shrowd them in, when they be from their burrowes, and thereto warrens of conies at hand to feed upon at will.' With the fox he was equally detested by the peasantry, and Harrison sums up the popular attitude towards both thus:—

'So earnestlie are the inhabitants bent to root them out, that except it had beene to beare thus with the recreations of their superiors (in this behalfe) it could not otherwise have beene chosen, but that they should have beene utterlie destroyed by manie yeares agoe.'

The otter was hunted as much then as now for his valuable skin, 'the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather,' says Huntsman in 'The Complete Angler.' 'Neither fish nor flesh,' says Falstaff; and this vulgar error as to the creature's nature was long in dying. Isaak Walton, by the mouth of Huntsman, adroitly leaves the question where he found it: 'Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the College of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh.' A night or early-morning feeder, the otter has to be hunted at dawn, and by otter-hounds which have long been reared for the purpose. All anglers look upon the otter as a personal enemy, for, as a rule, they eat but the best part of the fish. 'I hate them perfectly,' says Piscator, 'because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much.' From the vivid description he gives of an otter hunt, it is evident that the gentle Isaak must have witnessed the deeds of Kilbuck, Ringwood, and Sweetlips at the destruction of his enemy.

The marten was one of the beasts of the chase, or of the field, a list of which is given in the quaint couplets of Dame Juliana Berners:—

'And where that ye cum in playne or in place,
I shall yow tell which bee beestys of enchase;
Oon of theym is the Bucke, another is the Doo,
The Fox and the Martron, and the wilde Roo.'

The skin of the marten has always been held in high esteem; but this animal had become scarce in Elizabethan days. 'I

worthilie doubt,' says Harrison, 'whether that of our bevers or martens may be thought to be the lesse.' The beaver was probably never common in England—such, at least, was Frank Buckland's opinion, derived from the rarity, if not total absence, of beavers' teeth or bones in primitive remains. The marten, a century later, was 'pursued in Cranbourne Chase for his fur, reputed inferior only to that of the sable,' as Macaulay says.

The language of sport and its rules altered but little in the century that separated 'The Boke of St. Albans' from the works of Elizabethan writers. The classification of beasts of venery and the chase, the order of hawks, and the profuse vocabulary of falconry, as given by Dame Juliana Berners—'and in certayn,' she naïvely says, 'there be many dyverse of thaym'—are all faithfully adhered to by the subsequent authorities, and some of them are still in use. The older book only put on record the rules and regulations that had long existed; the conditions of sport had practically undergone no change from Norman times, and the conservative elements in a pursuit almost sacred were, we might say, religiously preserved. The technicalities in hunting and hawking language were amazingly copious, and it required a special study to acquire them unless one had been brought up in a hunting atmosphere from childhood. There were terms for 'the compaynys of beestys and fowlys,' phrases for their 'brekyng or dressing,' and seeking cover; the movements of a hawk on the perch and wing, the yearly age of a hart, the tines and growth of his horns, all had their terminology.

The mushroom men of Elizabethan days aped their betters by cultivating the language of sport, just as the City men of yesterday take to the turf, hunting, yachting, or Highland sport. An excellent instance is given by Ben Jonson ('Every Man in his Humour,' i, 1) of the aspirant to be a 'Powe's man' or 'fashionmonger,' the prototype of the 'young blood' or 'buck' of the Regency, or the 'dandy,' 'swell,' or 'masher' of our own day. Master Stephen thus addresses his uncle, Old Knowell, asking if his cousin Edward—

'have o'er a booke of the sciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it. . . . I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bella, and all; I lack nothing but a booke to keep it by. . . . Why, you know, an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him; they are more studied than the Greeke, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without them.'

Mr. Madden, in a pleasant and scholarly chapter on the 'dead language,' fully justifies the necessity of greater accuracy in its

use, and we are entirely with him when he says that 'neither dictionaries nor writers on natural history give any sanction to an abuse of language which breaks the continuity of literary usage, and falsifies the traditions of an ancient and picturesque national pastime.' Every science, art, calling, sport, and game must have its own terminology, which should be correctly used. What the language of sport has lost, and inevitably so, since Elizabethan days is well illustrated in one of John Taylor's shorter pieces, entitled the 'Huntsman-ship' or 'Woodman-ship,' in which he lashes with characteristic vigour the folly of unduly multiplying hunting terms, and which we venture to quote at some length:—

'You must say rouse a buck, start a hare, and unkennel a fox. Again, you must harbour a hart, and lodge a stag or a buck. . . . A buck is first a fawn, the second year a pricket, the third year a sorell, the fourth a sore, the fifth a buck of the first head, and the sixth year a buck; so a hart is the first year a calf, the second a brocket, the third a spade, the fourth a staggard, the fifth a stag, and the sixth year a hart; but some are of the mind that a stag cannot be a hart until some king or prince have almost hunted his heart out. Besides these ambiguous contigilated phrases, the horns have many dogmatical epithets, as a hart hath the burra, the pearls, the antlers, the surantlers, the royals, the surroyals, and the croches. A buck's horns are composed of burr, beam, branch, advancer, palm, and spelter. And to decline from the crown or horn, to the rump or crouper: a deer, a boar, a hare, a fox, and a wolf have no more tail than a jackanapes, for it is a deer's single, a boar's wrath, a hare or coney's scut, a fox's bush, and a wolf's stern. . . . For what necromantic spells are rut, vault, slot, pores and entries, abaturs and foiles, fraying-stocks, frith and fell, lairs, dew-claws, dowlcets, drawing the covert, blemishes, sewelling, avant-lay, allaye, relay, foreloyning, hunt-cownter, hunt-change, quarry, reward, and a thousand more such Utopian fragments of confused gibberish, that should I proceed further I should instead of an understanding wood-man, shew myself to be an ignorant mad man.'

Of birds of sport and others that were eaten in Elizabethan days we have long lists in the household books of the time. In an extract from that of Lord North of Kertlinge, published by Nichols, under date September 1578, twenty-five different birds are mentioned, among 'suche provision as was spent at ye howse,' including 'swannes,' 'hearnshewes,' 'bitters' (bitterns), 'gulls,' 'godwyts,' 'redshanks,' and others which do not figure in modern bills of fare. From an examination of various household accounts it appears that great esteem was shown for wading birds. We find a crane valued at 13s. 4d., a godwit at 5s., a hearnshewe at 3s., a bittern at

2s. 6d.; eighteen gulls* figure in Lord North's accounts at 5*l.* 10s., which seems incredible; in the Queen's household books we find them entered at 1s. 4d. each; partridges, on the other hand, fetched 9d. each, woodcock 10d., pheasants 2s. 6d., plover and snipe 3d. to 6d. each, and larks, sad to relate, at 6d. to 1s. per dozen.

Great 'herdes' of cranes—to use the right term in a 'company of fowlys'—were then to be seen in the fens of the east, and the bird was specially protected by Henry VIII for the royal table. The great work of reclaiming the fen district—commencing with the Bedford Level and ending with Whittlesea Mere—was then unthought of, and the peasant had to take to stilts or a boat in times of inundation. What travelling in the fens was like, so late as 1810, may be gathered from George Borrow's 'Lavengro':—

'The country was submerged—entirely drowned—no land was visible; the trees were growing bolt upright in the flood, whilst farmhouses and cottages were standing insulated; the horses which drew us were up to the knees in water, and, on coming to blind pools and "greedy depths," were not unfrequently swimming, in which case the boys or urchins who mounted them sometimes stood, sometimes knelt, upon the saddles and pillions' (ed. 1900, p. 22).

The marshes of the east coast afforded a safe retreat to the myriads of aquatic birds which the draining of the fen district and the reclamation of land have much reduced in numbers. In Tudor days, and for a century later, as Macaulay tells us, bustards were to be found all over the country from the English Channel to York; these birds, from their great height and powers of sight were difficult to stalk, and had to be hunted by dogs. The clearing of woods, already referred to, also materially affected bird life by largely reducing the area of shelter. The destruction of birds for food in those days was great; vegetables entered but little into the diet of the well-to-do classes, the majority of those now most largely used being then unknown. The bills of fare consist of flesh, fowl, and fish, boiled or roast, baked or in pie, served with 'fine mancheate, coarse mancheate, fine cheate, coarse cheate,' and washed down with beer, ale, and wine. Bird-fowling was not only a pastime but a regular calling, and every possible device was used in the

* It is difficult, as Miss Phipson points out, to know what is specified by the term 'gull,' as it seems to have been applied loosely then to many of the large sea-birds. Shakespeare calls even the cuckoo a gull:—

'You used us so,
As this ungentele gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useeth the sparrow.'

pursuit of winged game. Burton enumerates the following among the methods then practised :—

'Guns, lime, nets, glades, ginnes, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting-dogges, coy-ducks, &c., or otherwise. Some much delight to take larks with day-nets, small birds with chaffe-nets, plovers, partridges, herons, snite . . . many gentlemen take a singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with theyr quail pipes and will take any paines to satisfie theyr delight in that kinde.' ('Anat. Melan,' i, p. 523.)

It is easy to denominate most of these methods by a term hateful to the ears of all sportsmen, though they were no doubt necessary then to meet the demand for food supplies. The modern fowling-piece has put an end to the notion that such practices are legitimate sport. By nothing but the strictest preservation and great cost could the supply of game be kept up against this one weapon of destruction. To quote some of the shooting records of recent years, what would the Elizabethan fowler have thought of 4300 partridges to a party of eight guns in four days, 2648 grouse to nine guns in one day, and 1414 snipe to one gun in a week?

The feathered sport which ranked above all others in Elizabethan days was hawking. It was practised in very early times, as shown by a bas-relief illustrating the pastime, which was discovered by Layard at Khorsabad, with a supposed date of 1200 B.C. It was common in Saxon times, and was universally practised in the Middle Ages, the gentry, whether lay or cleric, seldom riding out without hawk on hand. Froissart tells us that Edward III, when invading France in 1359, had thirty falconers on horseback with their hawks, sixty couple of hounds, and as many greyhounds. Carrying a hawk on hand became so inveterate a habit that Barclay, in his 'Ship of Fools' (1509), pours his satire on the gallants of the day for disturbing the service in churches by bringing in hawks and hounds :—

'A fole is he, and hath no mynde devoute,
And gyveth occasyon to men on hym to rayle,
Which goth in the chirche, his houndes hym aboute,
Some rennyng, some fast tyed to his tayle,
A hawke on his fyst, suche one withouten fayle
Better were to be then, for by his dyn and cry
He troublith them that wolde pray devoutly.'

(Vol. i, p. 220, ed

Hawking was a favourite pastime for ladies; Elizabeth was a keen sportswoman both at hawk hunting, and engaged in them to

So late as 1600, when the Queen was at Oatlands, we find in Nichols's 'Progresses':—

'The Court is now given to hunting and sports: the Lords come are gon one waye and another. Upon Thursday her Majesty dines and bunts at Hanworth Parke: upon Tuesday she dines at Mr. Drake's; and this day she huntet in the new lodge in the forest. God be thanked she is very merry and well. Lord Nottingham is in these parts and Master of her Sports.' (iii, 513.)

'The Boke of St. Albans,' drawing very fine distinctions, gives fourteen kinds of hawks, according to the corresponding classes of persons in their social order, from the 'egle' for an 'emproure' to the 'muskyte' for an 'holiwater clerke.' The greatest care had to be taken of hawks in their training and keeping, and high prices were realised for the best breeds. Strutt states that Sir Thomas Monson, in the reign of James I, is said to have given one thousand pounds for a cast of hawks—but there must surely be some mistake here. A grant of land was sometimes held under the tenure of a tribute of hawks; Magee Island, on the coast of Antrim, was thus held in the reign of Elizabeth, the Bissetts sending a tribute of hawks which bred on the Gobbin cliffs. The cliffs on the west coast of Scotland and the Isles are the chief breeding ground of birds for falconry at the present day. Hawks were also imported from abroad, and in the middle of the seventeenth century the 'Complete Angler,' keeping the old classification of hawks, mentions—

'The stiletto of Spain,
The blood-red rook from Turkey,
The waskite from Virginia, . . .
The French pye of two sorts.'

It is necessary to observe the distinction between the long-winged and the short-winged hawks in order rightly to understand the references to the great pastime of hawking so freely scattered through the pages of Elizabethan writers. Mr. Lascelles, in his interesting work on 'Falconry' (Badminton Library), tells us that the hawks now in use are the peregrine, the gyrfalcon, the merlin, sometimes the Barbary falcon, the sacre, the lanner, and the hobby; and of the short-winged hawks the goshawk and the sparrow-hawk. The long-winged hawk is really a falcon, which, with a bold circling flight, rises 'towering in her pride of place' and, sighting her quarry, descends with an irresistible and generally unerring swoop upon her prey. Such hawks, says Mr. Lascelles, are 'fine-tempered, generous birds, whose home is in the open country, and whose

dashing style of flight is only adapted to wild plains or hills' (p. 225). The short-winged birds are the real hawks, and were the more commonly used, being birds of the hand. They were held by a leash attached to rings fastened to strips of leather encircling the legs of the bird. 'They are,' continues Mr. Lascelles, 'shifting, lurching flyers, deadly enough in their own country, which is the close woodland, through which they can thread their way like a woodcock or an owl, and that with extreme rapidity for a short distance.' The falcon was trained either as bird from the nest or the captured 'wild haggard of the rock' after her first moulting. 'Eyasses,' says Turberville, 'are tedious, and do use to cry very much in their feedings; they are troublesome and paynfull to be entered.' This characteristic Shakespeare had in mind when he says in 'Hamlet' (ii, 2)—'An aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question.' How the haggard was tamed is admirably illustrated in the 'Taming of the Shrew' (act iv, sc. 1). 'Had Petruchio been a falconer,' says Mr. Lascelles, 'describing exactly the management of a real falcon of unruly temper, he could not have done it in more accurate language.'

The bird is of so excitable a temperament that at home or abroad she has to be hooded until the moment she is to be cast at her game. Falcons were brought to the field by an attendant on a 'cadge' (frame), a word that has given a term of contempt to the language—'cadger,' who was the lowest person engaged in the sport. Small bells were attached to the legs of the falcon by rings of leather, those made in Milan being used for the higher class of hawks. 'The Boke of St. Albans' gives directions 'that they be sonowre and well sowndyng and shrill and not both of oon sowne; but that oon be a semytoun under a noder.' The bells not only gave the falconer a clue to an errant hawk, but they also terrified the quarry, which lay close until sprung by the dogs at the right moment. Fine sport can be had and good bags made, as Mr. Lascelles shows, at the present day; and hawking proves a fascinating pastime to those who follow it. In his chapter on 'A Day's Hawking' Mr. Madden gives a realistic description of the sport in Elizabethan days, which shows Shakespeare's perfect knowledge of its terminology. From the profuse references to the pastime scattered through the works of the Elizabethan dramatists we select the following passage from Massinger's 'Guardian' (act i, sc. 1), which well illustrates the sport: Durazzo tempts his nephew Caldoro to the country thus:—

'In the afternoon. . . .

We'll to the field again. . . . A hearn put from her siege,

And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
 So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
 Above the middle region of the air:
 A cast of haggard-falcons, by me mann'd,
 Eying the prey at first, appear as if
 They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
 Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
 Cleaving the purer element, make in,
 And by turns bind with her; the frightened fowl,
 Lying at her defence upon her back,
 With her dreadful beak awhile defers her death;
 But, by degrees forced down, we part the fray,
 And feast upon her. . . .

Though stag-hunting has its attractions at the present day, it is usually robbed of much of the charm which it possessed in Tudor times, when practised 'at force' in the wild open chase. The very carting of the dishorned stag to his harbouring deprives the sport of a certain reality and sentiment, as every sportsman must feel who has enjoyed the pursuit of the red deer in his native haunts. The red deer existed in large numbers in the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century throughout Great Britain. 'The stag is accounted for the most noble game,' says Harrison, 'the fallow deere is the next, then the roe, whereof we have indifferent store.' Fynes Moryson also says:—

'The king's forrests have innumerable heards of red deare, and all parts have such plenty of fallow deare, as every gentleman of five hundred or a thousand pounds rent by the yeare hath a parke for them inclosed with pales of wood for two or three miles compasse. . . . I will boldly say, that England (yea perhaps one county thereof) hath more fallow deare than all Europe that I have seen.' ('Itinerary,' pt. iii, p. 148.)

There were two methods of hunting the deer, one the 'hunting at force,' or pursuing him by horse and bound across the chase; the other by unharbouring from the wood and forcing him by pursuit in a certain direction by means of toils and nets into an open glade, where he was either shot or pursued by hounds until brought to bay and despatched by the hunter's *couteau de chasse*. The tracking of the deer was done by trained bloodhounds, the 'liam-hounds,' so named from the 'liam' or strap by which they were securely held. It was usual to send 'forward relays of hounds to be laid on at the various points where the chase was expected to pass, so as to strengthen the cry and enhance the excitement of the sport.' Mr. Madden, who has mastered the whole practice and all the technicalities of the sport, says:—

‘In order to drive a deer into the toils it was needful to get to windward of him, so that, having you in the wind, he might break in the opposite direction; a stratagem of woodcraft well known to Hamlet, when he said of his hunters Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, “Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?”’ (‘The Diary,’ p. 33, note.)

In an account of the visit of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar to James I in 1613, we have the following brief description of the general practice of the sport:—

‘The hunt generally comes off in this way: the huntsmen remain on the spot where the game is to be found, with twenty or thirty dogs; if the king fancies any in particular among the herd, he causes his pleasure to be signified to the huntsmen, who forthwith proceed to mark the place where the animal stood; they then lead the dogs thither, which are taught to follow this one animal only, and accordingly away they run straight upon his track; and even should there be forty or fifty deer together, they do nothing to them, but chase only the one, and never give up till they have overtaken and brought it down. Meanwhile the king hurries incessantly after the dogs until they have caught the game.’ (‘England as Seen by Foreigners,’ Rye, p. 154.)

Laneham gives an account of Queen Elizabeth hunting ‘the Hart at fors’ and returning as late as nine o’clock in the evening, when at Kenilworth in 1575.

The sport bristled with technical terms, well illustrated in the passage quoted from John Taylor; and its extravagant verbosity is apparent in ‘The Boke of St. Albans.’ The breaking up of the hart was performed with the most punctilious regard to details, all minutely described by Dame Berners. As time went on, these dropped into desuetude and finally lapsed into the simple act of cutting the stag’s throat. This was done by the chief person of either sex present, for ‘taking assay’ was frequently performed by a lady, and in later times it was often denounced by the moralist as degrading to the gentler sex. Scott describes it according to the established rules in ‘The Fortunes of Nigel’:—

‘Glenvarloch . . . turned the slaughtered deer upon its back, and kept the quarree in that position, while the king, too intent upon his sport to observe anything else, drew his couteau down the breast of the animal, *secundum artem*; and having made a cross cut, so as to ascertain the depth of the fat upon the chest, exclaimed in a sort of rapture, “Three inches of white fat on the brisket! prime—prime, as I am a crowned sinner—and deil ane o’ the lazy loons in but mysell! Seven—eight—eight tines on the antlers. By G—d, a hart of eight tines, and the first of the season! Bash and Battie, blessings on the heart’s root of ye. Buss me, my hairns, buss me.”’

The practice of killing deer within enclosures was simply a battue, and lacking in the best elements of sport. Temporary structures were erected for the king or other notable personages and their attendants. When they had taken their stand, the hounds were uncoupled after the sounding of a mort of the horn, and the game was driven by hounds and huntsmen in the direction of the stages to be shot down with ease. Nichols in his 'Progresses' gives the following account of a morning's sport when the Queen was at Cowdray in 1591:—

'At eight of the clock in the morning her Highnes took horse, with all her traine, and rode into the parke, where was a delicate bowre prepared, under the which were her Highnesse musicians placed, and a crossebowe by a Nymph, with a sweet song, delivered to her hands, to shoote at the deere, about some thirtie in number, put into a paddock, of which number she killed three or four, and the Countesse of Kildare one.' (iii, 91.)

The Highlands of Scotland abounded with deer in Tudor days, and they were killed wholesale on special occasions. We read of a royal hunt organised by the Earl of Atholl in 1563 in honour of a visit by Mary Queen of Scots. Two thousand highlanders were sent out to scout the Atholl, Mar, and Badenoch country, and the day's sport resulted in three hundred and sixty deer, five wolves, and some roes. John Taylor's description of an autumn day's hunting at the 'Brae of Mar' does not, however, correspond to the modern deer-stalker's idea of sport. The Earl of Mar's company numbered some fourteen hundred and included many noblemen and gentry and their attendants.

'The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass: they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, two, three, or four hundred in a herd, to such or such a place, as the nobleman shall appoint them . . . Then after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, their heads making a show like a wood, which being followed close by the Tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay: then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours fourscore fat deer were slain.'

On hare hunting it is not necessary to dwell at any length, for the modern practice differs little from that of Tudor days. 'This pastime,' says Mr. Madden, 'as it is at present pursued, approaches more closely to the use of our forefathers than any

other field sport of the present day.' Harrison tells us that in his day it was held 'not the least in estimation, because the hunting of that seelie beast is mother to all the terms, blasts, and artificiall devises that hunters doo use.' 'The Noble Arte of Venerie' says that, 'of all chases, the hare makes the greatest pastime and pleasure'; and the estimation in which it was held at an earlier date is told in the lines of Dame Berners:—

'That beest kyng shall be callyd of all venery,
For all the fayre spekyng and blawing that is there
Commyth of sechyng and fyndyng of the hare.
For my leif chylder I take it on honde
He is the meivellest beest that is in ony londe.'

It is needless to quote further in its praise, nor need we describe the sport, for has not this been done of 'poor Wat' in the immortal stanzas of 'Venus and Adonis'?

Coursing at the present day differs but little, in the main, from the pastime as practised in ancient Greece and described by Arrian. It was a favourite sport in Elizabethan days: Slender says to Page: 'How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.' Cotswold then denoted the wolds extending from the Warwickshire borders to the south-western extremity of Gloucestershire, a district which had long been the scene of public sports and pastimes, including coursing and all the athletics of old and merry England; and success at 'Cotsall' was probably equivalent to winning the Liverpool Cup of to-day. Coursing matches were held prior to Elizabeth's reign, for it was by her special command that 'laws of the leash or coursing' were formulated into a code by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. The decision then, as now, rested on certain 'points of the course, such as turn, go by, wrench, cote, and the bearing of the hare.' It is interesting to compare the Elizabethan rules with those of the National Coursing Club as given in Mr. Harding Cox's treatise on the sport in the Badminton Library. Here we may notice, as Mr. Madden points out, the disuse of a term for one of the most important points in the older coursing, namely, the 'cote': this was when the greyhound passed his rival and, 'coting' him, turned the hare. But there is no comparison between the Master Magrath of our own time and the Elizabethan breed of greyhound; and as to mounts for the sportsman, 'the modern hunter is still further in advance of the hunting and hawking nag of our ancestors' ('Diary,' pp. 48, 176). Nor can any parallel be drawn between the conditions of sport in Elizabethan England and those of the England of to-day. The older

method was to pursue the sport as long as the birds were in season. The productive capacity of every preserve is now generally known before shooting begins; many preserves will bear at most but a few days' sport, and a few skilled sportsmen would practically annihilate game in the best of them in a single year. Land is far too valuable a commodity in England to permit us to look for an extension of game preserves within its borders. Scotland has great resources, but notwithstanding great expenditure the supply in that country is not equal to the demand. Ireland, on the contrary, has tens of thousands of acres in Donegal, Connemara, Cork, and Kerry, not to speak of smaller areas elsewhere, affording splendid facilities for sport. Game is at present sadly deficient in quantity; and, owing to causes known to all, it is hopeless to expect the landowners to stock and properly preserve their moors. Properly treated they would harbour immense quantities of game; and abundant sport would attract men of means to the country, would lead to the expenditure of a good deal of money, and would give employment to many an idle rustic. Considering the favourable change in the condition of things in Ireland, and its rising popularity as a tourist resort, we may perhaps hope that there is a future before it for sport, and that it will in time be able to meet the ever-increasing demands of English sportsmen, which even Elizabethan conditions at home would be barely sufficient to supply.

ART. VI.—LONGINUS AND THE TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME.

1. *Longinus on the Sublime*. The Greek Text, edited after the Paris Manuscript, with Introduction, Translation, Facsimiles, and Appendices. By W. Rhys Roberts, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1899.
2. *Longinus on the Sublime*. Translated into English by H. L. Havell, B.A. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. London: Macmillan, 1890.

IN all the history of literature we know of nothing so extraordinary as the fortunes of this treatise. The silence of antiquity about a work so brilliant, so original, and so essentially unlike anything in extant Greek criticism, and about a writer who produced, as he himself tells us, other treatises, presumably of a similar kind, and who must, therefore, have been a man of note among his contemporaries; the difficulties involved in ascribing it to its reputed author; the difficulties involved in ascribing it to anyone else; the homage paid so unsuspiciously for upwards of two centuries and a half to the critic to whom it had been so confidently assigned; his sudden dethronement at the beginning of the present century, and the relegation of the treatise to anonymity; the strange vicissitudes through which its reputation has passed; its enormous popularity between about 1674 and 1790; the comparative oblivion into which it seems to have fallen during the subsequent period; the increasing favour with which it is beginning to be regarded now; the voluminous critical literature which has gathered round it, not merely in the form of editorial exegesis and commentary, but in the form of independent disquisitions, monographs, and translations; the extraordinary influence which it has, in different degrees and at different periods, exercised on men of letters and on popular *belles lettres*; the not less extraordinary indifference with which it has been, and still is, treated by the universities and by those who regulate liberal education in England—all this gives to the 'Treatise on the Sublime' a unique place in literary history and invests it with curious interest. And its importance is equal to its interest. With the single exception of Aristotle's 'Poetics,' it has probably had more influence on criticism, both directly and indirectly, than any work in the world.

The Treatise was first brought into prominence by Boileau and the French critics towards the end of the seventeenth century. Before that it had not travelled beyond the libraries

of scholars. Its very existence was unknown to the world till Robortello printed it in 1554. Even then it seems to have attracted no general notice, either in England or on the Continent. No allusions are to be found to it in our Elizabethan writers. It was plainly unknown to Ascham, to Sidney, to Meres, to Webbe, to Puttenham, and even to Ben Jonson. Nor during the first half of the next century did it make any way. Milton, indeed, in his 'Tractate on Education,' gives Longinus a place among those philosophers and rhetoricians who should be studied as models of expression. But it may be doubted whether he was familiar with him; he never, if we are not mistaken, quotes him, nor can we find any trace either in his poems or in his prose-writings of knowledge of the *Treatise*. Though Hobbes had paid special attention to rhetoric, and even published a treatise on it,* he makes no mention of Longinus; and though Butler has, in more than one poem, ridiculed the fashionable cant about Aristotle and Greek criticism, he does not make the faintest reference to 'the Sublime.' But when Boileau's version appeared in 1674 attention was at once turned to this neglected critic, and in less than three years the name of Longinus was on the lips of every man of letters on both sides of the Channel. Boileau's preface to his translation was admirable, and appealed equally to the general reader and to the scholar. Here, it said in effect, is a critic even greater than Aristotle, here is a master at whose feet every man of taste should be proud to sit. The charm and power of the *Treatise* could not, indeed, have been interpreted with more eloquence and discrimination.

Thus Longinus took his place with Aristotle at the head of criticism. Fénelon even preferred him to Aristotle. Not less enthusiastic was Rollin, who would have Longinus made a text-book wherever rhetoric is taught; he speaks of the *Treatise* as that '*admirable traité*,' which is '*seul capable de former le goût des jeunes gens*.'† Between the end of the seventeenth and the middle of the eighteenth century, allusions to Longinus and quotations from 'the Sublime' abound in French literature; and the influence which he exercised may be judged from the frequency with which we find his characteristic sentiments, as well as direct references to him, appearing and reappearing in sermons and '*Éloges*.'

In England he became even more influential. Wotton, in his '*Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning*,' says that, with

* This appeared as a supplement to his abstract of Aristotle's '*Rhetoric*.'

† '*De la Manière d'Enseigner et d'Étudier les Belles Lettres*,' vol. ii, p. 69.

Demosthenes, Aristotle, Tully, and Quintilian, he was studied by all who would write finely in prose.* Dryden, who pronounced him to be 'undoubtedly, after Aristotle, the greatest critic among the Greeks,' confessed himself to be his disciple. 'Aristotle and his interpreters,' he says, in his 'Apology for Heroic Poetry,' 'and Horace, and Longinus, are the authors to whom I owe my lights.' No author is more frequently quoted by him. Whoever would understand how much Dryden owed to Longinus would do well to turn to the preface to 'Troilus and Cressida,' and to the preface to the 'State of Innocence.' To Addison Longinus was 'that great critic'; and the care with which Addison had studied him is abundantly clear from the frequency with which he quotes and appeals to him. The germ, and indeed more than the germ, of the most eloquent papers Addison ever wrote, those on the pleasures of the imagination, was derived from the twenty-fifth section of 'the Sublime.'† Indeed, all Addison's criticism, and particularly his æsthetic, is coloured by the *Treatise*. Pope's lines are well known:—

'Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire;
An ardent judge who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.'

There is nothing, it is true, in Pope's 'Essay on Criticism' which he may not have borrowed from other sources than Longinus; and it is scarcely necessary to say that he probably could not construe a paragraph of the Greek. But two English translations were at his service; and we may therefore fairly presume that when he expressed himself as he did in the lines just quoted, he expressed himself sincerely. It is perhaps rather in the tone of the 'Essay' than in particular reminiscences that the influence of Longinus is discernible‡. In the treatise on 'Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry,' the joint production of Pope and Swift, we have testimony of another kind to the popularity of our author, and certainly a curious commentary on the use to which a word bearing quite another sense in the text may be applied§. But the cult of Longinus

* See second edition of 'Reflections' (1697), p. 23.

† See particularly the second paper, 'Spectator,' No. 412.

‡ The parallels between the 'Essay' and the *Treatise* appear to be part i, 67-73, 84-91, 94-9, 131-5, 138, 150-5; part ii, 233-6, 243-6, 299-300, 318-21.

§ See the commentators on the words *el êstiv êphous tis ê Addison tréxev*, in sect. ii.

had now passed into a sort of cant, and we find Swift writing in his rhapsody 'On Poetry':—

'A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous*,
And if we have not read Longinus
Will magisterially outshine us.'

But worthier homage was paid him both then and afterwards than that offered by fribbles and criticasters. The noblest passage—perhaps it would be more correct to say the one noble passage—in Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination,' is little more than a paraphrase of the thirty-fifth section of 'the Sublime,'* while another fine passage in the third book is the expansion of a remark in the second section.† Throughout Akenside's poem we frequently indeed catch the note of Longinus. That Young had read him is clear from his 'Conjectures on Original Composition,' where he quotes him; and there can therefore be little doubt that what appear to be reminiscences of the Treatise in the 'Night Thoughts' are not simply accidental or derived from other sources. Take the following lines in Night IX. Pagan tutors taught, he says—

'That mind immortal loves immortal aims:
That boundless mind affects a boundless space:
That vast surveys and the sublime of things
The soul assimilate and make her great:
That therefore heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.'

This is little more than a summary of section thirty-five of Longinus, and of that section, as well as of the forty-third, we are constantly reminded in 'The Relapse' (Night V) and 'The Infidel Reclaimed' (Night VII). In his 'Resignation' (Part II, st. 46), he has, in the couplet—

'Nothing is great of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn'—

little more than translated part of the opening sentence of the second section of Longinus.

That Goldsmith was a student of him is plain from his Essays. He ranks him among 'the most approved classics,' and frequently quotes him;‡ and if the remarks on luxury and corruption in the 'Traveller' and the 'Deserted Village' need not be attributed to any reminiscences of 'the Sublime,' they recall

* From l. 151, 'Say, why was man,' to l. 221, 'close the scene,' in bk. i.

† Longinus, ii, 2, compared with Akenside, bk. iii, 335 *et seqq.*

‡ See particularly the Essays on the 'Cultivation of Taste' and on 'Metaphors'

similarly forcible remarks in the last section of it. Johnson, who quotes Longinus more than once, had evidently read him with attention, but probably, as might be expected, without much sympathy. Very different, however, was the impression which Longinus appears to have made on Johnson's friend Reynolds. Longinus, if we recollect rightly, is only once mentioned by Sir Joshua in his 'Academic Discourses'; but, whether consciously or not, there is scarcely one of them in which he does not recall the 'De Sublimitate.' There is the same noble conception of the character and functions of art, of its relation to the divine, of its relation to nature, of the spirit in which its study should be approached and pursued. There is the same union of the critic and the enthusiast. Reynolds speaks of Michael Angelo precisely as Longinus speaks of Homer. His definition of the Sublime, and his criteria for testing it, are identical with those of the Greek critic. If Reynolds had not studied Longinus with the greatest care and with the greatest sympathy, we can only assume that experience, reflection, and genius, operating on similar temperaments, had conducted both these critics independently to the same truths, and inspired them to express themselves in the same noble language.*

Hurd, a less-known writer, but a highly accomplished literary judge, had evidently studied 'the Sublime' with care, and frequently quotes it, remarking incidentally that Longinus was one of the three most popular critics in his day—the others being Bouhours and Addison. Kames's chapter on Grandeur and Sublimity, in his 'Elements of Criticism,' is little more than a paraphrase of Longinus; Dugald Stewart in his 'Essay on the Sublime' draws largely on him; and Blair, who observes that Longinus deserves to be consulted, 'not so much for distinct instruction concerning the sublime as for excellent general ideas concerning beauty in writing,' has throughout his 'Lectures on Rhetoric' appealed to him, though more often, it is true, without than with approval. Porson places him with Aristotle at the head of criticism.† Fielding, to turn to popular men of letters, was one of his most enthusiastic admirers; and, as he appears to have been a good classical scholar, he had no doubt practised what he preached when he said, 'No author is to be admitted into the order of critics until he hath read over and understood Aristotle, Horace,

* See particularly the remarks about the Sublime in 'Discourse IV,' and the fine passage about the alliance of Art with the Divine at the conclusion of 'Discourse XIII.'

† See his 'Prælectio in Euripidem.'

and Longinus in their original language.* In his novels Fielding makes frequent references to him. Readers of Sterne will remember the characteristic tribute which he pays to the great critic.

But by none of our classics was he studied more carefully than by Gibbon, who has in his 'Journal' given an elaborate account both of the impressions which 'the Sublime' made on him, and of the difficulty he had in mastering it in the original. He expresses his astonishment that 'a work worthy of the best and freest days of Athens' should have been the product of an age so corrupt and degenerate as that in which Longinus lived.

'Till now,' he says, 'I was acquainted only with two ways of criticising a beautiful passage, the one to show by an exact anatomy of it the distinct beauties of it, and whence they sprung; the other an idle exclamation, or a general encomium, which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus has shown me that there is a third. He tells me his own feelings upon reading it, and tells them with such energy that he communicates them. I almost doubt which is most sublime, Homer's battle of the gods or Longinus' apostrophe to Terentianus upon it.'

The ninth section Gibbon pronounces to be 'one of the noblest monuments of antiquity.' The Treatise produced a similar effect on Fox when a boy at Eton. He told Colton that he was so idle that he would probably have made no progress in Greek had he not happened to take up the 'De Sublimitate.' He found such charms in it that he never rested till he could read it with a fluency which enabled him to 'derive more pleasure from the remarks on Homer than from the poet himself.†

Till the beginning of the present century no one had questioned the authenticity of this Treatise, or doubted that 'the Sublime Longinus had in the Court of a Syrian Queen preserved the spirit of Ancient Athens.' But in 1808 a discovery was made which appeared to indicate that if the Sublime

* 'Covent Garden Journal,' No. 3; 'Works,' ed. Stephen, vol. vi, p. 17.

† Colton's 'Lacou,' ed. 1824, vol. ii, p. 108. An interesting illustration of the way in which Longinus has influenced public men and coloured oratory is afforded by Grattan's famous 'Character of Chatham.' Speaking of Chatham's eloquence he said 'it was not like the torrent of Demosthenes or the splendid *conflagration* of Tully; but he rather *lightened* on the subject, and reached the point by the *flashings* of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed': plainly a reminiscence—partly of sect. xii, Δημοσθένης σκητιῶ τινι παρεικάσειν ἂν ἢ κεραυνῶ, ὃ δὲ Κικέρων ὡς ἀμφιλαφῆς τις ἐμπρησμοῦς οἷμαι πάντα ρεμεται καὶ ἀνελκείται—and partly of sect. xxiv, where it is so magnificently said of Demosthenes, καὶ οὕτως ἂν τις κεραυνοῖς φερομένοις ἀντανοῖται τὰ ὄνματα δύναιτο, ἢ ἀπορροαλῆσαι τοῖς ἀπαλλήλοισ ἐκείνου πάθεσιν.

Longinus preserved that spirit it was not as the author of the 'De Sublimitate.' While Weiske was passing through the press an edition of the Treatise on which he had been long engaged, he was informed by Jerome Amati, the librarian of the Vatican, whom he had employed to collate the Longinian manuscripts in that library, that the title of one of them threw doubt on the authorship of the work. This manuscript, instead of attributing it to Dionysius Longinus, as the others did, attributed it to 'Dionysius or Longinus,' the title running *Διονυσίου ἢ Λογγίνου περὶ ὑψους*. This naturally led to a careful scrutiny of the existing codices, and the result was corroboration of a surprising kind. The Paris codex, which appears to be the archetype of the rest, and is at least four centuries and a quarter anterior to any of them, names Dionysius Longinus in the title to the Treatise, but in another part of the manuscript it is ascribed to Dionysius or Longinus. On further investigation it was discovered that the same alternative was given in another codex, number 985 of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Nor was this all. In a third codex, in the Laurentian Library at Florence, though the old title ascribing the work to Dionysius Longinus was still discernible on the first page, the cover bore the title 'Anonymous on the Sublime' (*Ἀνώνυμου περὶ ὑψους*)—a deduction, no doubt on the part either of the copyist or of the owner, from the uncertainty implied in the Parisian codices.

Subsequently it was observed that the ascription of the work to the historical Longinus received no corroboration either from Robortello, the first editor, or from Manutius, the second. Robortello simply ascribed the work, as most manuscripts had done, to Dionysius Longinus, without any attempt to identify him; and Manutius, following Robortello, had been equally silent on the subject of identification, observing, however, in a Greek epistle prefixed to his edition, that the writer was a Greek, and 'one of the ancients who were of very high repute.' It is not till we come to the third editor, Portus, that we find the author of the work positively identified with Longinus of Palmyra, Portus not indeed stating this, but silently prefixing to his edition Suidas' notice of the Palmyrene and a short account of him by Eunapius. From that moment it had been taken for granted by every one that Longinus of Palmyra and the Longinus to whom the manuscripts, with the hesitating exceptions referred to, ascribed the Treatise, were the same man.

On further investigation, difficulties of all kinds presented themselves. Whoever was the author of the Treatise, one of his names was Dionysius. But the name of Dionysius had never been associated with that of Longinus of Palmyra. Where

he is not spoken of simply as Longinus, and whenever his full name has been given, as it has been given by Suidas and Photius, he is called either Cassius Longinus or Longinus Cassius; no one has called him Dionysius. Of the writings of the Palmyrene we have a somewhat full account. Suidas has given a list of them, probably of the greater part of them; Porphyry, Libanius, John of Sicily, and later scholiasts have referred to other writings of his; but no one has mentioned this Treatise or any work which might be taken for it. We know from 'the Sublime' itself that the author had written a treatise on Xenophon, and two treatises on composition, and had either written or intended to write a treatise on the passions; but no such works appear among those attributed to Longinus.

Again, the presumption is much more in favour of the Treatise belonging to the end of the last century B.C. or the first half of the first century A.D. than to the age of Claudius and Aurelian. It was suggested by a book written in the Augustan age: of the many authors quoted or referred to not one lived later than the first century of our era. We might reasonably have expected to find some reference, if not to the work of Quintilian and to the 'Dialogue on Oratory,' at least to the writings of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, of Demetrius of Alexandria, and above all to those of the Palmyrene's immediate predecessor Hermogenes; but not a syllable is said about any of them.

We cannot, we must own, see the difficulty of reconciling the account given, in the last chapter of 'the Sublime,' of the state of the world and of society, with what would, if we make a little allowance for rhetorical exaggeration, apply to the world and the surroundings of the historical Longinus;* but it would, we fully concede, be much more applicable to the age of Augustus and his immediate successors. The whole chapter reminds us not only of the passionate dissatisfaction and recalcitrance which find expression in the eighty-eighth chapter of the 'Satyricon,' and in the elder Seneca's preface to the first book of the 'Controversiae,' but still more of the remarks which Tacitus makes at the beginning of the 'Histories,' when

* The point on which most stress has been laid by those who contend against the late authorship of the Treatise is the clause which speaks of the world's peace (*ἡ τῆς οἰκουμένης εἰρήνη*), which they contend would not apply to the times of Longinus, and could only apply to the Augustan period. To this two answers may be given. If Longinus wrote the Treatise, it was probably written early in his career, and though the remark could not possibly apply to the time succeeding the accession of Maximin, it might apply, if we allow for rhetoric, to the immediately preceding period. But probably there is no necessity for pressing the word—it is a mere euphemism for the despotic power of Rome, a world-wide tyranny, *pax* in the Tacitean sense of the term.

he associates the disappearance of great geniuses with the peace which succeeded the battle of Actium and the subsequent extinction of liberty. Still closer is the parallel with the 'Dialogue on Oratory,' in which a similar lament over the decline of eloquence attributes that decline to the moral degradation involved in contented servitude and in social corruption. Indeed, the whole chapter glows with a moral and political enthusiasm which it is much more natural to associate with a contemporary of Lucan and Tacitus than with a contemporary of Plotinus and Porphyry. It is certainly not the note of the third century, nor will any analogy to this dissatisfaction with the literature of their time be found in any of the writers of that age who have discussed and criticised contemporary literature.

Such, then, are the difficulties involved in ascribing the treatise to Longinus of Palmyra. Assuming for a moment that they are insuperable, and that Longinus of Palmyra could not have written the treatise—who did? We are certainly not going to weary our readers, as we have wearied ourselves, by reviewing the innumerable theories which have accumulated round this subject. Weiske's baseless hypothesis that it belongs to Dionysius of Pergamus, 'mentioned by Strabo,' may be consigned to the same limbo as the equally baseless hypothesis of Schoel that it belongs to Dionysius of Miletus, a disciple of Isæus. It might be assigned with equal reason—and we make a present of this suggestion to any youthful scholar on the look out for a paradoxical thesis—to Dionysius of Phaselis.

In our opinion the theory which ascribes it to Dionysius of Halicarnassus is, if not equally baseless, at least as improbable. The evidence in favour of it literally begins and ends with the fact that the writer of 'the Sublime' tells us that he had composed two treatises on composition, and that Dionysius has left one treatise on composition and promised to write another. The oratorical style of Burke does not differ more essentially from the characteristic style of Addison than the style of 'the Sublime' differs from that of the Halicarnassian. In genius and temper the two authors have nothing in common. Dionysius of Halicarnassus is a pure critic, and a critic of the secondary order, little better indeed than a grammarian. It is with composition, and with composition only, that he concerns himself. That sublimity in a writer is 'the echo of a great soul' (we are quoting the 'De Sublimitate'), that 'as all dim lights are extinguished in the blaze of the sun, so when sublimity is present rhetorical artifices become invisible,' that

work which is full of faults may be superior to work which is flawless—are remarks of which Dionysius was, we feel, absolutely incapable. A great history, a magnificent oration, a noble or pathetic poem, an inspired apologue, were to him mere exercises in rhetoric, the results of the mechanical application of mechanical rules. A critic was one who knew those rules and who had to decide whether they had been followed. No one, he says, will get to the end of Polybius, for he has a faulty arrangement and a bad style. Of Pericles' magnificent funeral speech in the second book of Thucydides all he has to say—and he gives a chapter to saying it—is that it is out of place in that book and might have been delivered with more propriety by some one else in the fourth book over those who were killed at Pylos. Sappho's superb 'Ode to Aphrodite'—for the preservation of which, however, we are indebted to him—elicits only a few frigid remarks about its skilful and graceful texture and the tact with which the vowel sounds are managed. His insensibility to the beauty of the 'Phædrus,' and to all that constitutes its interest and its charm, is not less conspicuous.* It is inconceivable that the critic who commented on Sappho's 'Ode to Aphrodite' as Dionysius has done, and the critic who commented on the other ode by the same poetess as the author of the 'De Sublimitate' has done, could be the same man; that the cool and composed arbiter and anatomist who measured and dissected Thucydides, Plato, and Demosthenes, in the 'Dissertation to Tubero,' in the 'Epistle to Pompey,' and in the treatise on the oratorical power of Demosthenes, could possibly be identified with the enthusiast to whom those writers were very demi-gods, and whose homage expressed itself with almost dithyrambic fervour. But even supposing these difficulties could be explained by assuming that the 'De Sublimitate' was a work of Dionysius' youth, and that it was his intention in his other treatises to confine his criticism strictly to form and expression, one discrepancy alone would, in our opinion, be conclusive against the claims of Dionysius. Nothing is more emphatically dwelt on in 'the Sublime' than the hopelessly degraded state of literature and the almost total extinction of really great writers. But Dionysius, at the beginning of his treatise on the Attic orators, dwells with equal emphasis on the remarkable revival of ancient eloquence which his times had witnessed, and even discerns the promise of a second golden age.†

* See his extraordinary criticism of it in the 'Epistle to Cnæus Pompeius.'

† Compare sect. xliiv of the 'De Subl.' with chaps. ii and iii of the 'De Orat. Antiq.'

The strangest theory of all is that of Professor Vaucher, which ascribes the Treatise to Plutarch. For Professor Vaucher every student of Longinus must have profound respect. His '*Études Critiques sur le Traité Du Sublime*,' published in 1854, is the most valuable contribution which has ever been made to the study of Longinus and to the problem presented by this treatise, not so much directly as collaterally. It is therefore with all deference that we must express our regret that he should have wasted so much erudition in supporting a theory so obviously, so preposterously extravagant. Plutarch—witness the comparison of Aristophanes and Menander, the '*De Audiendis Poetis*,' and the comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero—was no more capable of writing 'the Sublime' than Eckermann was capable of writing the '*Laocoon*,' or Boswell the '*Apology for Poetry*.' His criticisms, where they are not compiled, are the mere records of his personal predilections. Principles he has none; criteria and standards he has none. In a word, a more essentially uncritical critic never gossiped about poetry and oratory. Professor Vaucher is, it is evident, uneasily aware of all this, and, taking care not to appeal to any of his *protégé's* extant writings as testimony of his ability as a critic, very judiciously falls back on the titles of critical disquisitions, or disquisitions presumably critical, which have perished.

And now let us see whether the difficulties in the way of ascribing this Treatise to the great critic who so long had the credit of it are insuperable, and whether after all the balance of probability does not incline, or at all events slightly incline, in his favour.

The exact date and place of the birth of Longinus are not known, but there can be no doubt that he was born about A.D. 213. His mother, Phrontis, was a Syrian, and there was a tradition that he was born at Emesa. It is more likely that he was born at Athens, where his uncle, who was a rival of Philostratus and Apsines of Gadara, taught rhetoric. Neither the name nor the nationality of his father is known. Longinus tells us himself that, when a youth, he travelled about with his parents, and, visiting many countries and many cities, had become personally acquainted with some of the most illustrious men of the day. At Alexandria he attended the lectures of Ammonius Saccas and Origen the Platonist, and among the friends he made there were Plotinus and Amelius. At what other places he stayed and studied is not recorded, but it is not unlikely that he visited Rome. He returned to Athens pro-

bably about A.D. 235. Whether his uncle Phronto died before Longinus set out on his travels or afterwards is uncertain, but in any case Phronto made him his heir. The near relative and heir of one of the most distinguished professors in Athens was not likely to want pupils, and we are not surprised therefore to learn that his time was soon so fully occupied with teaching that he had no leisure for writing. The subjects which he taught were rhetoric and philosophy. He rapidly rose to eminence in both, but as he had little sympathy with Neo-Platonism, then so greatly in the ascendant, he devoted himself as a teacher principally to rhetoric. He did not, however, abandon his philosophical studies, for he continued to write largely on such subjects. The most distinguished of his pupils was Porphyry; and to Porphyry's biographer, Eunapius, we owe a vivid account of the position occupied by Longinus at Athens.

'Longinus,' he says, 'was a kind of living library and walking museum, and had been appointed to give critical instruction on classical literature. . . . With him Porphyry received the very perfection of training, attaining, like his master, the summit of excellence in philology and rhetoric. . . . For in all such studies Longinus was by far the most distinguished of all the men of those times. . . . No unfavourable judgment on any classical writer was allowed to hold good before Longinus had given his opinion, but his opinion when given was without appeal.'

We have no means of knowing at what date and for what reason Longinus quitted Athens and went to the East. But he settled at Palmyra, then, under Odenathus and Zenobia, the capital of an empire which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, including Egypt, and threatened to become formidable even to the Romans. Zenobia, like Christina of Sweden, our own Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, delighted in literature and in the society of scholars; and what Salmasius, Ascham, and Buchanan were to them Longinus became to the Queen of Palmyra. The premature death of Odenathus deprived Zenobia of a wise counsellor, and, unhappily for herself, her friends, and her kingdom, she began to indulge in the wildest dreams of feminine ambition. Rome should have a rival in Palmyra and Cæsar an equal in its queen. She increased her armies, sought alliances with neighbouring States, conferred on herself the title of Empress of the East, and prepared to defy the Romans. In the director of the studies of her leisure hours she found something more than a critic and philologist. Longinus became her confidant and her adviser, encouraged and assisted her in her mad conflict with the Romans, dictated or inspired the letter in which she defied

Aurelian, and, on the fall of Palmyra, paid the penalty for his devotion to his royal mistress by her treachery and Aurelian's vengeance. The woman had triumphed over the heroine, and she tried to save herself by attributing what she now acknowledged to be criminal folly to the evil counsels of Longinus. His execution was immediately ordered. He met death with cheerfulness and constancy, consoling and encouraging others whom Zenobia had similarly betrayed.

It will be apparent that what can now be recovered of the biography of Longinus is too scanty to give us any very definite picture either of the man or of his career. But a few things stand out clearly. By the universal consent of his contemporaries and successors he was one of the greatest critics of antiquity. We have already seen what Eunapius says of him. Porphyry calls him in one place 'the critic of critics' (*κριτικώτατος*), in another 'the first of critics, and up to the present time considered so' (*τὸν ἐν κρίσει πρῶτον ὄντα καὶ ὑπεκλειμμένον ἄχρι νῦν*). His greatness as a critic had passed into a proverb, and 'to judge as Longinus would do' (*κατὰ Λογγίνου κρίνειν*) was synonymous with possessing a correct judgment. Secondly, he thought very little of the writers of his time and was always upholding the ancient classics. Porphyry describes him as being of all men most addicted to contradiction (*ἐλεγκτικώτατος*), and as systematically opposed to almost everything that his contemporaries thought (*τὰ τῶν ἄλλων σχεδὸν πάντα τῶν καθ' αὐτὸν διελέγξας*), and he gives him the nickname of a 'lover of the ancients' (*φιλαρχαῖος*).^{*} Thirdly, he had no taste for the mysticism and metaphysical extravagances of the Neo-Platonists, but confined himself to Plato, whom he expounded, not as Plotinus and Porphyry expounded him, but in a manner which provoked Plotinus to say of him that he was not a philosopher but a man of letters (*φιλόλογος μὲν ὁ Λογγῖνος, φιλόσοφος δὲ οὐδαμῶς*). To this it may be added that tradition, his own fragments, and the titles of his lost treatises unite in showing that he was a devoted student of Plato. Fourthly, everything seems to point to the fact that he was not only a scholar, and a scholar of attainments very uncommon in professors of rhetoric, but that he was a man of affairs and of the world. He could never have filled the place which he did fill at the court of Zenobia had this not been the case. Fifthly, what we know from Zosimus and

^{*} See Rubenken's correction of the reading in Porphyry's 'Life of Plotinus,' p. 116, in which he had been anticipated by Fabricius; possibly the old reading is the right one (see Vaucher, pp. 27 and 283), and the word is not an epithet for Longinus, but the title of a treatise.

Vopiscus about the circumstances under which the letter to Aurelian was written, about the letter itself, and above all about the closing scene of his life, places it beyond doubt that he possessed in a degenerate age a soul worthy of Socrates and Demosthenes. Lastly—and we think this ought especially to be noted and emphasised—he had Oriental blood in his veins. Now it will not be denied that all these are characteristics which we should expect to find in the author of ‘the Sublime’—for unmistakably and deeply are they impressed on it.

Next, let us see what can be advanced in answer to the chief objections raised to the Longinian authorship. Amati and others contend that there is no proof that Longinus was ever called Dionysius—which is true; but deny the possibility of such a combination of names as Dionysius Cassius Longinus—which is absurd. Nothing was commoner than for Greeks who had obtained the privilege of Roman citizenship to adopt the gentile and family names of the patron who had obtained it for them, while retaining their own. Thus, to go no further than Cicero, we find Aulus Licinius *Archias* and Quintus Lutatius *Diodorus*; and although it was commoner for the Greek name to stand as the agnomen, its position was sometimes reversed, as in the case of the historian Dio Cassius.* In the third century this was particularly common. It may, therefore, be assumed with some degree of probability that the name of Longinus was Dionysius, and that, obtaining—possibly through the influence of the young Roman to whom ‘the Sublime’ is addressed—the privilege of citizenship by means of one of the Cassian family, he adopted the names of his patron.

But, it is objected, the *Treatise* is, before the tenth century, nowhere attributed to him. To this it may be replied that the only catalogue of his writings which has come down to us, namely, the notice in Suidas, is confessedly incomplete, ending with the words ‘and many others’ (*καὶ ἄλλα πολλά*), which may not only cover ‘the Sublime’ but the other lost treatises. Nor must we forget that the scribe of the Paris archetype, in assigning the *Treatise* to Longinus, probably had some authority for doing so; and it seems to us far more reasonable to suppose that in the unmistakable reference which John of Sicily makes to the passage about Moses in the ninth section of ‘the Sublime,’ he was following, not a tradition originating from a conjecture of

* For ample information on this point see Henrius Canegieterus, ‘De mutata Romanorum Nominum sub Principibus Ratione,’ and the learned note of Reimarus in his edition of Dio Cassius, vol. ii, pp. 1534–5.

the Paris copyist, but an independent tradition.* It is, moreover, quite possible to attach far too much importance to the alternative title found in the Paris manuscript, and its supposed confirmations. That title, it should be remembered, is found only in the index, and is not in the handwriting of the copyist of the Treatise. The second manuscript, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, agrees exactly with the Codex Vaticanus 285, which is probably a transcript of it, and neither of them can reasonably be cited as independent testimony; while in the manuscript at Florence the title *Ἀνώγειος* is given only on the cover, the title at the top of the first page—where traces of it are distinctly visible—being the old one. All, then, that this evidence amounts to is that the writer of the index in the Paris manuscript, for some reason or other, doubted the authorship of the Treatise, attributing it to one of the two most distinguished critics known to him, namely, Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Longinus; that the next copyist of the Treatise reproduced the alternative title, and was followed by a third, and that this led, not unnaturally, to the Florentine manuscript being tampered with. In a word this evidence simply resolves itself, so far as can be ascertained, and so far as is in a high degree probable, into a doubt expressed by a single individual of whom nothing is known.

The fact that the Treatise was suggested by a work written in the Augustan age, and refers to no writers subsequent to that age, surely presents little difficulty. Cæcilius, the author of that work, was one of the classics of criticism, and nothing therefore could be more natural than that Longinus and Postumius should, even at the distance of more than two centuries and a half, be studying and discussing him. In not alluding to later writers Longinus was only following the custom of authors of rhetorical treatises, who very properly confined their illustrations and references to writers of classical repute. If we are not mistaken, there is not a single reference to a post-Augustan writer either in Hermogenes or in Apsines, either in Demetrius or in Aphthonius.

This brings us to the last point. The remains of Longinus which are undoubtedly genuine bear, it is alleged, no resem-

* In his Commentary on Hermogenes, John of Sicily observes that Longinus and Demetrius, *Ἕλληνας οἱ ἄριστοι*, had agreed with the Christians in their admiration of the words of Moses—'God said, Let there be light, and there was light,' a plain though misquoted reference (for he substitutes *τὸ εἶναι* for *φῶς*) to the ninth section of the 'Sublime.' But as the date of John of Sicily was the thirteenth century, and that of the Paris manuscript the tenth, no importance—say the anti-Longinus party—can be attached to the passage; besides, they add, Longinus may have quoted it somewhere else.

blance in any of their characteristics of style to those of 'the Sublime,' and yet among them are fragments bearing on literary criticism and a considerable section of a 'Treatise on Rhetoric.' We will begin by remarking that arguments based on analogies of style will sometimes lead to very erroneous conclusions. What analogy could there have been in this respect between those dialogues of Aristotle which Cicero praises for the 'incredible flow and sweetness of their diction,' and the works of Aristotle which have come down to us? There is no reasonable doubt that Tacitus was the author of the 'Dialogue on Oratory'; and yet what could possibly be more unlike the style of the 'Agricola,' of the 'Histories,' and of the 'Annals'? If our criterion of the genuineness of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' were based on considerations drawn from his articles in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia' and his 'Life of Schiller,' we should certainly arrive at a very absurd result. But, putting aside for a moment the 'Treatise on Rhetoric,' let us see what the remains of Longinus are. They consist of a portion of a letter to one Marcellus giving an account of contemporary philosophers; a short extract from a letter to Porphyry asking him to send him some books and to come and visit him; a short extract from some letter or treatise protesting against the opinion that the soul was corporeal and perishable; and lastly three extracts about metre from a commentary on Hephæstion, the authorship of the first of which is simply assumed from the fact that Longinus is known to have been an authority on metre and prosody, of the two last from the fact that they are ascribed to him in marginal notes on the manuscripts, written in Latin by a modern hand! Of the 'Treatise on Rhetoric' it may suffice to say that it originally formed part of the text of Apsines, from which it was disengaged by the sagacity of Ruhnken; but where it begins and where it ends, what may still belong to Apsines and what to Longinus, has only been determined, and can only be determined, by mere conjecture.

It is therefore surprising, we had almost said amusing, to find Professor Vaucher gravely tabulating the words in these fragments, for the purpose of ascertaining which of them appear and which do not appear in 'the Sublime,' instituting elaborate comparisons between the style, the diction, the characteristics generally of these scanty and most questionable relics with those of the Treatise, and then proclaiming that the Longinus of the one could not possibly have been the Longinus of the other. There is no conclusion, however preposterous, at which criticism could not arrive if Professor Vaucher's method were applied to such materials as those to which Professor

Vaucher applies it. These fragments are, we repeat, too meagre, too irrelevant when genuine, too unauthenticated when analogous, to make any comparison with the Treatise of the smallest use. We have no wish to appear paradoxical, but we seriously think that such dim and fitful light as they cast on the subject flickers in favour of the claims of Longinus to the authorship of the Treatise. The fragment numbered vii in Weiske, vindicating the immateriality of the soul, has, particularly at the conclusion, quite the note of the 'De Sublimitate.' Professor Vaucher has himself drawn attention to a very remarkable parallel passage in the 'Rhetoric.' In the Treatise (sect. xxx) the author finely calls 'beautiful words the very light of thought' (φῶς γὰρ τῷ ὄντι ἰδίου τοῦ νοῦ τὰ καλὰ ὀνόματα). In the 'Rhetoric' we find φῶς γὰρ ὥσπερ τῶν ἐννοημάτων τε καὶ ἐπιχειρημάτων ὁ τοιοῦτος λόγος. The citations from Proclus, Eusebius, John of Sicily, and others included by Professor Vaucher among the fragments show how large a space in the writings of Longinus was filled by literary criticism of a kind parallel to that found in 'the Sublime.' We learn for instance that he was the author of a series of literary discourses known as οἱ φιλόλογοι or αἱ φιλόλογοι ὁμιλίαι, which must have been very voluminous, as the twenty-first book of this work is cited. Walz and others have suggested that the 'De Sublimitate' may have formed a part of these discourses. This conjecture is certainly supported by John of Sicily, who in an unmistakable reference to the passage on bombast in the third section of 'the Sublime,' observes: 'But about these things Longinus speaks with more precision in the twenty-first book of his φιλόλογοι.' It is, also, at least significant that Longinus wrote works dealing particularly with those authors who are cited most frequently in 'the Sublime,' four on Homer, two on Plato, commenting, as the citations given by Proclus and Olympiodorus show, more on his style than on his philosophy, and one on the 'Meidias' of Demosthenes, an oration from which a striking passage is quoted in 'the Sublime.'

On a general review of the evidence, then, we contend that if the arguments urged against the claims of Longinus to the authorship of the Treatise cannot be conclusively refuted, they can, if examined impartially, be seriously shaken, and that we are still very far from having reached such a degree of probability as would justify us in withdrawing his name from the title-page of the work. In bringing this long, and we fear wearisome, discussion to a close we cannot forbear adding that the responsibility for its necessity lies with Professor Roberts. His book will, we hope, become a text-book at the

universities, but that portion of the *Prolegomena* which deals with the question we have been discussing is distinctly inadequate. The claims of Longinus are assumed to be so baseless and untenable that they are not even debated; and yet with singular inconsistency the work is attributed to him on the title-page. We thought, therefore, we should be doing a useful service if we attempted to supply this defect.

The contributions of the Greeks to literary criticism, or at all events such contributions as have come down to us, are, it must be owned, exceedingly disappointing. It might have been expected that a people by whom the fine arts had been carried to such perfection, and in whom philosophical enquiry and dialectics had developed such rare powers of analysis, would have left masterpieces in literary criticism worthy to stand beside their masterpieces in creative art. But this was not the case. From the very beginning criticism seems to have fallen into inferior hands. Its earliest representatives were the second Rhapsodists, men who blended recitation with interpretation and commentary. Of these men we have a lively picture in Plato's 'Ion' and Xenophon's 'Symposium.' 'Do you know greater fools than the Rhapsodists?' asks one of the characters in Xenophon's dialogue. 'No, by Heaven, I do not!' is the reply. Whether they ever wrote down their criticisms, which were mostly concerned with Homer, does not appear; but, if they did, we know enough of them to know that their exact modern analogies would probably be the critiques of the late Mr. Gilfillan, or of Christopher North at his worst. Nor were matters much improved when criticism was represented, in the next age, by the philosophers. In their hands it chiefly confined itself to allegorising and rationalising Homer, and to discovering in him symbolic anticipations of the particular truths, theological, moral, and physical, of which the interpreter was himself the prophet. Such was the employment of Anaxagoras, Stesimbrotus, Metrodorus of Lampsacus, and Euhemerus.

In the Periclean age the criticism which has its counterpart in our popular press found, no doubt, voluminous expression. What 'Punch' and the weekly reviews are to us, Aristophanes and the poets of the Old Comedy were to Athens. Before this irresponsible tribunal was dragged every prominent candidate for literary fame. How he fared depended partly on the personal prejudices of his censor, partly on the clique or faction to which he belonged, and partly to what could be got out of him in the way of amusement. We have excellent and no

doubt typical specimens of this criticism in 'The Frogs,' in 'The Acharnians,' in 'The Thesmophoriazusaë,' and in the fragmentary remains of Antiphanes and Epierates. Of the systematic treatises on criticism produced during the Periclean age not one remains; and, judging from the remarks quoted from them, the loss is not to be regretted.

No greater calamity has befallen letters than the fact that Plato gave to metaphysics and politics what he might have given to criticism in its application to the fine arts. Scattered up and down his writings are passages in which may be found the germs of the profoundest truths on which philosophical criticism rests. He was the first to discern and maintain that the fine arts are modes of imitation; that what they represent is not the particular and accidental, but the universal and essential; and that the breath of their life is divine inspiration, without which they are of no avail. But, like our own Ruskin, Plato was wilful and fanatical, and his most elaborate contributions to literary criticism express opinions so contradictory to what he has maintained elsewhere, and are so singularly unsympathetic and perverse, that they might almost be mistaken for irony.

Whether criticism advanced under the other disciples of Socrates we have no means of judging. We know that Crito and Simon wrote treatises on poetry and on the beautiful, Simmias a treatise on the epic, and Glauco a dialogue on Euripides. Of Plato's own disciples the most distinguished, after Aristotle—we are speaking, of course, of criticism—was Heraclides of Pontus, the author of several treatises, the loss of one of which, a treatise on poetry and the poets, is for many reasons greatly to be regretted. The criticism of pre-Alexandrian Hellas culminated in Aristotle and Theophrastus, of whose once voluminous critical writings all that remain are a few short fragments, one long fragment, and one entire work.

Aristotle concerned himself with criticism, not because of any special aptitude and taste for such studies, but simply because as a department of human knowledge it was comprehended in his survey. He brought to it what he brought to everything else, a most powerful and logical intellect, subtle discrimination, immense erudition, and a mania for methodising; and he brought nothing else. In all the finer qualities and instincts of the critic, in all that is implied by æsthetic sensibility, he was more signally deficient than our own Johnson. He narrowed and reduced criticism to an exact science; but such principles in the theory of rhetoric and poetry as are capable of precise definition and direct application he deduced and fixed for ever. Thus the 'Poetics' and the 'Rhetoric' are in

some respects the most precious contributions which have ever been made to criticism; in others, especially to modern readers, disappointing even to exasperation. How far Aristotle was original, and how far he was indebted to his predecessors and contemporaries, is a question which cannot be answered now. The germ of much in his 'Poetics' he certainly owed to Plato, and his 'Rhetoric' had been preceded by numerous treatises issuing from the schools of Athens, of Sicily, of Pergamus, and of Rhodes. We know, for example, that in his definition of rhetoric he had been anticipated by Corax and Tisias, that he was original neither in his method nor his analysis, and that by far the greater part of his practical precepts had long been commonplaces. But Aristotle, either directly or through his disciples, left his mark on every department of criticism. In his recension of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' in the commentaries on Homer, Hesiod, and other classics, and in the 'Didascalizæ' compiled under his directions, he initiated studies which were to occupy the chief attention of critics for several generations.

With the Alexandrian age Greek criticism may be said to have entered on its third stage. It passed out of the hands of dilettanti and of philosophers into those of pedants and grammarians, and confined itself almost entirely to philology and antiquities. To the Alexandrian scholiasts our debt is certainly a considerable one, and, had they confined themselves to the sphere in which they were qualified to excel, our gratitude would have been without reserve. But unfortunately they went further. They confounded what should be distinguished; they mistook the means of exegesis for the ends; and they taught others to make the same great mistake. Criticism ceased to be associated with its higher functions, either being directed entirely to such points as are of interest to mere grammarians and philologists, or dissolving itself, as Bacon puts it, 'into a number of idle, unwholesome, and, as I may call them, vermiculate questions.' In the long list of critical treatises composed during the Alexandrian age it is remarkable that there is, if we recollect rightly, not one whose title certainly indicates that the treatment of the subject was other than either philological or historical. So completely indeed had the Alexandrian writers lost sight of the distinction between criticism in its higher aspects and criticism as they understood it, that, though Crates of Pergamus denied that a grammarian was a critic, and maintained that grammar was subordinate to criticism, he confined criticism to illustrative commentary.

On critical literature these men left an indelible impression. They became the founders of a dynasty which has remained

unbroken to the present day, and which unhappily has its representatives wherever letters have been studied. When Swift facetiously traced to Aristarchus the pedigree of those critics whom his friend Pope described as possessing every accomplishment except spirit, taste, and sense, and whom he has himself delineated with so much truth and humour in the 'Tale of a Tub,' he may have been unjust to that particular scholar, but he was certainly not unjust to that scholar's disciples. There was always a tendency in the Greek mind to frivolousness, to attach undue importance to trifles, to peddle with nice distinctions, and to waste itself on the mere exercise of ingenuity. While Greece was in her glory all this had been kept in check, for a great community makes great citizens; but the extinction of their national life, and the loss of everything which was involved in it, threw the Greeks back on themselves, and thus developed their innate infirmity. What before was a tendency now became a habit, and soon grew into a distinguishing characteristic.

In nothing is this more conspicuous than in their later criticism. Of its degeneracy during the Alexandrian age we have just spoken; its degeneracy in subsequent ages is equally apparent. This falling-off is the more striking when we compare it with what Rome produced between about B.C. 60 and A.D. 120—the brilliant treatises of Cicero, the 'Ars Poetica' and two epistles of Horace, the 'Dialogue on Oratory,' the great masterpiece of Quintilian—works, in some cases and in some portions, as severely technical as the treatises of Demetrius and Hermogenes, but impressed with the stamp of a large and liberal intelligence and pregnant with energy and life. In the treatises of Dionysius, in early life the contemporary of Cicero, we are in the classroom of a professor of rhetoric, mechanically imparting what has been mechanically acquired in the dissecting-room of a philological anatomist. There lies the composition—a history, it may be, or an oration, or occasionally a poem. Every bone, every nerve, every artery is traced out and laid bare: everything is discovered but the secret of its life. There is an amazing insensibility to all that charm and power in a work of art which evade positive analysis and definition according to conventional canons. Of the principles of criticism, of the philosophy of taste, of the philosophy of the beautiful, of the relation between Nature and Art, of the influence exercised by individual temperament and social and historical conditions on the activity of a literary artist, not a word is said. The masterpieces of Homer, of Thucydides, of Plato, of Demosthenes, are contemplated solely as models of composition. But within this contracted sphere the analytical subtlety displayed is indeed

extraordinary. It is seen in its perfection in the two treatises of Dionysius on 'Composition' and on the 'Ancient Orators,' in the 'De Inventione' and the 'De Formis Oratoriis' of Hermogenes, and, above all—for the work is a model of terseness and condensation, and, a little peddling excepted, of good sense—in the 'De Elocutione' of Demetrius.* However much we may regret the purely scholastic character of these works, criticism would have been poorer for their loss, for of their kind they are classics.

Of far less value is the great bulk of the contributions to criticism which have survived from the first, second, and third centuries. Apart from 'the Sublime,' none of these rise above mediocrity, except the treatise of Hephæstion on metres—which has, however, only a technical value—and an essay to which we shall presently refer. It would be absurd to dignify with the name of classics the loose and desultory observations of Plutarch, which are on a par with those of Strabo. Lucian has some excellent remarks scattered up and down his works, particularly in the 'Lexiphanes' and in the 'How History Should be Written,' but his place is among satirists rather than among critics. Apollonius Dyscolos is a mere grammarian. Apsines, like the *Anonymi* before and after him, simply thrashes the straw. But one writer, at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century of our era, deserves particular notice. Egger has drawn attention to the remarkable example of philosophical criticism which is to be found in one of the orations of Dion Chrysostom—the 'Olympius.' Pheidias is there represented as explaining how he formed the conception of his great statue, the Olympian Zeus. Tracing Art and Religion to the same source—Divine Truth—Dion dwells on the close alliance between them as embodiments of divine ideas, ideas innate in man's soul. He then compares the plastic arts with poetry, and contrasts as well as laments the limitations necessarily imposed on the sculptor with the freer scope of the poet. The 'Olympius' contains, it will be seen, the germ of Lessing's thesis in the 'Laocoon,' and it is written with extraordinary enthusiasm and eloquence. Of all the critiques which have come down to us, this, and this alone, has the note, or something of the note, of the work at which we have now arrived.

* It is extraordinary that this admirable treatise should not have found a modern editor; it is perhaps the best practical manual on composition ever written: even a popular translation of it would be most useful and entertaining, for it is as applicable to the various forms of composition in English as it is to those in Greek.

The 'De Sublimitate' has not reached us in its entirety. About nine hundred lines, or more than a third of it, have been lost, but as the lacunæ are occasional, and occur, with the exception apparently of a few words, in the body of the work, they are comparatively unimportant, and in no way obscure either its method or its scope. The author addresses it to a young Roman, apparently his pupil, who had been studying with him a treatise on the Sublime written by Cæcilius of Calacte. Both of them had found it most unsatisfactory. It had neither shown how the Sublime could be attained nor even defined what the Sublime is, to say nothing of other serious defects. At the request of the pupil, and out of kindness and respect for a desire of knowledge, the master had been persuaded to give his views on the subject; and he exhorts his fellow-student—for so he courteously regards him—to join in an investigation which should with both of them have truth and truth only for its object. 'For he answered well'—the reference is to Pythagoras—who, when asked in what qualities we resemble the Gods, declared that we do so in benevolence and truth.' With this charming prelude the Treatise opens.

We may begin by remarking that 'sublimity' in the Greek sense of the term and as it is employed here is by no means synonymous with 'sublimity' in the English sense of the term, though it has some affinity with it. It is here used partly as a synonym for a technical term in rhetoric and partly perhaps in a sense peculiar to the writer. Among the various species or styles of composition which the ancient critics have distinguished and defined is one which appears under different names but with a common character—this is the 'grand' or 'magnificent' style. It is described by Aristotle and defined by Demetrius as 'magnificent' or 'befitting a great man' (*μεγαλοπρεπής*), by Cicero under the title of 'grandiloqua,' by Dionysius under the title of a style blending the characteristics of the 'harsh' (*αυστηρόν*) and the 'polished and elegant' (*γλαφυρόν*), and by Hermogenes as indicative of 'greatness' (*μέγεθος*). Cæcilius appears to have been the first to apply the term *ὑψος*, 'height' or 'elevation,' to it, though the adjective corresponding to *ὑψος* had already been used to describe it by Dionysius. In this treatise the word which gives it its title signifies all that was included in the qualities indicated by these technical terms, and, to judge from what may be gathered from the extant analyses of them, much more besides. Its elasticity indeed perplexed Gibbon and was ridiculed by Macaulay. If we take our stand on two remarks, and on what may be deduced directly from them, we shall have

the key to the meaning of 'sublimity' as here interpreted; it is a certain 'loftiness and excellence in expression' (*ἀκρότης καὶ ἔξοχή τις λόγων ἐστὶ τὰ ὕψη*); it is 'the echo of a great soul' (*ὕψος μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπηχήμα*). It thus includes all that expresses grand or impressive conceptions in magnificent language; all that can with the power of words exalt and thrill the mind, and excite in the affections, and especially in the nobler affections, passionate sympathy; and all that invests with distinction, dignity, and grandeur whatever is embodied and represented, whether the apparel be simple or ornate, exquisite or plain. It is thus applied to the silence of Ajax in the eleventh book of the 'Odyssey,' to the famous adjuration of Demosthenes in the 'De Corona,' to the ode in which Sappho expresses passion in quintessence, to the journey of Phaethon in Euripides' tragedy, to Thucydides' description of the agonies of thirst suffered in the retreat from Syracuse.

The first question discussed is whether the Sublime can be reduced to rule, or whether rather it is not innate and a pure gift of nature. This leads to some interesting remarks on the relation of Art to Nature and of expression to inspiration. Their relations, it is maintained, are precisely those which, according to Demosthenes, exist between good fortune and good counsel. Good fortune is undoubtedly the first of blessings, and good counsel only the second; yet, if the second without the first may be quite useless, the first without the second may be useless too. At this point occurs the first lacuna, and we find ourselves in the middle of a discussion of the false Sublime, which resolves itself into bombast (*τὸ οἰδοῦν*), '*parenthyrsus*,' and 'frigidity.' The first is an affectation of an enthusiasm which is not felt, the language of passion without the thing itself, mere tumidity. The second is the display of passion where no passion is required, or of passion in excess where it ought to be subdued. The third is conceited affectation, the perpetual straining after preciousity and fine writing, of all literary vices the 'most ignoble,' and the 'direct antithesis of the Sublime'—which is just the sentiment of Anatole France, '*Gardons-nous d'écrire trop bien, c'est la pire manière qu'il y ait d'écrire.*'

'All these ugly and parasitical growths (it is added) arise in literature from a single cause, that pursuit of novelty in the expression of ideas which may be regarded as the fashionable craze of our day.'

We fear that Mr. R. L. Stevenson occasionally, and his disciples generally, would have had short shrift from this critic.

From the false he passes to the true Sublime. He observes

that it is with the Sublime as it is with the common objects of life, that nothing should be held really great which it is a mark of greatness to despise, such as riches, honours, distinctions, and all other things 'which possess in abundance the external trappings of the stage'; consequently, in regard to literary compositions, we should be careful not to allow ourselves to admire those which it would be creditable to us to despise. And then, in a very noble passage, he furnishes us with the real test of the Sublime:—

'If we feel our souls lifted up, filled as it were with joy and pride, as though we had ourselves originated what we read, if it inspires us with lofty thoughts, suggests to us more than it expresses, brands itself on our memories, and gains rather than loses by repeated perusals and study, then we may be sure the Sublime has expressed itself.'

It was on hearing this passage that the great Condé exclaimed in rapture, '*Voilà le sublime! Voilà son véritable caractère!*'* The Treatise goes on to say—perhaps no better definition of what must constitute the supreme standard of taste could be given—that true sublimity is that which pleases all and pleases always:—

'For when men of different pursuits, lives, ambitions, ages, languages, hold identical views on one and the same subject, then that verdict, which results, so to speak, from a concert of heterogeneous elements, gives us unshaken confidence in the object of our admiration.'

From these general remarks the Treatise proceeds to enumerate the sources of the Sublime. They are five. The first and most important is the power of forming grand conceptions; next comes vehement and inspired passion: these two cannot be acquired by art, but are the gift of nature. Then come the three which are the result of art: the due formation of figures, both those of thought and those of expression; noble diction, comprising the choice of words, the use of metaphors, and elaboration of language; and lastly, dignified and elevated composition.

It is in dealing with the first of these sources that the great note of the Treatise is struck, namely, that grandeur of conception can neither be simulated nor induced. It must be in the soul of the artist, the expression of the man himself. To write nobly we must think, we must feel, we must live nobly. It is not possible, he says, that men with mean and

* *Dugald Stewart, 'Works,' vol. v, p. 381.*

servile ideas and aims prevailing throughout their lives should produce anything which is admirable. In a passage, which might have been written by Ruskin, he thus accounts for the degradation of art and literature:—

‘The love of money, a disease with which we are all of us now insatiably infected, and the love of pleasure, make us their slaves—or, rather, I should say, plunge us body and soul into the abyss of degradation: the one a malady that dwarfs men, the other a malady that makes them ignoble. Nor, on reflection, can I discover how it is possible for us, if we honour boundless wealth so highly, or, to speak more correctly, make it a God, to guard our souls from the entrance of those evils which are inseparable from it. For wherever wealth is immoderate and unrestrained, extravagance, in close conjunction, follows it, so to speak, step by step; and as soon as the former opens the gates of cities and houses the latter straightway enters in and dwells there. And after a while these two build nests in the lives of men, as philosophers have expressed it, and very soon propagate, breeding charlatantry and vanity and luxury, no bastard progeny of their parents, but quite legitimate. Should these children of wealth be allowed to come to maturity, they speedily beget inexorable tyrants in the soul, insolence, lawlessness, and shamelessness. And so it will be, necessarily, that men will no longer lift up their eyes, or have any regard for fame, but the complete ruin of such lives will gradually be wrought, the nobler faculties of the soul pine and fade away, and become despicable. . . . What wastes and consumes the talented men of the present age is the apathy in which, with few exceptions, we pass our lives, merely working and striving to get applause and pleasure, never to do what is useful and what would secure the praise which is worth having and worth our effort.’ *

Thus all that constitutes the vitality, the power, the glory of literature is enervated and corrupted at its very source. No one is in earnest, no one is serious. What is wanted can be got, the perfection of cleverness and trifling, brilliant speeches, pretty poems, charming disquisitions—all, in fact, that slaves and fribbles of parts and accomplishments are likely to demand and competent to supply. And is this, he asks in scorn, what poetry, what oratory, what criticism have come to? The only salvation lies in getting back to the demi-gods of happier times—*οἱ ἱεῖς θεοὶ ἐκείνοι*—to Homer, to Thucydides, to Plato, to Demosthenes, and in making them our companions, our guides and teachers, our standards, our touchstones. For as, he beautifully says:—

‘the Priestess of Apollo, when she approaches the tripod, is inspired by the divine vapour exhalng from the rift beneath it, so from the

* Sect. xlv.

great natures of the men of old there are borne in upon the souls of those who emulate them, as from sacred cavities, what we may describe as effluences, so that they who seem little likely to be possessed are thereby inspired and become great with the greatness of others.'

We should live as in their presence. We should ask ourselves, when writing, how would Homer, or Thucydides, or Plato, or Demosthenes have expressed themselves, and what would be their verdict if we submitted our work to them.

'For,' he continues, 'these high exemplars, presenting themselves to us and inflaming our ardour and as it were illumining our path, will in a way exalt our souls to the fulness of the stature we conceive.'

Such was the spirit in which the author of this treatise prosecuted his study of the Old Masters, a study as profound and minute as it was passionately sympathetic; and from this study were derived his criteria of literary excellence. These criteria are not infallible. If the Treatise has not been interpolated—which is, by the way, extremely likely*—they sometimes produced, or at least were compatible with, most unsatisfactory results. But they revealed to him and enabled him to reveal to others the real secret of literary immortality, of genuine greatness, of genuine excellence; and they furnished him with a very Ithuriel's spear for the detection of their counterfeits. No false note, no touch of insincerity, escapes him; he has no mis-measurements. Apollonius, who never trips, is separated from Homer, who is often tripping, and badly tripping, by the impassable barrier which divides talent from genius. The all-accomplished Hyperides may be proved categorically to unite innumerable virtues to which Demosthenes has no pretension: but Demosthenes remains without equal or second.

'Bacchylides and Ion,' he observes, 'are faultless, and in the polished school eminently elegant and beautiful, while Pindar and Sophocles often become unaccountably dull (*σβέννεται ἀλόγως*) and fail most deplorably. But would anyone in his senses regard all the works of Ion put together as an equivalent for the single drama of the "Cedipus"?'

The four sections in which the author discusses whether the palm should be given to works which are without flaws and

* It is difficult to suppose that the author of the rest of the Treatise could have written some of the stupid remarks about the 'Odyssey' in sect. ix, and the of the passage from the 'Timæus' in sect. xxxii.

defects, but deficient in grandeur, or to works which are marked by grandeur but full of faults, and whether in estimating comparative excellence we should prefer quantity to quality, or quality to quantity, are of singular interest. There is certainly nothing more noble in criticism than the passage in which, while maintaining the superiority of the faultily sublime to faultless mediocrity, he deduces the reasons for such preference from the innate nobility of man, from the instinct which attracts him to the 'thoughts beyond the reaches of his frame,' to immensity and grandeur. Of the pellucid streamlet, he says, which quenches our thirst, of the tiny clear burning flame which our hands have kindled, we gratefully avail ourselves, for they are of use. But our admiration is reserved not for what is serviceable but for what expands and thrills our souls, for the stupendous phenomena of nature, for the overwhelming magnificence of mighty rivers and of ocean, for the great luminaries of heaven, though so often obscured, for the awe-compelling splendours of the rock-belching desolating Etna. Hence he concludes that what constitutes the superiority of a writer who possesses sublimity to a writer who has every gift and accomplishment but sublimity—in other words, what measures the distance between a Homer and an Apollonius, between a Demosthenes and a Hyperides, between a Plato and a Lysias—is in no way affected by the absence or presence of errors and blemishes. When sublimity is present they are mere spots on the sun; when sublimity is absent, of what concern in the absence of the sun is the absence of spots? All other qualities, he continues, in his enthusiasm, prove their possessors to be men, but sublimity raises them near the majesty of God (τὸ δ' ὕψος ἐγγὺς αἶρει μεγαλοφροσύνης θεοῦ). Immunity from errors relieves from censure, but sublimity alone excites admiration.

There is much more in this most suggestive and we may truly say inspiring Treatise over which we would have gladly lingered. Had space not failed us, we should have liked to comment on the many other admirable critical canons which it has laid down, and on its equally admirable illustrations of them; on its masterly analyses of the virtues and vices of style; on its many fine and subtle remarks about the choice and power of words, about figures, about rhythm; on its estimates of the great classics, at once so discriminating and so eloquent; on the parallels between Demosthenes and Hyperides, and Demosthenes and Cicero; on the magnificent criticism of the 'Iliad,' with its sublime comparison of Homer to the sun and to the sea; and above all, on the general characteristics of one who may be

described as an almost ideal critic alike in aim, in method, in culture, in temper.

Professor Roberts is on the whole to be congratulated on his work as an editor and translator, for if in the first capacity he cannot claim distinction, he possesses in a high degree competence; and though, as a translator, he is at times perhaps a little too periphrastic, he is often most felicitous, and almost always vigorous and trustworthy. Of his scholarship it may be said that it is 'magis extra vitia quam cum virtutibus,' cautious, sober, and sure-footed, but never brilliant. Thus, if it does not actually break down at what may be called crises, it almost always disappoints. Wherever a difficulty occurs, the chance is always in favour of a judicious avoidance of it or perplexing indecision. Such is the plight in which ἐνθεν ἐλὼν in section xxxiv (4) is left, and δαπανῶν in section xlv (11). The retention of the absurd βάθους at the beginning of the second section, as well as the rambling indecision of the note, is an illustration of the same thing. Similar infirmity is displayed in the choice of readings, such as the rejection of Bentley's certain and brilliant emendation ἀπαστράπτει in section xii, and the adherence to the untenable ἐπέστραπται of the Paris manuscript; or again, the rejection of the Paris ἡθῶν, and the adoption of Tollius's conjecture εἰδῶν, though no one could put the case for ἡθῶν better than Dr. Roberts has done. But the capital defect of Dr. Roberts as an editor does not lie here. Surely the first duty of a commentator on a Greek critic should be to explain the exact meaning of Greek critical terms—what, for example, to go no further than this Treatise, were the precise or modified significations of δεινότης, of γλαφυρός, of ἀφελεία, of ψυχρότης, of ἄδρός and ἄδρεπήβολος, of ζῆλος and κακόζηλος, of διαίρειν and the terms derived from it, of ἄνθος and ἀνθηρός, of ἡθος, and the like. This can only be done by careful deduction and illustrations from the Greek critics, with the collateral interpretation afforded by the Roman. All that represents this in Dr. Roberts's work is a somewhat meagre glossary—correct, as a rule, so far as it goes, but too indeterminate and jejune to be of much use to serious students.

Dr. Roberts's translation—and we speak after careful inspection of the versions of his predecessors, who are eleven in number—is incomparably the best which has appeared in English. Mr. Havell's is perhaps more graceful and more suited for general readers, but it is not so accurate or so vigorous. Dr. Roberts has, however, made one or two slips,

and given one or two renderings which are at least open to question.* In nothing, we should like to add, does he show better judgment than in his rigid conservatism and refusal to corrupt his text with merely ingenious conjectural emendations, such as Tucker's absurd ὁ Μῶμος αὐτοῦ for ὅμως αὐτὸ in section xxxii, and his equally ridiculous εἰδυλλικῶς for ἡδὺ λιπῶς in xxiiv. Though Dr. Roberts deals very inadequately with the question of the authorship of the *Treatise* and its influence on English literature, and sometimes makes such slips as to date Lessing's 'Laocoon' 1776 instead of 1766, his *Prolegomena* are full of interest and value. Some of the above-mentioned defects are no doubt to be attributed to the restrictions which have, as we understand, been placed on him by his publishers. We trust he will have a freer hand in the 'History of Greek Criticism,' in which, we are glad to learn, he is now engaged, and to the appearance of which we look forward with interest.

That a work which has been so influential and which has had so many authoritative testimonies to its great value as a text-book in criticism, should not only have no place in the curricula of our universities, but be practically unknown in their schools, is surely matter for surprise. It is, we fear, one of the many melancholy illustrations of what has been so often deplored—their indifference to literary as distinguished from philological studies. We trust that Professor Rhys Roberts's edition will have the effect of directing the attention of the universities to a work which is so admirably calculated to remove this reproach.

* In section i, ἀρῶν ἐνεβέλτα δύναν is not, as the context shows, 'displays the power (of an orator) in all its plenitude,' but 'all at once,' 'at a stroke.' In viii, γονιμάταται is rather 'most fertile,' or possibly 'genuine,' not 'principal'; and the words which follow, προῖποκειμένης ὥσπερ ἰσάφους τινὸς κοινῆ ταῖς τέττε ταύταις ἰδέαις τῆς ἐν τῷ λέγειν δυνάμεως, would be better turned 'a natural faculty of expression being assumed to underlie these five varieties, as . . . ' than 'beneath these five varieties there lies . . . the gift of discourse,' which is not only bald but inadequate. Again, ἥθας cannot mean 'delineation of character,' and the note on this difficult and important word is most inadequate. In the locus vexatissimus in section xvii, καὶ πῶς παραληφθεῖσα ἡ τοῦ πανουργεῖν τέχνη τοῖς κάλλεσι καὶ μεγέθεσι . . . δέδωκε, &c.—a passage most inadequately dealt with by Dr. Roberts—it is, to say the least, very doubtful whether παραληφθεῖσα τοῖς κάλλεσι can possibly mean 'when associated with beauty,' nor does his alternative proposal, 'when introduced by,' much mend matters. Toup's conjecture, παραλειφθεῖσα, and Rubiken's proposal to read παρακαλυφθεῖσα, and to take τοῖς κάλλεσι with δέδωκε, both of which Dr. Roberts omits, might have been considered, and should certainly have been mentioned. In section xxiii, the rather difficult word δοξοκοποῦντα is very loosely rendered as 'impress' in the translation, and explained quite wrongly in the note. The word ὁλοσχερῶς, in section xliii, cannot possibly mean 'in massive images,' but 'generally,' *summatim*: nor can ἀμέλει mean 'for instance.'

ART. VII.—THE NOVELS OF M. ANATOLE FRANCE.

1. *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. Paris: 1881.
 2. *Thaïs*. Paris: 1890.
 3. *Le Puits de Ste.-Claire*. Paris: 1895.
 4. *Chloë*. Paris: 1900.
- And other works.

CLASSICAL French literature is distinguished by a certain purity of taste, a discreet reserve, a sense of balance and measure. We admire in this literature its Atticism and urbanity, its orderly government of imagination and sensibility, its avoidance of all inflation and emphasis, its dexterous admixture of art and sincerity. These qualities are largely to be discovered in the work of M. Anatole France, Member of the Academy. For him, the Romantic movement might never have run its course; and the contemporary school of the Naturalists has left no mark upon him. He is, as it were, of the 'Grand Siècle,' and to the manner born. But 'Candide' and 'Le Neveu de Rameau' are well known to him; and the Renan of the philosophical dialogues and dramas has taught him indelible lessons. He is a Sophist, or rather—since the term has its unpleasant connotations—a serene and graceful moralist, the mere beauty of whose diction would attract us, even if we cared nothing for the matter of his teaching. If one attends more closely upon him he will delight curiosity by revealing himself in many disguises. Nay, more, he will be showman of the universe, and set before us many ingenious puppets which, playing their parts, inspire such mingled tenderness and disdain as he would have them inspire.

Two main faculties influence and shape his work. Contrary to, but not exclusive of each other, it is not so much that they predominate in turn, as that their interplay creates the whole fabric of his achievement. We have in it a noteworthy example of the perennial conflict between the Heart and the Head. Tender of heart, he yet consents that his intelligence shall be ironical. He is sure that it is good for the heart to be naïve and for the mind to be otherwise. For does not life itself set the copy of mingled contraries? He adds a charming innocence to subtle penetration, if he cannot reconcile them; like the bee, as he says of a brother poet, he produces honey and poison. He would rather feel than understand, and judges that he most fully expresses himself when he is most simple and naïve; but his quarrel with thought and reflection is a lover's quarrel, and he willingly quotes that old scholiast of Virgil who opined that one grows weary of all things, save of comprehension. He finds

that he must report on life ironically, but he will have his philosophic irony to be indulgent and not cruel. He lovingly admires and depicts the simple of heart, even if he laughs at them now and then. Life being what it is, irony—the gaiety of reflection and the joy of wisdom—is a fair armour of proof, wearing which we may smile upon the foolish and perverse who otherwise might provoke us to hate.

Thus divided in himself, M. France looks out upon life in smiling sadness. In his view, the labour of our thought to make of this world an intelligible world is a vain labour, though none the less it is our wistful uneasiness in the face of the inscrutable that chiefly ennobles us. He finds that the doctrine of Pyrrho is in accordance with the Christian theology: all that is not revealed is subject to doubt. If one has the misfortune not to be a Christian, it is wise to be a Pyrrhonian, or an Epicurean, distrusting all speculative thought in the interests of serenity. But on the other hand, if the truth of things escapes us, Sentiment—Love—bids us fashion for ourselves a world that is fair; our desire of the beautiful is perpetual and necessary. And reflection no less than feeling inspires M. France with the desire of beautiful expression, since he has taken upon himself to report of life in images and reveries. To be wholly sincere in expression is to be natural, and so seductive; sincerity and art alike require that the writer's report of life be clear, orderly, and rapid of motion. No style, he maintains, is beautiful unless it is facile; 'let us beware of writing too well'; and his own style is the perfection of a simplicity which varies in degree according to the theme—a simplicity which presupposes the fair art of concealing art.

The first productions of his complicated talent were tentative. Joining the 'Parnassus' group of poets, he published a slender volume of 'Poèmes Dorés.' In these he celebrated the Mother of Things in limpid style and with the sombre fervency of an adept in the doctrines of Lucretius, Darwin, and Leconte de Lisle. Turning to the novel, he essayed pathos in 'Jean Servien': the story of a delicate and ill-balanced *déclassé*, who blames fate for his own insufficiencies, and meets his end in the chaotic days of the Commune. M. Coppée might almost have signed it, were it not for a conciseness of phrase and portraiture which is already significant and distinctive. The character of the Marquis de Tudesco, a mixture of the poet and the buffoon, the cynic and the apostle, not only reveals a mastery of the grotesque, but also offers a first sketch of that Abbé Coignard who is to be one of M. France's chief creations. This vein of the grotesque is continued in 'Jocaste' and 'Le Chat Maigre.'

M. France is fond of quoting a remark of Dickens, to the effect that mad folk are the most amusing; and, as a moralist, he would have us all be in possession of a grain of folly, that so we may be merry and amiable. The menagerie of Haitian mulattoes and Bohemian artists and critics in 'Le Chat Maigre' reminds us of Hoffmann, but of a Hoffmann who should exercise his whimsical phantasy within the limits of the possible. These three slight tales, indeed, are chiefly remarkable because we can already perceive in them the method of M. France's vision of life. 'Tis a mad world, my masters; and the sage, in his self-conscious detachment, contemplates with an amused smile the antics of the performers in the Human Comedy who know not that they are the fatal dupes of their temperament.

M. France somewhere tells us that he has spent happy and unproductive years in which, studying nothing and learning much, he made many intellectual and moral discoveries. It is quite possible to suppose that his art has been chiefly influenced by the discovery that we deal with the images and not with the realities of things; that our vision of life is a subjective dream. M. France's dream is busy and peopled. If he is to invite other men to share his dreams, shall he trick out his puppets in the livery of the past or of the present? It matters little. 'On ne peint bien que soi et les siens.' The artist can but set forth his own soul; and his work, whatever be its costume, does but exhibit the range of his sympathies. Thus M. France, in 'L'Étui de Nacre,' 'Balthazar,' 'Le Puits de Ste.-Claire,' and 'Clio,' adapting the form of the *conte* to his purpose of self-expression, reduces it to a bare and delicate simplicity. Dramatic incident and the complications of hazard are not to be expected from him; little or no appeal is made to such readers as desire superficial pleasure or excitement, or the touch of primitive emotions. His intellectual curiosity will prompt him to realise the *états d'âme* of a Farinata degli Uberti, betrayer of Florence for the love of Florence; of a Guido Cavalcanti, accused of being an Epicurean and 'atheist' because he wooed Dame Philosophy with a great devotion, and sang the ancient doctrine of that Love which leads to Virtue; of a Commius Atrebas, the Gallic ally and enemy of the might of Rome; of a Homer, weary of men and life in those fair Grecian days when the world was young. He will represent to himself in the 'Mémoires d'un Volontaire' the emotions of a young Frenchman, receptive of all influences in the optimistic days that preceded the great Revolution; and set forth anecdotes significant of the courageous bearing of Frenchwomen in the mad turmoil of the Revolution itself. He will tell of a

'Fille de Lilith' who prays for death that she may taste life, and for remorse that she may know pleasure, like the daughters of Eve; or of a 'Leslie Wood' (read, if you will, Lawrence Oliphant), who, despairing of truth, finds it, or, by espousing poverty and simplicity, finds such certainty as agrees with his nature.

Simplicity—singleness of heart—that is the theme of the half of these *contes*; and it is characteristic of M. France that, to express this theme, he has recourse to such 'gothic legends as are neglected by the theologian and known to the antiquary alone.' In the second slender volume of his poems he had handled, in a lyrically dramatic form, that legend of the Bride of Corinth which supplied Goethe with a ballad that baffles commentators. In M. France's poem the conflicting Pagans and Christians are of an equal charm and innocence; only the mother of the maiden, who hesitates whether she shall be the bride of her lover or of Christ, repels by her consistent logic. But in these prose legends of saints M. France cares not to dwell upon their logical rigour. He is concerned for the moment to exalt feeling rather than to abase reason; and, besides, the uncompromisingly logical saint labours no less than the Pyrrhonian sage to despoil himself of humanity. M. France recounts these legends either as though they were so many fairy tales of sentiment, or in the tone of a tender-hearted Pagan who should incline to place votive Ausonian verses upon Christian tombs rather than upon sacred trees. His irony at the most plays gently upon the idea that the same words may equally express the return of spring and the Easter victory: Amycus the faun dwells lovingly with Celestine the hermit, and is baptised by him, since they both adore the risen god. But, of all these legends, that which best represents M. France's love of the simple-hearted is 'Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame.' Barnabé practised juggling in the days of King Louis, and, gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow, bore more than his share of the misery due to the fault of our father Adam. But, as he was of a simple heart, he took his suffering in patience. He had never reflected upon the origin of riches, nor upon the inequality of human lots. He counted firmly that, if this world were bad, the other could not fail to be good; and this hope sustained him. At length, hearing of the delights of the monastic life, he became a monk, and was sad because he knew not how to celebrate Our Lady with such skill as his fellows possessed. Held to scorn for his ignorance, he passes in the chapel those hours which the rest consecrate to their various arts, and is no longer sad. One

day the prior, seeking to discover the secret of his happy solitude, finds him before the altar, feet in air, and juggling with balls and knives. He was executing, in honour of Our Lady, the tricks which sometime had won him the most applause. And the prior rebukes his attendants, who cry out upon such sacrilege. 'Happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

In certain of these *contes* M. France has had the notable privilege of renewing the *conte philosophique* of the eighteenth century. 'Balthazar,' 'Thaïs,' and 'L'Humaine Tragédie' deserve all attention. In 'Thaïs,' Paphnuce, like the Philammon of 'Hypatia,' conceives the design of reclaiming a courtesan. But here all likeness ends; the press and turmoil of parti-coloured circumstance are alien from M. France's purpose. Paphnuce, the youthful ascetic of the Thebaid, meditating upon the days which he passed in Alexandria after the manner of the Gentiles, laments that he had even approached the threshold of Thaïs. To dwell upon her image is to dwell upon the ugliness of sin. But pity springs in his heart. Is this pity only that false tenderness which leads to concupiscence? He will question Palæmon, the simple and holy anchorite who tills his garden and lives undisturbed of devils. Saint Anthony, replies Palæmon, was accustomed to say that the Christian, in whatsoever place he found himself, was little anxious to go elsewhere, and Paphnuce should remember that such as quit their cells for the haunts of worldlings resemble fishes drawn out upon the dry land. Let him pray to abide in peace; but if he must adventure forth, may the Lord 'bless thy design, Paphnuce, as he has blessed my lettuces. For each morn He lavishes His grace and His dew upon my garden, and His loving-tenderness urges me to glorify Him in the cucumbers and gourds that He gives me.' Paphnuce interprets a vision to his comfort, and hesitates no longer. On his way he greets an aged man who, by all signs, should be a brother in discipline and macerations. This Greek, indeed, had long ago forsworn all save the profession of wisdom, and, with the aid of an Indian sage, had passed from the uncompromising Pyrrhonian to the complete Gymnosophist:—

'Think not to make me share thy sentiments. All dispute is sterile. My opinion is to have no opinion. I live exempt from trouble on condition of living without preferences. Follow thy way, and labour not to withdraw me from the blessed apathy in which I am plunged as in a delicious bath, after the sharp travail of my days.'

In Alexandria he seeks out the rich and elegant Nicias, once his friend, and now to be hated as a favoured suitor of

Thaïs. Nicias, an amiable Eclectic, renews the sad smiles of Horace at the fading of youth. Yes, he will furnish Paphnuce with worldly raiment for his purpose, and think no evil :—

‘For I believe men equally incapable of good and evil, which exist only in opinion. The sage has but use and custom to determine his actions. I conform to the prejudices which reign in Alexandria, and so pass for an honest man.’

Paphnuce and Thaïs meet at a banquet, in which the high discourse of Stoics and Epicureans, Gnostics, Arians, and Neo-Platonists ends in a bacchanalian orgy. Thaïs, nauseated, and resenting the indifference and brutality of men, listens with docility to the new hope which Paphnuce, importunate for her salvation, proclaims. But the mob of Alexandria will not lightly lose their idol, and are stung to frenzy by the sight of the holocaust of Thaïs’ possessions which Paphnuce enjoins upon his convert. Nicias, flinging his purse to the crowd, brings the pair to safety.

‘It is true, Nicias,’ says Thaïs, ‘that I am weary of living with men like thee, smiling, perfumed, kindly egoist. I am tired of all that I know, and am about to seek the unknown. I have found that joy is not joy; and here is a man who teaches me that sorrow is the true joy. I believe him, for he possesses Truth.’

To which Nicias makes reply :—

‘And I possess Truths. He has but one, and I have all. I am richer than he, and, to tell the truth, am not a whit more proud or happy.’

But after all, he continues in his gentle irony, each of us seeks such pleasure as he may. Happiness, impossible happiness, is our common aim. And Thaïs is more worthy of envy than he or Paphnuce; for each of them pursues but a single form of satisfaction, whereas she will have tasted contrary joys in her own person. So Paphnuce bestows Thaïs among the holy sisters, and is himself henceforth troubled with the vision of Thaïs the courtesan, now the saint. It is in vain that he practises new austerities. Mounting upon a column, like a St. Simeon, he becomes the cynosure of the curious, and the object of devout pilgrimage. But his sometime disciple, Paul the Simple, whom men rallied for his candour, and God favoured by visions and the gift of prophecy, saw in Paphnuce—the worker of miracles—a man haunted by the devils of Pride and Concupiscence and Doubt. At the deathbed of Thaïs the holy sisters must drive him away with execrations, for when the glazing eyes of the saint are fixed on the roses of the eternal morning, Paphnuce

with desperate embraces will not let her die. He has deceived her, he cries in baffled rage; his desire claims its return.

Perhaps, for M. France, there is but one order of woman. They live, all of them, to love and suffer; and it is but a question whether circumstance will afford them straightway a sweet and Christian domesticity, or constrain them to a weary quest. In his second volume of early poems he had celebrated 'Leuconoe,' one of those Pagan women who, as we may learn from the pages of the Latin amorists, would gladly have forsaken their Eastern cults for the religion of sorrow and the peace of renunciation. That is a weary priestess of Venus Pandemos, but one who has dormant memories of another rite. She had loved once in all candour, had vainly striven to continue loving, and now despairs of love. Loving herself, she has known serene pride, and tasted the satisfaction of public homage. But at the tidings of Paphnuce she desires the new joy of self-forgetfulness. At first, indeed, she had credulously hoped that he was a seer who possessed charms against old age and death; for she feared the thought of death, and must know that already her beauty is forsaking her. Yet she remembers the protector of her childhood, the Nubian Ahmed, 'good as a night's sleep,' the happy and ill-treated slave, who once on a far-away day had her baptised. This Ahmed, preaching the joys of Paradise, conceived in his simple Nubian fashion, had afterwards, when persecution was remitted, muttered threats of a coming day of justice in which the rich should no longer keep their possessions, and so became a martyr to be venerated as St. Theodore. Had she not fully experienced that there is no kindness of heart except among such as are deemed miserable, even as Ahmed? Had she not aforetime formed a design to live, like him, the life of poverty and simplicity? But, fearing the cost, she had returned to the pleasure to which she was vowed. Yet what was this unknown felicity, this true love and true joy? A childish soul, touched with the graces of faith and hope and love, she gives herself to God while yet she is beautiful, and dies a saint. This is more than can be said for the sincere and strenuous Paphnuce.

With all the admirable simplicity of style and incident which distinguishes this little book, it may possibly leave, at a first reading, an uneasy impression. But, after all, M. France's discreet irony consists but in setting forth, without comment, the naïve thoughts and actions of his characters. Turn to the volume containing '*L'Humaine Tragédie*.' In its hundred pages we find certain doctrines that have occupied the attention of Count Tolstoy, and certain ideas of M. France concerning

life and thought, set forth in a chronicle of the life of a simple brother of St. Francis' Order; and set forth with a *naïveté* of style that not seldom borders on the sweet *naïveté* of 'I Fioretti.'

Now St. Francis had lately put on immortality, but men still hearkened to his teaching and sought true contentment in the forgetfulness of the world and of themselves; and fleeing joy they found it. Of these was Fra Giovanni, who professed a cheerful poverty in the house of St. Viterbo. He lived humble and scorned, and his soul was an enclosed garden. Ignorant and simple, he possessed that knowledge of the truth which escapes the learned and prudent. Delighting in obedience, he tasted peace. Action he renounced, for human effort is vain and miserable. He feared to think, for thought is evil. He was humble, for pride hardens men's hearts; and he who boasts of his wit has thereby lowered himself to the degree of the powerful of this world. He joyed in reproach, for did he not deserve all and more? and was he not capable of the worst, but for the grace of God? Even his brethren of the holy house accounted him stupid; for being forbidden to give away his cloak, he gently constrained the beggar to rob him of it; and left in charge of St. Francis' church, he took the ornaments from the lamp that hung above the altar, that he might bestow an alms upon a poor woman that besought his aid, for the poor are God's chosen. Fra Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor, discerning in him a spirit of celestial simplicity, would not have him rebuked. Nay, he comforted Giovanni of the joyous heart, who yet was sad for an hour, as fearing that the doctors, by virtue of their greater learning, loved God with a greater love than his; but vain is all knowledge without love, said Fra Bonaventura; and many an ignorant woman shall sit in Heaven above the seat of the theologians. Whereupon Giovanni, leaning over the parapet, looked lovingly upon them that passed by. 'Ye poor and simple and ignorant women, your place in Heaven shall be far higher than that of Fra Bonaventura.' And the Seraphic Doctor, hearing him, smiled amid the lilies of the garden.

But in those days Satan, watching the brotherhood, would afflict them by revealing truth and wisdom: for there is no joy save in illusion, and peace is found in ignorance alone. Labouring to tempt Giovanni with the knowledge that the tree of charity may bear ill fruits, the Adversary was soiled by his extreme simplicity. Yet Giovanni was less happy after that the Adversary, tempting him a second time, had held reasonable discourse concerning his cherished poverty. Later, when, as he bowed in prayer, an angel set a glowing coal upon his lips,

that he might no longer be slow of tongue, but teach men how they may be saved by simplicity of heart, he feared; for God's reason is contrary to that of men. Making towards the town to beg his bread, that he might give what he received and receive what he gave, he proclaimed the coming kingdom of justice; for all the earth is the Lord's, and we are God's children, whose shares must be equal:—

‘Which is to say that each must take what he needs. And because the great ask not broth and the small drink not of wine, the shares of each shall not be the same, but each must have his due.’

Cast into prison for such speech, Fra Giovanni found a prisoner of deep wit and peaceful bearing, who had proclaimed the injustice of the laws, and sought by persuasion to build up the commonwealth anew. But, says Giovanni, no man is just, or knows what is fitting for man. Each time that the powerful have loved justice they have caused many to perish. It is idle to oppose law to law, for all laws are written in letters of blood, and justice must be a miracle accomplished by faith and love alone; and of what avail is justice in the law if it be not in men's hearts? Using words of love to his judges, he would have had them learn that he is the friend of all men, since all are unhappy—even of his judges, since in their pride they know not their unhappiness. But he was like to be rejected both of the oppressors and the oppressed. His judges scorned him for the love he bore them, and vowed him mad. But he accounted it well to be mad, seeing whither men were led by their wisdom.

Haled back to prison, Satan tempted him anew. What is truth? Would he die the martyr of a mere sound? In the night-time the Contradictor revealed to him by a symbol that all who have thought to possess truth have but possessed contradictory parcels of the truth that is absolute and not to be expressed; whereupon the heart of Giovanni grew sad, for how could he dare and care to be a martyr if each lying truth is but a parcel of the truth that is perfect and unknowable? He sighed for freedom and the breath of day beneath the pine-trees on the mountain slopes. And the Subtle Doctor led him forth, tempting him with the joy of life and the lust of the flesh.

Giovanni thrills in response to the charm of life; but his heart is troubled within him, and his body distressed.

‘Thou hast revealed to me the evil of Thought, and made me drink of Doubt as it were wine. And now to-day through thee I taste delicious illusions; and following thee, am unhappy, thou Prince of Man! It is by thee that I suffer; and I love thee. I love thee

because thou art my misery and pride, my joy and grief, the splendour and the cruelty of things; because thou art Desire and Thought, and hast made me like unto thee. I love thee for all the evil thou hast done me, and because I am lost through thee.'

And, leaning upon the shoulder of the angel, the man wept.

M. France is a moralist who has revived the *conte philosophique*; but he lives in the age of Renan, and not in that of Voltaire. The remark he makes upon the philosophy of a kindred spirit, M. Jules Lemaître, may be applied to his own: 'It is bitter and gentle, indulgent and ruthless, full of contradiction—for are not life and the human soul full of contradiction?—and above all kindly.' The drift of his conclusions is this. We can know nothing of that which we would know; everything deceives us; Nature mocks cruelly at our weakness and ignorance. With each step of our progress in the knowledge of Nature the realm of the unknowable increases. Nature can teach us nothing of morality, for she is inhuman, and such principles of action as can be derived from the study of her would be immoral. We learn from men of science the doctrine of the universal instability of things—that substance and phenomena are but the diverse appearances of a single reality unknown to us. It is illusion, eternal illusion, that solely reveals the unknown God. The supernatural has fallen from its high estate in the beliefs of man; but how can we affirm or deny the supernatural if we know not what is, and what is not, within nature? In man himself all is mystery; and we can know nothing of that which is not man, as the critical examination of every metaphysical system proves.

Life, then, is an evil dream, since we know not the aim of life. But we live, and must live; and we possess reason and sentiment, which are, however, anything but precise aids towards the conduct of life. Reason with the open mind, and we shall be inevitably led to doubt. Let us then doubt all things. But doubt will not change the conditions of life. A complete scepticism is impossible, for all speech is affirmation; and life is action, which, again, is affirmation. We must believe, at the least, in the relativity of things and the succession of phenomena. Moreover, it matters not whether we live and move in a world of realities or of mere appearance and illusion; appearance suffices for us to perform our part of loving and suffering, which is the part of life. And one reality we do know—the reality of thought.

Thought is the worst of things, but also the best. If it is true to say that it destroys all things, it is equally true that it creates all things, creates the world for us. By it alone we

conceive the world; and when it demonstrates to us that the world is inconceivable, unintelligible, it does but break the bubble it has previously blown. It is an abuse of thought to employ it in the vain quest of truth; we are made rather to feel than to understand. But thought is all our dignity, and our natural curiosity the greatest virtue we possess. And, again, our imperfect thought is much less prejudicial than is commonly supposed to our natural instincts and sentiments. We are simple as well as complex; and the dictates of the heart are simple. Sentiment deceives us less than intelligence; the reasons of the heart alone are noble and true. We know that life is at once bad and good, and we affirm all contraries of it, since it *is* all. Still, whatever it is, it can prompt us to imagine something it fails to offer—the ideal; and we are never deceived by our sentiment of the beautiful, which is the highest truth we can know, as suffering is our greatest education. Evil is necessary, for it is thanks to evil and suffering that the world is inhabitable and life worth the living. For how should heroism exist without danger, or pity without grief? A complete felicity would leave no room for self-sacrifice. Human, we cannot imagine any felicity that is not based upon the elements of our humanity.

We are human, and therefore the creatures of ignorance and desire. That is much, and enough. We are human and weak; but it is our very imperfection that makes us recognise life as endurable, and even sweet. Ignorance is the necessary condition of such happiness as we possess, and of life itself. Knowledge and wisdom are ever disconcerted; and if we were truly wise, if we knew all truth, we could not live our lives for an hour. Desire is a chief source of misery; but, once more, if we suffered not we should lack our highest education. Life is precious so long as we can suffer and love. It would seem that we moderns, losing hope and faith, have lost charity; but we can at least strive to replace these by tenderness and kindness, and pass the dream of life in loving, for then it will be no evil dream. It is a noble distress that agitates us in the presence of the mysteries of life. If we have the stuff of Stoics in us we can learn how to pardon man and nature, and nobly resign ourselves with serene joy, keeping intact the ancient virtues of the faithful. It is more human to cherish the treasure of illusion. At the least, let us be simple of heart. Let us be men of good will, and the divine peace will dwell within us. Perhaps it is well to believe in the reality of divine being and goodness; for if this be but illusion, it is one which kindly death, if death be nothingness, cannot disperse.

Now the philosophical novelist is likely to find that he has many things to say which the conventions, or rather necessities, of the novel do not readily allow to be said. Thereupon, in England, he would turn essayist upon occasion; in France the form of literary *causeries* affords sufficient opportunity for self-deliverance. It is true that M. France, like Mr. Meredith, avails himself to the full of the fact that the *genre* of the novel is the most elastic of all. Furthermore, it is especially characteristic of him that his heroes are so many incarnations of his favourite moods, so many mouthpieces of his criticism of life; and that his subsidiary personages are the result of his humorous and tender and ironical contemplation of men and their manners. Literature as a whole is to him, as to Goethe, but a means of self-confession; and the four volumes of '*La Vie Littéraire*,' and the detached fragments collected in '*Le Jardin d'Épicure*,' may well be reckoned among his novels.

Thus the material for several volumes of moral essays is afforded in his novels; and the volumes of criticism furnish, as it were, a novel of which the writer is, as usual, the chief hero. Examining current and republished literature, he is the first to smile at his 'innocent mania,' his delightful habit of using the subject in hand for the expression of his own personal recollections and impressions. Prizing sincerity above all things, he finds it in accordance with his temperament to—

'preserve in his criticism the familiar tone of the *causerie* and the light step of the promenade; to stop when he chooses, and sometimes to indulge himself in confidences; to follow his tastes, his fancies, and even his caprice, on condition of ever being true, sincere, and kindly; never to pose as one who is omniscient and equal to the explanation of all things; to believe in the irremediable diversity of opinions and feelings, and to speak by preference of that which is worthy of loving admiration.'

Which programme, with hardly an alteration, might be set forth as the programme of his novels.

As the critic of literature, he would, and does, interest himself and his readers in many matters. He is facile and delicate, prettily coquettish and unsystematic, open of mind to all manifestations of art and reports of life. In time past, during the 'Reign of Terror' imposed by the school of the Naturalists, he was militant, being irritated by their outrages against all that makes life amiable; but now and here, in public, he expostulates pleasantly with the survivors of the truculent band, envying the rigour and vigour of their convictions. And though he dwelt, in old days, upon Parnassus with MM. Sully-Prudhomme and Coppée, he will listen to the Symbolists, and

gather from their vague oracles what he may. A critic? He disclaims the title, if you require from the critic the expression and application of an authoritative method. But, on the other hand, he is at no loss to show that such authoritative and objective criticism is but the expression and application of personal prejudices and impressions. Man is the measure of all things. Men and critics, despite all effort, never pass the bounds of their own idiosyncrasy. Accordingly, M. France discovers that criticism, like philosophy and history, is a species of novel addressed to the specially intelligent; and he acts upon this discovery.

It follows, as we have seen, that in M. France's case the novel will be a form of autobiography. But M. l'abbé Coignard, of 'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque,' a chief hero, a notable incarnation of M. France! Why, Coignard is a reprobate, though an amusing reprobate. But then humility is ever in season. The serene Goethe told us that, if we looked deep enough into our hearts, we should find that which would startle us into horror and self-loathing; and Socrates, when wonder was expressed that he did not possess the morals along with the semblance of a Silenus, allowed that he was only saved by the voice of his conscience and his persistent desire of nobility. The sage will reflect that it is but little—call the little, if you will, the force of circumstances, or the fatality of temperament—that separates him from the criminal or vicious. Again, the artist is an immoral creature, as Renan would say; he cannot but delight in contemplating the actions of your fascinating rascal, in analysing his nature, in listening to such excuses as he may proffer.

It is not, indeed, until we pass to 'Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard' that the author raises his mask a little, to set it on again with smiles. Meanwhile, suppose that M. France, studying the old French *contes* and *fabliaux*, discovered in them lessons better proportioned, it would seem, to the common level of humanity than the lessons of dignified moralists; discovered in them a simple, natural, and most human specific against that misanthropy which might be induced by the contemplation of man in his miserable pride and hatred of his fellows. Suppose that the two favourite figures of the *conteurs* were well in his eye: the dissolute monk, and the fickle, crafty, naturally perverse woman. Coignard must, however, be intelligent; and it is well that he should be no hypocrite, lest he repel sympathy. Let him be naïvely ribald, and as it were of a brazen-faced candour and sincerity. The visible simplicity of his soul will give his very vices a face of innocence. Besides,

these vices of flesh and wit will afford room for the play of irony, since conscious virtue is apt to a Satanic pride, whereas Christian humility and repentance presuppose a constant sense of our worthlessness. M. France is not only an artist, but an artist predisposed to irony.

The construction of '*La Rôtisserie*' is simple. Jacques Menétrier, in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, is the naïve disciple of an ill-living Humanist, whose firm orthodoxy enables him the better to indulge his good-humoured scepticism and genial derision of human wisdom and action. After his master's death, Jacques puts on record how, engaged in the literary service of a Cabbalist—whose theodicy is as amusingly and ingeniously paradoxical as that of the Gnostic in '*Thaïs*'—and entangled by the charms of two sisters of Manon Lescaut and the Paysanne Pervetie, he met dire misfortune. This record gives him a desired occasion to celebrate the copious wisdom and deep piety which his master ever displayed. Had not this subtle theologian and good Catholic instructed him in learning and virtue, not shrinking the while from holding up his own great experience of life as a moral and a warning? With leisure, and a lot better suited to his genius, he had composed Roman histories and commentaries upon the Fathers, so fluent was his eloquence, so inexhaustible his erudition. But alas! he fell from the prosperous post of a bishop's secretary to the pittance of a public letter-writer; for flesh is weak, and wine and women offer temptation. Living a life of expedients, he was ever of good cheer, and abounded in excellent maxims. He lavished upon all, including himself, the infinite indulgence of a heart ready to pardon every weakness. To the vicissitudes of his life he owed his characteristic and imperturbable mansuetude. Indeed, he was a pattern of philosophic mildness and clemency, even towards such folk as pride themselves on their honourable and law-abiding character. For, as he would say, there are no good morals outside religion; and the maxims of the philosophers who pretend to institute a morality according to Nature—which ignores good and evil alike—are but whimsies and bubbles. Are not human laws founded on utility—a seeming and illusory utility, since we know not by nature what is useful to us, or what is to our true advantage? These laws can be avoided by ruse and dissimulation. Every man capable of reflection is superior to them, mere fool-traps as they are.

'But it is not so, my son, with the divine laws, which are absolute, unavoidable, and stable. Their absurdity is only apparent, and hides an inconceivable wisdom. It behoves us to observe them, when we have the happiness to know them. And yet I make

no difficulty in confessing that the observance of these laws, contained in the Decalogue and the commandments of the Church, is difficult at most times, and even impossible, were it not for that grace which, on occasion, is somewhat slow in coming, since it is our duty to wait for it. Which is the reason that we are all miserable sinners.'

Accordingly, we need not exhaust ourselves in pitiable endeavours to become honest men after the fashion of this world; it is the divine word which is not to be transgressed—unless one repents suitably in the sequel.

But would not such a morality, inquires Jacques, if practised without discretion, lead to the gravest disorders? His master will prove to him that in the greatest sinners is found the material of the greatest saints. He is never at a loss for rational argument, and never taken unprovided with unction and *bonhomie*. If he be disturbed in the midst of an orgie he can 'improve the occasion' in a right admirable homily. If he be detected in cheating at cards he will call attention to the curious fact that ruse—the correction of ill-fortune—is greatly admired in the arts of business and politics and warfare, and greatly condemned in mere gaming, where probity is so easy of practice. If he fail in selling certain diamonds purloined from the Cabbalist, he forestalls the expostulation of his disciple by pointing out that Heaven willed them to be false that he might be preserved in his innocence. One should never be despondent. It is difficult not to fall into error; and if he falls, he rests in sure confidence upon the divine mercy. For how is it possible to be virtuous?

'I myself, sir,' as he says on another occasion, 'I, who have meditated from childhood the austere maxims of religion and philosophy, have not been able to insinuate into myself any virtues except through the breaches made in my constitution by suffering and old age.'

Thus M. Coignard passes his troubled days, maintaining the purity of his faith amid all obstacles, ready to confute the errors of presumptuous sciolists, prompt in the scorn of human reason and of all men, including himself. When nigh upon his fateful end, and those dying hours which were equally edifying and scandalous, he desires more ardently than ever to make that retirement which befits his age and gravity of thought. He would portion his zeal between Cicero, St. John Chrysostom, and Boethius, and his—

'modest and fruitful life would resemble the garden of Tarentum. For I have essayed divers methods of life, and account the best to be that surrender to study which allows us peaceably to share in it

vicissitudes of men, and prolong the brevity of our days by the spectacle of centuries and empires. . . . But such a life needs persistency and continuity, which are the qualities that I have chiefly lacked.'

M. Coignard delighted to pass from the particular to the general. If you imagine him stripped of the particularities of his dubious career, and dealing alone with such general ideas as may be suggested by current events of the eighteenth century, you leave M. France free to use him as a mouthpiece for his own tolerant and witty irony; and you have the added amusement of divining that this brilliant scepticism plays upon shows that are past only in the seeming. You can write on the margin of the page: The Panama Scandals; M. Rochefort the Irreconcilable; The League against the Licence of the Streets; Compulsory Military Service; Republican Government, and the like. 'Les Opinions de M. Coignard' are so many admonitions toward the examination of the contemporary conscience; or they are the summons, half-smiling, half-melancholy, to adopt the Quiet Life; or, yet again, you may take them as the audacious speculations of a good citizen and patriot who reconciles, for example, order and progress, and is prompted to express his generous dissatisfaction with the things that be—and will be, while the world is what it is.

Accordingly, M. Coignard, in a later volume, shows a tender scorn of mankind, which is given to pride, whereas it should cultivate pity, since it is competent only to desire and suffer. If men would form a truer conception of their own limitations they would be more gentle to others and to themselves; so M. Coignard seeks to humiliate them by the revelation of the vanity of their manners and institutions. In his preface M. France—with a point of playful irony—makes out his hero to be a combination of Epicurus and St. Francis—those friends of humanity who, in their loving-kindness, taught us on the one hand how to abolish troublous illusions, and on the other to create such illusions as are amiable. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to compare him, with similar irony, to Montaigne and Pascal. Like Montaigne, he pleasantly discovers that all principles and prejudices are equally contestable, and thereby reveals man in man's abasement; and, if he fails to discover man's dignity as Pascal discovered it, at the least he has his dignified retreat to the platform of orthodoxy, from which he may smile upon such emancipated spirits as fondly presume that any system of philosophy is able to solve the enigmas of life.

We must not be too serious over the quips and reasonable

paradoxes of this Fra Giovanni who has learnt lessons of irony from the Subtle Doctor, this Pangloss who has sat at the feet of Renan. Does he not bid his faithful Jacques and ourselves remember that ignorance and the child-like mind are the rather to be cherished?

‘An immoderate curiosity has led me astray, my son. I have lost, in the converse of books and sages, that peace of heart, that holy simplicity, and that purity of the humble which is the more admirable that it is not lost in tavern and hovel, as may be seen by the example of your pastrycook father, who preserves much innocency, although a drunkard and a debauchee. But it is not so with the man who has studied books. There cleaves to him for ever a proud bitterness and a haughty melancholy. . . . Learn, my son, that the truths discerned by the intellect remain sterile. The heart alone is capable of animating its dreams. . . . I confess that I have been too reasonable in the criticism of laws and manners. And hence my criticism will prove fruitless as the tree that is scorched by an April frost. To serve man, we must reject all reason, as a troublous burden, and rise upon the wings of enthusiasm.’

M. Coignard, this naïve Antinomian, this ribald unconscious of his ribaldry, is irresistible. He has ‘given us medicines’; he is sympathetic, even as not a few of his famous fellow-scoundrels in literature. Why should he not, as a critic of morals, tread the modern stage and discourse directly upon contemporary incidents and problems? He does so as M. Bergeret, the humble Professor of Humanities in a provincial town, and protagonist of a trilogy composed of ‘L’Orme du Mail,’ ‘Le Mannequin d’Osier,’ and ‘L’Anneau d’Améthyste.’ But, in his modern guise, he can no longer be genial and naïve. The French speculative mind of the latter half of the century, fashioned by Taine and Renan, Tolstoy and Herbert Spencer, has been inclined more and more to a gentle pessimism.

Poor M. Bergeret, gentle towards himself and the unfortunate, and not without a kindly pity towards the happy of this world! The obscure Humanist is acquainted all too well with the inelegancies of poverty. His wife is irremediably vulgar. He strives to lead the inner life and to rejoice in his philosophical liberty. Timid in the face of men, a stranger to society, he knows that he cannot hope to inspire sympathy, however sociable he may be. He has never been tempted to narrow his mind to any political partisanship; and having expressed ideas that do not correspond with common sentiment, he is judged to be subtle and offensive. . . . wise, and his wisdom almost approaches the best. . . . But he has his desires—like a Jean Ser . . . i to become mature

and orderly—and, being human, though wise, fails to perceive the extent to which he is deluded by them. Apart from these desires, he knows and cannot admire himself; he has the misfortune to be sufficiently intelligent to discern his mediocrity and to recognise that he fails, not in intelligence, but in character. Moreover, reflection has done its work upon him. Inactivity is Epicurean wisdom; but the wise exercise reason and—do not live. A 'meditative chimpanzee,' he is disabled from playing the active part of chimpanzees. But at least he can observe himself, and so procure an inexhaustible subject for surprise and irony and pity; and some few acquaintances, in the book-shop and on the Mall, care to listen to the delicate eloquence of his moral and political pessimism. His refined scepticism is no less critical and destructive than the complete orthodoxy of M. Coignard. The immeasurable folly and amazingly absurd pride of man are once more exposed; the foundations of social order, as Matthew Arnold's 'homme moyen sensuel' might say, are sapped by the most ingenious instruments. 'M. Bergeret, you are like the Greeks,' says M. Leterrier; 'you build up fair sophistries, and your ratiocinations are modulated upon the flute of Pan.'

Meanwhile, round about him, the eternal Comedy of Manners is being played. Half a hundred well-studied types—nobles and maidservants, generals and vagabonds, priests and rich Jewesses, politicians and officials of every stamp—exhibit themselves. Have we in these volumes a satire of the Third Republic? Have we found a new Swift who should report of contemporary society in the form which the modern novel allows? It would be easy to select here and there a figure, and thereby prove that M. France is a master of curt and incisive portraiture. It would be tempting to rest a claim for distinction in moral and meditative satire upon the single instance of M. Bergeret's exposition, in the second volume, of the small difference that lies in the daily conduct of faithful Catholics and secular Democrats, since both alike unconsciously follow common wont and usage, however divided they may be in principles. But what has become of M. France's amiability? Has he forgotten, or chosen to forget that, in his own words, genius is the art of consoling sorrows; that the artist must love life and reveal its beauty to us, for without his aid we might perchance doubt of its existence? Has he forgotten his old charge against the Naturalists that they sacrifice grace and charm and sympathy to the Moloch of a supposed truth that is truly ugly? He preserves, indeed, the discreet charm of his style; but since, in representing life to

ourselves, we can but know dreams, why not, in his own words and according to his own more delightful practice, 'choose the more amiable dreams? That is what the Greeks did. They adored beauty and held ugliness to be impious, and this although their philosophy was mournful and without illusions.' To which M. France might reply that Lucian and Aristophanes, dealing with modern society in the modern literary form, would produce some such books as his.

It is to be hoped that these three volumes of '*Mœurs Contemporaines*' will have their sequel, for we are left with M. Bergeret in a moral condition that borders on optimism. He has been called to Paris, and a course of lectures at the Sorbonne may reveal to him an admiring public. Full of wisdom, but yet human, he is inclined to allow that Life, even upon this miserable earth, sometimes adopts agreeable forms; and that Thought, his loved enemy, is after all divine. Doubtless his new optimism, his new Desire, will not long survive his introduction to the *salons* of Parisian society; he will but find richer material for the play of bitter irony. And hereupon we remember that, in '*Le Lys Rouge*,' M. France had already dealt with a representative *salon*, and portrayed its *habitués* in no wise scornfully.

In '*Le Lys Rouge*,' indeed, irony takes the gentle form of M. France's predilection, and 'rails not against love and beauty.' Moreover, art required that the subsidiary characters, while furthering in speech and act the development of the subject, should persistently contribute to the sum of beauty. It is possible, of course, for English critics and readers to deny the beauty of the subject—such an one as may offer itself to M. France, if he would furnish in a single instance the customary '*article de Paris*' in its most refined form; if he would rival, and most successfully rival, say, Maupassant's '*Notre Cœur*' and M. Bourget's '*Un Cœur de Femme*.' Sexual passion is probably most tragical when it is rather sensual than intellectual. Nothing, of course, could be more opposed to the wisdom of a peace-loving Epicurean; but as the sage, in his delicate complexity, will lovingly commend the simple and naïve, so will he be drawn to study that passion which contrasts the most markedly with his own chosen calm. And what if the serene Epicurean remembers that his favourite Racine, according to modern critics, be they critics of authority or of impression, is the most terrible and voracious of Naturalists, and perhaps in certain respects the least moral?

Now the Madame Burne of '*Notre Cœur*' was a true Parisian, and therefore, according to the formula, incapable of natural

passion and emotion; while the Madame de Tillières of 'Un Cœur de Femme' stained her delicate honour, fatefully or inexcusably, by an aberration of the senses. But M. France is rather concerned to show that, in the case of his hero, sensual passion is largely composed of hatred and egoism and wrath; and, in the case of his heroine, that cultured luxury does but breed *ennui* and the desire of sole-sufficing love. A whole and sincere passion, like that of his Madame Martin-Bellesme, is in his view a profane asceticism, as rigorous as religious asceticism. Elegant worldlings may well avoid such passion, for it will cost them liberty and ease and pleasure; it will be one long self-sacrifice. Such passion brings its own reward and punishment. Such passion ennobles, for it is suffering itself. If there is poetry in all desires of the impossible and regrets for the irreparable, then M. France's jealous hero is worthy of compassion; and if 'we must give Irony and Pity to man as his witnesses and judges,' M. France's heroine may well be confronted, as he confronts her, with Pity alone. Would you have a simpler moral? The King of the Gnomes, in the pretty fairy tale 'Abeille,' may furnish it.

'My children, it is not enough to love much; you must also love well. A great love is good, no doubt, a beautiful love is better. Let yours possess as much gentleness as strength. Let nothing be lacking to it, not even indulgence. And it is well if pity be mingled with it, for we are mortal and therefore born to misery.'

But the hero of 'Le Lys Rouge' would not have taken such advice to heart, nor yet the pages in the 'De Imitatione' concerning the renunciation of desire to which M. France would doubtless have referred him. It is hardly possible to quit 'Le Lys Rouge' without mention of that Choulette in whom there is something of the poet Verlaine and something of the Gestas whom M. France has recorded in a *conte*. But, most of all, Choulette is a Fra Giovanni born again in modern days, who has listened to the Adversary, and yet will sing canticles like a Jacopone da Todi and renew the world by a socialism based upon the loving tenderness of St. Francis.

Before leaving M. France, we have yet to consider him in two of his happiest incarnations. Under the character of Pierre Nozière he recounts his boyhood, in 'Le Livre de mon Ami' and the volume bearing his assumed name. The relative proportions of fact and fancy in these books matter little. If all be fact, we learn by what stages he became the writer that he is; if fancy be responsible, then the genius of the writer, his special vision of life, required such a boyhood

—which comes to much the same thing. At all events, in these two volumes, and in 'Sylvestre Bonnard,' we see M. France at his best as a gentle humorist.

Now the gentle humorist is one who, depicting the simple and humble in their intellectual and moral limitations, makes us love them for their very limitations. M. France, as the meditative and tender moralist, loves the humble and simple; but his keen perception of the odd and picturesque, his ability to rival Heine in fantastic portraiture and Dickens in swiftly sketched caricature, is somewhat disconcerting. The alternation of grotesque portraits and tender subjective reveries—is that the humour of M. France? Rather, perhaps, he is a humorist by reason that he assumes the guise of a Pierre Nozière or a Sylvestre Bonnard in order that he may, with the greater detachment, regard the world as a spectacle and a problem, and contemplate the humanity within and without him in its mysteries and contradictions.

Pierre Nozière, then, midway in life, will look back upon his past. Recollection is, as it were, the perfume of the soul; to assemble memories and evoke phantoms is to be a poet. Does not each of us renew Adam's adventure and awake to life in the fresh Eden of our childhood? We know not that the enchantment is within ourselves, and know not what is life. "And, after having thought over the question many times since, I confess that I am not greatly advanced." Little Pierre, however, pored over the pictures of his seventeenth-century Bible, and shaped the world in accord with them. The happy and simple world! 'But I was already troubled by that great curiosity which was destined to prove the torture and joy of my life, and to devote me to the quest of that which one never finds.' Already he preferred illusion to scientific truth. He could not endure to think that the Seine which washed the Quai Voltaire, and the dear bookstalls and curiosity shops upon which he looked from his window, flowed ceaselessly to the ocean. He would have it ever the same water, since he loved it; the eternal flux of things was all too sad. But how he sad with his hand in that of his mother, 'who had the divine patience and merry simplicity of souls whose single business in this world is to love'? Perhaps he could have wished to be bold and free, like the dirty little boy who used to look up at him as though he were a bird in a cage. But he hears from his mother that Alphonse has been badly brought up. 'It is not his fault, but his misfortune'—whereby he early realised the innocence of the wretched. But alas! one day he would fain give Alphonse a sign of his pity, and lowered a

bunch of stolen grapes by a string down to the courtyard. Alphonse takes them and runs away with naughty gestures. Pierre is glad at least that he did not send him a flower or a kiss, as he had first intended. He begins to learn that one must give that which is one's own, and know how to give—a secret of happiness of which few are aware.

Presently ambition seizes upon him. His tin soldiers cause him to dream of military glory. But so many things, including enemies, are needed if one is to be a soldier, and so few if one is to resemble those saints whose lives his mother reads out to him. On the other hand, it is difficult to practise asceticism in the bosom of one's family. He must withdraw to the desert, like St. Anthony, and hide himself in the labyrinth of the Jardin des Plantes, which resembles the Garden of Eden in his picture-Bible. And was he wrong in renouncing those dreams?

'He who can reason upon his actions soon discovers that few of them are innocent. One must be a priest or a soldier to escape the anguish of doubt. And as for the dream of being an anchorite, I have renewed it just so often as I have felt that life was wholly evil—that is to say, daily. But, daily, nature has plucked me by the ear and brought me back to the amusements which wile away the life of the humble.'

What figures, graceful and fantastic, pass before his childish and happily limited vision! M. Le Beau, collector of antiquities and devotee of catalogues, who determined his vocation by inspiring 'a love for the things of the mind and the folly of writing'; M. Hamoche, who 'did not sufficiently resemble a person who sells spectacles, nor his spectacles the spectacles which people buy,' and whose suicide caused Pierre to lose his first confidence in the kindness of nature; grandmama Nozière, abounding in anecdotes of that other century in which she was young—that frivolous and charming grandmama, 'who would nowadays approve nothing in me save an easiness in living and a happy tolerance for which I have not paid too dear by the loss of certain moral and political beliefs'; his young god-mother Marcelle of the golden eyes, born to love and suffer, who first revealed to him 'the delightful torments which beauty gives to souls that are eager to understand it.'

Follow Pierre to school; learn how the charm of poetry was revealed to him by his schoolmistress, in an *impayable* scene; smile at the tribulations he must endure at the hands of his schoolfellows, because his mother, economical and charitable, would fain encourage tailor Rabiou, whose skill was nowise equal to his poverty and piety; join in his merry laughter at the manner in which M. Chotard, eloquent and reproachful

alternately, dictated his themes for Latin composition. Two arts he acquired at school. He learnt to return with usury the blows he received :—

‘It is a useful art. I confess to my shame that I have not exercised it at all in the sequel of my life. But several comrades whom I had well trounced showed me a lively sympathy in return for my endeavours.’

From these schooldays dated ‘a taste for elegant Latin and elegant French, which I have not lost, in spite of the counsels and examples of my most fortunate contemporaries.’ Furthermore, nature had bestowed upon the young humanist her fairest gift of reverie. His head buried in the dictionary, he followed Ulysses upon the violet sea, beheld the white tunic and ivory arms of Alcestis, and heard the voice of Antigone in dulcet lamentations. ‘M. Pierre Nozière, you are busy with things that are not class-work’—and he fears that, however old, he will be liable to the same reproach.

Perhaps it is the special note of a masterpiece that it should delight alike the many and the few ; and if this be so, ‘*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*’ is a masterpiece of amiability and delicate grace. M. France tells us when, as Pierre Nozière, the father, he discourses upon fairy tales, that a chief need of small and great children is that of beautiful tales that bring laughter or tears. The little book is, indeed, a fairy tale of the work-a-day present that may charm all readers. The subject of it is that little or nothing that suffices. Sylvestre Bonnard, archæologist and Membre de l’Institut, has his desire to possess a certain manuscript of the ‘Golden Legend’ ; he is kind of heart one Christmas Eve, and upon his forgotten deed follows the satisfaction of his long-baffled desire. In the second part, resuming his diary, he chances upon the orphan daughter of his one love, that Clémentine who long ago preferred his rival. Finding that she is ill-treated, he commits a happy crime of abduction, and provides a dowry for her at the cost of parting with his cherished library. In the place of deciphering old texts he loves Jeanne, and so reads the veritable book of life. In love he has found at last that something mysterious and sublime that had hitherto eluded his quest.

The minor characters of the little world which he chronicles are even more delightfully presented, in their sweet vagueness or sharply-defined contour, than those of ‘*Le Livre de mon Ami*.’ Signor Polizzo and M. Coccoz are amusingly or pathetically grotesque. M. d’Mdle. Préfère, the two wolves that stray
• most delectable

beasts of rapine. Jeanne and Mde. de Gabry are Angels of the House, loving to be loved, and, like the mother of Pierre Nozière, 'instructed in that Christian wisdom which rises above all misery and gives a beauty to grief itself.'

Chronologically, Sylvestre Bonnard is the earliest avatar of M. France, but in any ideal arrangement he comes the latest. He is a M. Coignard, fortunate in having led the tranquil life of a Benedictine; a M. Bergeret, who has finally given the victory to the heart over the head. He is a celibate Pierre Nozière, aged and mellow in tenderness. Pierre the boy saw of the world just that which, given to reverie and sensitive to charm and absurdity, he might see; and Bonnard, the aged savant, is like him, for Bonnard is a child. Despite the long years of patient toil, which allow him to meditate with a delicious pedantry, at which he is the first to smile, he is still a child, able to wonder at the fashion of this world, able to be a poet and to love. His love is even more disinterested in his new childhood than in the childhood of long ago. He can still laugh at such portions of the human comedy as come within his gaze; the mystery of life has but become the greater because of his much reflection thereupon. He has long practised renunciation, and, losing his life, has saved it. No self-sufficient sage, he has attained unto humility—that humility which is rare among the learned, and still more rare among the ignorant. He possesses the treasure of imagination, and thereby can find charm in the most trivial things of life; and he is the more rich that he is unconscious of his riches. Tenderly ironical, he can disparage himself with smiles; and ripe in scepticism, he knows the small reach of human knowledge and endeavour. But the spirit of charity dwells within him, and will not suffer the irony and scepticism that are sterile to turn his wistful meditations from harmony to discord.

ART. VIII.—EARLY SCOTTISH HISTORY.

1. *History of Scotland*. Vol. I. *To the Accession of Mary Stewart*. By P. Hume Brown. Cambridge: University Press, 1899.
2. *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation*. By Andrew Lang. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1900.
3. *A Popular History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland*. By Dugald Mitchell. Paisley: Gardner, 1900.
4. *The Scottish Kings, 1005-1625*. By Sir Archibald Dunbar. Edinburgh: Douglas, 1899.
5. *The History of Civilisation in Scotland*. By John Mackintosh. New Edition. Paisley: Gardner, 1892.
6. *The County Histories of Scotland*. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1896-1900.
7. *The History of Edward the Third*. By James Mackinnon. London: Longmans, 1900.
8. *Sir William Wallace, and King Robert the Bruce*. By A. F. Murison. ('Famous Scots' Series.) Edinburgh: Oliphant, 1898-1899.
9. *King Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence*. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. London: Putnam's Sons, 1897.
10. *The Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns*. By R. S. Rait. (Stanhope Prize Essay, 1899.) 'Engl. Hist. Review,' April and July 1900.

THE extraordinary number of books dealing mainly, if not exclusively, with the early history of Scotland, that have been published during the past decade, bears testimony to the truth of Mark Pattison's dictum, 'Ideas change, the whole mode and manner of looking at things alters with every age; and so every generation requires facts to be recast in its own mould, demands the history of its forefathers to be written from its own point of view.' The list prefixed to this article, far from being exhaustive, can hardly claim to be even representative. Yet Mr. Andrew Lang, in his preface to the most vivacious and most critical history of his native country that has yet been written, warns us in effect that such volumes as his and Mr. Hume Brown's are but the advance guard of a great literature of scholarship and romance.

'That in the hands of a competent writer, with the space of Hill Burton or Tytler at his disposal, and with the mass of recently printed State Papers and Letters to work upon, a History of Scotland might be made extremely attractive, I am convinced. Perhaps the

foundation of Historical Chairs in Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, and the active Historical Schools of Oxford and Cambridge, may encourage some Scottish scholar, still young and eager, to do justice to the romantic past of his people.'

The prospect is alarming, but it will have to be faced. We may study all the books contained in our list; we may turn from the calm lucidity of Mr. Hume Brown to the 'gay wisdom' of Mr. Lang, which is never seen to greater advantage than when he escapes from the library to fish in the little-known waters of minute historical research; we may brave the exasperating and ragged journalese of Mr. Mackinnon, in order to master the results of great and honest labour; we may pluck the flowers and fruit to be found, though with some difficulty, in Mr. Mackintosh's luxuriant but ill-kept 'kailyard' of Scottish 'civilisation'—we may do all this, and yet be forced to allow that the valuable investigations of the past ten years require supplementing in two different directions. In the first place, the work which Scott began in his 'Fair Maid of Perth,' his 'Quentin Durward,' and above all in his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' has to be completed with the help of accumulated information, the wealth of which would probably have been regarded as an embarrassment by the eager imagination of the always hurried Wizard. The story of tragedy at home and adventure abroad during those stormy centuries when Scotland, devastated by English invasion and harried by her own nobles, was yet able not only to consolidate her unity but to spare some of her most brilliant swordsmen and most capable diplomatists to aid France against the common enemy, will surely not be left forever to industrious but uninspiring romanticists like the authors of 'The Yellow Frigate' and 'The Black Douglas.' Is no attempt to be made to rescue from the unkind oblivion of 'incidental allusion' those mysterious potentates, half Highland chief and half Scandinavian Viking, who styled themselves 'Lords of the Isles,' and, from the dawn of Scottish history to the extinction of the luckless Donald Dubh in 1493, accounted the Stewart kings less as sovereigns than as rivals, and more than once shook their throne? The visitor to Deeside reads in the guide-books strange stories, and in his excursions comes across strange traces of two truculent nobles, who, although their achievements no doubt deservedly earned them their nicknames of 'The Tiger Earl' and 'The Cock of the North,' were yet unable to arrest the progress of Teutonic civilisation, of trade and culture, as represented by the prosperous seaport and university seat of Aberdeen. The paradise of loch and stream and pine-wood, in the midst of which the English traveller, fleeing from the strain

of the season and the heats of August, finds himself when the Highland Railway Company have deposited him, without undue haste, at Kingussie, or Aviemore, or Grantown, was, at the end of the fourteenth century, the centre of a practically independent Highland kingdom, ruled by Alexander Stewart, son of Robert the Second, who, as 'Wolf of Badenoch'—the Scottish 'Boar of the Ardennes'—defied his king, Parliament, and bishop with equal impartiality and success, and died—or at least was buried—in the odour of sanctity in the Cathedral of Dunkeld. On an islet in the gloomy but fascinating waters of Loch-an-dorb, within a short distance of Grantown, there still stand the ruins of the castle whence he sent his 'Highland host' to burn the Cathedral of Elgin, by way of punishing the Bishop of Moray for interfering in his private affairs. Yet the only portrait of this audacious pioneer of the Lords of the Congregation that is in existence is a daub representing him as a Caliban-Borgia, all compact of sensuality, superstition, and ungovernable temper, which appears in a second-rate but invincibly popular romance, written by a second-rate disciple of Sir Walter Scott.

If scant justice has been rendered to the 'Wolf of Badenoch,' no justice at all has been rendered to his much greater son. Yet it may be doubted if in the whole of Scottish history there is a more romantic story than that of this second Alexander Stewart. In his hot youth he is seen out-Heroding his father, harrying the lands of the Bishop of Aberdeen, drinking—as is demonstrated by the 'town's accounts' for 1398—with its citizens in the public *tabernæ*, descending upon Perthshire, and scattering with a Highland rush the levies summoned to meet him by the Lowland 'nobility and gentry,' murdering the king's brother-in-law, abducting his widow, forcing her to marry him, and—this is the most remarkable achievement of all—inducing sovereign, prelates, and nobles publicly to acknowledge him as her husband under the title of the Earl of Mar. Having attained his ambition, Stewart undergoes a moral transformation not less marvellous than that which converted Robert Bruce from the most selfish of Scoto-Norman adventurers into an ideal patriot king. He becomes the pink of Scottish chivalry, the paragon of Scottish landlords, nay even the *malleus cateranorum*. He jousts with the best in English tournaments; he astonishes Paris with the munificence of his hospitality, the splendour of his *entourage*, and the pungency of his wit; he throws himself into Flemish politics, forces the Bishop of Liège upon the most turbulent burghers in Europe, and takes as his second wife a relative of the Duke of Holland. Returning home, he crowns his life and earns the

gratitude of his Aberdeenshire neighbours and of all Scotland, by arresting, in 1411, the devastating and successful progress of Donald, Lord of the Isles, on the red field of Harlaw—a battle which Hill Burton regards as a greater deliverance for Scotland than that achieved by Bruce, and which even the cautious Mr. Hume Brown brackets with Carham in 1018 and Bannockburn in 1314 as one of the decisive battles in Scottish history. His story is romantic enough to put life even into the dry bones of Wyntoun's octosyllabics. Yet, at the best, Mar is but a historical shadow, like his father, like the 'Tiger Earl' and the 'Cock of the North,' like the Douglasses that were tender and true, like the other Douglasses—unhappily the majority—who were cruel and false, like the Albanys, those remarkable understudies for the Stewart monarchy, like the brilliant Boyds and the melancholy Hamiltons, the unscrupulous Crichtons and Livingstons, who rush across the stage of Scottish history, and in the brief compass of a royal minority know all the ecstasies of fortune and sound all the depths of fate. With the canvas of a Tytler and the brush of a Motley, and with the help now afforded by Letters and Exchequer Rolls, Burgh Records and Privy Council Registers, Mr. Lang's 'young and eager' scholar might indeed make the romance of Scottish history such a reality as Niebuhr said all history worthy of the name should be.

But if the romance of Scottish history between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries yet waits to have justice done it, the bed-rock of Scottish independence remains to be discovered. When and in what section of the strangely mixed population north of the Tweed did there originate the invincible attachment to the soil that preceded and ultimately was absorbed in that 'self-respect of race,' which Lord Rosebery defines as sane modern patriotism? Something there undoubtedly was of the nature of 'the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife,' which in the darkest hour of the national history refused to acknowledge defeat; which in the time of Edward I rallied to the side of Wallace and Bruce, and, before either appeared on the scene, forced John Balliol to seek the alliance of France; which in the scarcely less perilous time of Edward III fought and strategically ran away under the second Andrew Moray; and which, when kings were weaklings and nobles were traitors, supported those 'ecclesiastical leaders' whose services to their country Mr. Lang has not greatly exaggerated. That something Hill Burton found in the sturdy Saxon hatred of Norman feudalism: with him Bannockburn is the Saxon revenge for Hastings. Mr. Lang so far supports this theory that he describes the Scots whom Edward I tried to conquer as being more English than

subjects. With Mr. Froude the War of Independence was the first rising of what he somewhat vaguely terms the Scottish middle class. After Bannockburn this class sank under the oppression of the nobles, to assert itself in its second rising—the Reformation. In this view there is probably a considerable amount of truth. But, in that case, a much more complete history of the Scottish middle class, from its beginnings in the reign of David the First to the Reformation, than has yet been attempted—a history written from the civic and not from the political or ecclesiastical point of view—is required as a supplement, and, to some extent, a key to the various more comprehensive works which are already in existence. ‘Dark as the history of our villages may be,’ says Mr. Maitland in his ‘Domesday Book and Beyond,’ ‘the history of the boroughs is darker yet.’ This is incomparably truer of Scotland than it is of England. This darkness will have to be pierced; the mystery which envelops that *communitas* which occasionally turned the scale on the side of country as well of king, when *prelati* were in a state of hesitancy and *procères* were steeped in treason, will have to be dispelled; the patriotism that must have found expression in the councils of those associations of towns, which ultimately became the Convention of Royal Burghs, will have to be tracked to its source, before the secret of the Scottish determination to secure independence is discovered.

The story of the rise of the compact and powerful municipality of Aberdeen, as told by Mr. William Watt, in the volume, ‘Aberdeen and Banff,’ which he has contributed to Messrs. Blackwood’s series of ‘County Histories of Scotland,’ gives some indication of how this secret may yet be reached. Mr. Lang also indicates in a skilful if not sufficiently serious fashion how the unconsidered trifles picked up in the byways of burghal history may help to illustrate the story of patriotism.

‘In 1296,’ he writes (p. 162), ‘the burghers of Stirling appended the common seal of the burgh to the record of their oaths extorted by Edward I. The seal represents the stone bridge over the Forth. There is a crucifix in the centre, like *La Belle Croix* on Orleans Bridge (1429). On our right men with spears aim them at men with bows on our left. Above the spearmen we read, *Hic armis bruti Scoti stant*; above the bowmen, *Hic cruce tuti*. Thus the *bruti Scoti* (‘Hieland brutes’) are distinguished from their neighbours and foes, the Christians south of the Forth. Such was the temper of the disunited realm!’

It would be rash to dogmatise too much in Mr. Lang’s direction; we are ignorant of the circumstances, of the possible political under which the Stirling seal was made. A few

more burghal finds of this kind would certainly, however, give support to the theory, pushed too far by Hill Burton, that the genuine, invincible, pertinacious—but imperfectly traced—Scottish patriot, who was perhaps quite as ready to forswear himself eight times with Lamberton as to fight a hundred times under Bruce, hated the Norman noble and the Highland cateran with impartial fervour. It is at all events of good omen that the younger archæologists of Scotland, such as Mr. George Neilson of Glasgow, to whom Mr. Lang acknowledges many obligations, should have lately devoted much attention to the Royal Charters and other authentic ‘human documents’ upon which a scientific and comprehensive history of burghal life must be based.

The general features and literary characteristics of the volumes at the head of this article may be briefly indicated. The monographs of Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. Murison on the War of Independence and its two leading heroes on the Scottish side are interesting and readable digests both of authentic and of legendary history, written from somewhat different though not opposite standpoints. Sir Archibald Dunbar’s collection of dates and facts, under the title of ‘The Scottish Kings,’ is an invaluable though not absolutely immaculate companion to such a work as Tytler’s. Mr. Mackintosh’s four volumes are a quarry, whereas they ought to have been a well-arranged museum, of Scottish sociology. Mr. Mitchell’s ‘Popular History of the Highlands’ is a prolix compilation which has the negative merit of presenting no eccentric views; he has certainly none of ‘the blind hysterics of the Celt.’ The volumes belonging to the series of ‘County Histories of Scotland’ which have already appeared are very unequal in literary merit. But they are useful for two reasons: they localise and vivify the fusion of the different races which made and quite as often unmade Scottish history, and they will form an excellent stop-gap until the ‘New Statistical Account of Scotland’ finds a successor. France, of course, occupies a more important place than Scotland in Mr. MacKinnon’s ‘History of Edward the Third.’ Yet the story of the extraordinary and temporarily successful attempt of Edward Balliol to recover the throne of his father is told at least with vivacity; Froissart lives again; and justice is done to the elaborate scheme for bringing about a union between England and Scotland, based on a species of Home Rule for both countries, which the indignant *tota communitas* of Scotland rejected off-hand, because it reflected the weakness of David the Second even more than the ingenuity of Edward the Third. The works of Mr. Hume Brown and Mr. Andrew Lang cover

practically the same period. Instead of being contrasted they should be read as complementary to each other. The space at Mr. Hume Brown's disposal was limited by the character of the historical series to which his book belongs, but it gives the best account of the social progress of Scotland which has yet appeared. It puts several of the kings—especially David I and James II—in a new light. It realises the political importance of certain events which have from this point of view been unduly neglected, such as the advent of Columba in 563 and the battle of Carham in 1018. If it does not glow with the fire of Green, it is instinct with the impartiality of Hallam. Mr. Lang, on the other hand, is a good though not a malignant hater; he heartily detests, for example, the majority of the Douglasses, as traitors to their sovereigns and enemies of their country, and he sees in Knox—in the present volume at all events—little but the Reformer's feet of clay, the brutality into which his strength occasionally degenerates, his lack of chivalry, his love of unsavoury gossip. But Mr. Lang's fervour as a partisan undoubtedly gives life to his later chapters, and he is never abandoned by what Stevenson termed his 'incommunicable humour,' though it occasionally seems restive when trying to run in conventional historical harness. His book is, however, rather a series of essays on certain phases and incidents in Scottish history than a coherent narrative through which runs the 'increasing purpose' of civilisation. It suffers a little from discursiveness and occasional lapses into journalism, though always that journalism which has its home in the high latitudes. It almost ignores, which Mr. Brown's book does not, the growth of Scottish literature. As a critical history, however, dealing with a hundred controversies as to men and events, settling some and intensifying others, it is unrivalled.

Both Mr. Brown and Mr. Lang have escaped the chief errors of their predecessors. Mr. Brown, in exploring the jungle of Highland history, has made some trifling mistakes in dates, which Mr. Lang and others have pointed out. Mr. Lang in turn has, especially in translating such authorities as Adamnan and Barbour into his own vivacious English, laid himself open to the attack of the precisian. For example, he says that when, long after Columba's death, the West Highlands were afflicted by drought the monks 'walked round Iona' flapping the saint's tunic. As a matter of fact, Adamnan does not say that they accomplished this formidable circuit of ten miles, but merely that they 'walked round a newly ploughed and sowed field.' Again, when dealing with the private quarrels among the Scottish nobles which had so much to do with the choice of sides

in the War of Independence, Mr. Lang remarks: 'The Earl of Atholl had been on the English side, Barbour says because of private feud with Edward Bruce, who loved his sister *par amours*.' As a matter of fact, what Barbour says is that Edward Bruce loved the sister of Walter Ross and disliked his own wife, who was Atholl's sister. Neither Mr. Brown nor Mr. Lang, however, commits such errors as marred the first edition of Hill Burton's work; neither makes Bruce die at Cardross on the Firth of Forth instead of Cardross on the Firth of Clyde, or hopelessly confounds the Black Comyn with the Red, or confuses Donald, the Lord of the Isles who fought the Battle of Harlaw, with his son. Both, on the other hand, have been able to give new renderings of certain events with the help of recent discoveries of positive and still more of negative value. Burton, hastily assuming that the George Wishart who figures in 'the ugly revelations of the State papers,' as cognisant of the conspiracy to murder Beaton, was identical with Knox's friend and mentor, describes him as 'a fallen star.' Mr. Lang, on the other hand, is able conscientiously to return a Scottish verdict of 'not proven.' 'Whether Wishart knew anything of the plots of Brunston and Cassilis can never be certainly discovered.' It is of even greater importance that Mr. Brown, who relies upon the Hamilton papers, and Mr. Lang, who makes a skilful—perhaps, as against Knox, a too argumentative—use of the Wharton despatches, published from the Longleat MSS., are able, to a certain extent, to clear up one of the mysteries of Scottish history—the terrible and hitherto almost inexplicable disaster of Solway Moss, which broke the heart of James V and hastened his death. It is now certain, at all events, that the Scottish army under Oliver Sinclair was not defeated by a levy of four hundred farmers hastily summoned from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, but by an English force of three thousand regular troops under Lord Wharton, the Warden of the Marches.

It is nearly a century and a half since Dr. Robertson, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, made his famous division of Scottish history into four periods: the first from the origin of the monarchy to the reign of Kenneth II; the second from Kenneth's alleged conquest of the Picts to the death of Alexander III; the third from that calamity to the death of James V; the last from thence to the union of the Crowns under James VI. The first period Robertson considers to be a region of 'pure fable and conjecture,' which 'ought to be totally neglected, or abandoned to the industry and credulity of antiquaries.' Truth, however, 'begins to dawn in the second

period, with a light feeble at first but gradually increasing; and the events which then happened may be slightly touched, but merit no particular or laborious inquiry.' With the third period authentic history based on contemporary records commences; 'here every Scotsman should begin not to read only but to study the history of his country.' In the fourth period Scotland is described as so mixed up with the great changes then agitating every nation in Europe that, without some knowledge of Scottish history, it is difficult to form a just appreciation of the most momentous events or the most prominent figures of the sixteenth century.

Of the books given in our list it may be said generally that they indicate at once how little and how much has been recently discovered in the first three of Robertson's periods. The period antecedent to Robertson's 'pure fable and conjecture' stage remains almost untouched by recent research. No doubt, antiquarian industry has achieved something since the days of Hill Burton, who bettered Robertson's scepticism by declaring that Scottish history really commenced in 1057, when Malcolm Canmore, the first king who was 'more than a name and a pair of dates with a list of battles between,' began his reign of thirty-seven years. Mr. Lang has pleasure in recording certain 'triumphs over the facile despair of antiquarian pessimism'; and Mr. Brown, while admitting that Skene's elaborate account of the Roman occupation is 'largely rejected by the highest modern authorities,' says that that author's researches 'have superseded the portion of Burton's History which treats of the centuries that followed the Roman occupation.' But while it would be rash to assume that the last word has been said on Roman Scotland, it is evident that nothing of any real moment is likely to be added to the sum of our positive knowledge. We may accept Mr. Lang's dictum—that 'of all countries once in Roman occupation, Scotland possesses, perhaps, the rarest traces of the imperial people. For practical purposes, Scotland is hardly more affected by the Roman occupation than Ireland, which the Romans never occupied at all'—even if we add, with Mr. Hume Brown, that 'the very presence of such a power, embodying all the resources of a great civilisation, was an experience that could not be forgotten.' And if the three hundred years during which the Romans came and went in Northern Britain are represented only by the station of Birrens, a few remains of walls and camps, and the memories of St. Ninian, prehistoric Scotland—the Bronze and Iron Ages, of lake-dwellings and (perhaps) of 'brochs,' is still more shadowy.

Dr. Robert Munro, the latest and greatest authority on the subject, thus mercilessly deals with the one fond illusion that has come down to the present time, in the closing passage of the volume that appears as an Introduction to 'The County Histories of Scotland':—

'There is one feature of the ethnological question which, being of a practical character, cannot fail to interest those who think they can distinguish, through the gossamer of language and tradition, the blood and civilisation of the various races who have, from time to time, found a permanent home within the British Isles. Perhaps few anthropologists have ever seriously considered the slender grounds on which the term "Celtic" is applied in modern times to sections of the population of these islands. If the linguistic fragments still extant are to be taken as evidence of the distribution of Celtic influence, they would restrict the latter to the very same geographical areas which the racial evidence marks out as non-Aryan or pre-Celtic. No greater contrast between existing races is to be found than between the present inhabitants of the Aran Isles, in Galway Bay, and those of County Kerry in Ireland. They are probably the purest breeds of the Xanthochroi and Melanochroi to be found in Western Europe, but yet they are both within the modern "Celtic Fringe." The truth is, that between language and race there is no permanent alliance. Many of the most sentimental and patriotic Scotsmen of the present day are Teutons by blood, while still more have pre-Celtic blood coursing in their veins; and the same may be said of Irishmen. And what a picture of mistaken identity do so many Englishmen present when, with the physical qualities of low stature, long heads, and dark eyes, they boast of their Teutonic origin! To console readers who may not find themselves labelled by nature among any of the original types which enter into our common nationality—neither dark nor fair, long nor short, dolichocephalic nor brachycephalic—but among the larger category of well developed mongrels, let me assure them that no special combination of racial characters has ever yet been proved to have the monopoly of intellectuality and virtue.'

At the close of his chapter on 'Early Culture in Scotland'—in many respects the best in his book—Mr. Lang says of the five centuries that followed the departure of Rome, that—

'the traces of that age sleep on museum shelves, or under the black water of lochans, or in howes and barrows. Grey stones on windy moors, green knolls in the *pastorum loca vasta*—the wide tablelands and hills of North and South—speak dumbly of forgotten kings and nremembered wars. The whaup wails over them now as when Kenneth reigned, or Constantine.'

This is the truth and very nearly the whole truth. A century of historical research has not pierced the darkness which hangs

over Scotland during that epoch, but has rendered it tantalisingly visible. We know now that if this was the period of storm and stress in Scottish history—of fifteen 'kings,' who reigned in 190 years, ten are said to have been assassinated or killed in battle—it must have also been a period of national consolidation and of progress in civilisation. The kings—the Brudes and the Aidans, the Anguses and the Ferguses, the Girigs and the Indulphs, the Kenneths and the Constantines—may indeed be dismissed with Monkbarns's contemptuous snort as 'a bead-roll of unbaptised jargon that would choke the devil.' But their reigns witnessed events which must have been of as great importance as the battles of Bannockburn and Harlaw. The story of the defeat in 685 of the Northumbrian Egfrith by the Pictish Brude at Nectan's Mere—generally identified with Dunnichen in Forfarshire—would seem to belong to that section of legendary history which is essentially credible. By weakening the Northumbrian power it paved the way for the decisive victory of Carham, more than three hundred years later. Mr. Hume Brown probably exaggerates the importance of Columba's arrival at Iona in 563, when he describes it as the commencement of Scottish history. No doubt Columba was a politician as well as a missionary; but his 'tribal' Christianity, had it prevailed, would have had a disintegrating and not a solidifying effect upon Scotland. On the other hand the struggle between Columban and Roman Christianity, short though it was—Iona became Roman in 714 or 717—and waged, according to tradition, over no more important matters than the date of Easter and the form of the tonsure, had the effect of giving Scotland the germ at least of a religious organisation independent of that of England. The substitution of Dunkeld for Iona as the ecclesiastical capital—although Dunkeld was to be superseded by St. Andrews—is itself a symptom of a growing tendency towards centralisation.

The reign of Malcolm II (1005–1034) belongs to that section of Scottish history of which Robertson says that 'the events which then happened may be slightly touched, but merit no particular or laborious inquiry.' But it is notable for at least one incident which in the light of recent 'laborious inquiry' makes this reign, and not that of Malcolm Canmore, half a century later, the true dawn of Scottish history. In 1018 Malcolm met the Northumbrians at Carham and inflicted upon them a defeat as disastrous as that of Flodden, nearly the whole of the male population between the Tweed and the Tees being cut off. As a consequence Lothian was ceded to Scotland—an

event the importance of which Mr. Hume Brown does not exaggerate when he describes it as second in importance to none in Scottish history :—

'The great results that issued from it did not immediately appear; yet in the end these results involved nothing less than the transference to another race of the main destinies of a united Scottish people. . . . Under Malcolm II Scotland attained a degree of cohesion and an extent of territory that promised a future advantage over her southern neighbour. As it happened, a succession of foreign kings, Danish and Norman, achieved for England what had been beyond the power of her native princes, and by the close of the eleventh century she had gained that permanent superiority which was assured to her by a more numerous people and a more extensive territory. To the Danish and Norman conquests it was due that Scotland did not eventually become the predominating power in the British Islands.'

Malcolm secured in 1018 not only Lothian but Strathclyde, or the region extending from Dumbarton in Scotland to the Derwent in Cumberland. Its last independent king, Owen, died, and Malcolm was able to place upon its throne his grandson and heir, Duncan. He had his troubles. Cnut invaded his kingdom in 1031 and exacted from him and from 'two other kings' admissions of overlordship; the existence of these 'other kings' proves that Malcolm's hold over the half-Norse, half-Celtic Caithness and Sutherland, not to speak of Orkney and Shetland, was but slight. But with the Lowlands in his hands he became 'King of Scotia,' and 'head of the nobility of the west of Europe.'

Mr. Lang and Mr. Hume Brown have on the whole taken the ordinarily accepted view of Scottish history between the battle of Carham and the death of Alexander the Third in 1286. That battle gave the Lothians to Scotland, but it also gave Scotland to the Saxon and the Norman. The marriage of Malcolm Canmore to a Saxon princess of great force of character and so pronouncedly anti-Celtic that she would allow none but English names to be given to her six sons, no doubt aided materially in the establishment of Teutonic supremacy; and the partiality of David I, the greatest of Scottish kings before the War of Independence, for Norman knights and Norman feudalism, completed the work of Canmore and Margaret. But for the cession of Lothian, contemporaneously with the reversion of Strathclyde to the kingdom of Malcolm II, the acceptance of the new order of things by the general population of the country would have been an impossibility. Even so, the Celtic element was persistently rebellious. On the death of

Malcolm Canmore it was able to place his brother, Donald Bane, on the throne, and to keep him there till the Atbeling, with the aid of an army supplied by the Norman Rufus, succeeded in crowning his nephew Edgar, who, with unconscious humour, indicated his grasp of the political situation by addressing his subjects as 'Scots and English.' David I, with all his ability, was able to suppress a Celtic rising only with the help of his Norman friends, destined afterwards to overthrow him at the Battle of the Standard in 1138. Whenever a Scottish king was beaten in battle or, like William the Lion, humiliated himself by acknowledging the suzerainty of the English monarch, it was in one of the essentially Celtic portions of the country, in Moray or in Galloway, that patriotic resentment first blazed forth. Yet in spite of this racial antagonism, intensified and embittered by the partiality shown by Canmore's descendants for English settlers and institutions, Celt and Norman met not as conquered and conqueror, but as equals, at the Scottish Court. As a consequence, when in the minority of Alexander III the Scottish nobles were divided for the first time into an English and an anti-English party, with their rival leaders Durward and Comyn, Celt and Norman were found in both. A more peaceful and fruitful amalgamation was going on in the lower social strata. Mr. Hume Brown does not quite take the extravagant view—that the reign of Alexander III was the golden age of Scotland's independence—which receives some countenance from Burton and more from Mr. E. W. Robertson, and which was dogmatically asserted by Mr. Cosmo Innes when he stated that 'in 1286 Scotland was not only more prosperous, but more civilised than at any time till the union of 1707.' But he is amply justified in saying:—

'Alexander left Scotland a prosperous and consolidated kingdom. With the exception of England, indeed, no country in Christendom had in the same degree filled out its limits and welded its people. Spain had still Granada to conquer, and was as yet made up of five independent kingdoms; France had scarcely attained the half of its present extent; in the decline of the Holy Roman Empire Germany was distracted by the rivalries of its petty princes; and Italy was divided among contending cities and factious parties. England and Scotland alone had reached their final limits; and in both about the same period, Saxon and Norman in the one, and Celt, Norman, and Saxon in the other, had been fashioned into one nation. In Scotland the fusion was not so complete as in England; but the War of Independence was to prove that a Scottish nation had really been formed in the long process in which the first step had been taken by Kenneth MacAlpin.'

It may be hoped that with the publication of these works on the early history of Scotland and of Mr. Goldwin Smith's volume on the consolidation of the United Kingdom, the last word has been heard upon the controversy as to the origin of the War of Independence. Both Mr. Hume Brown and Mr. Lang write from the sensibly patriotic point of view. While they do justice to the single-mindedness of Wallace—between whom and Joan of Arc Mr. Lang draws a happy and effective parallel—and the great capacity of Bruce as a statesman and a soldier, they admit the lofty intentions which redeem the high-handedness of the greatest of the Plantagenets. Mr. Brown does not enter into a historical argumentation on the question as to Edward's overlordship; he does not gravely consider whether in 937 Athelstan did or did not extort submission from Constantine, or whether Cnut did or did not exact a confession of feudal inferiority from Malcolm II in 1031. Mr. Lang, on the contrary, throws himself into the controversy, and puts, good-naturedly enough, Tytler's patriotic points as against the arguments and authorities of Lingard and Palgrave, revived by Mr. Freeman, and emphasised in a few too strident sentences by Mr. Goldwin Smith. The Scottish case against Edward has never, indeed, been better summed up than it was long ago by Hume, when he said:—

'The whole amount of Edward's authorities during the Saxon period, when stripped of the bombast and inaccurate style of the monks, is that the Scots had sometimes been defeated by the English, had received peace on disadvantageous terms, had made submissions to the English monarch, and had even perhaps fallen into some dependence on a power which was so much superior and which they had not at that time sufficient force to resist.'

Unquestionably the English claim to overlordship varied with the power of the English king to maintain it. In the case of William the Lion, Henry II asserted his suzerainty to the fullest; in the case of Alexander III, Henry III contented himself with claiming to be 'Principal Counsellor to the Illustrious the King of Scotland,' although his designs were practically identical with those of his incomparably greater son.

Mr. Lang, while admitting that Edward I was 'a strong valiant man,' insists too much on 'the thread of the attorney in his nature.' It would be more correct to say that Edward was a fanatical political idealist, and like all such fanatics, was prone to be impatient, to the verge of cruelty, in the treatment of men who proclaimed themselves his opponents. He was bound to show himself a little of the attorney in advocating his overlordship before Europe, and especially as against

Pope Boniface VIII, who claimed Scotland as a fief of Rome. But that he had in his mind the advantages that would accrue to both England and Scotland from their union, and that he kept such considerations before him in his policy towards Scotland, to the overshadowing, if not to the exclusion, of others, is beyond all question. The fact should not be forgotten, although it has hardly received sufficient attention from Scottish historians—even from Mr. Hume Brown and Mr. Lang—that an independent Scotland was a menace to the integrity of England. If English kings, in virtue of the original claim of Northumbria to include Lothian, were perpetually claiming to extend their territory to the Forth, Scottish kings, in virtue of the original extent of Strathclyde, were in their turn perpetually seeking to extend their territory to the Eden and the Tees. This was the distinct ambition of David I, the greatest of the kings of Scotland before Robert Bruce. There is reason to suspect that at one time he had a still greater design. The army with which he invaded England in 1151 was large enough for conquest, far larger than was requisite for a successful Border raid. If it had possessed the discipline of the force which emerged triumphant from the conflict at Bannockburn, the Battle of the Standard would have ended in a great Scottish victory; and a distracted England might have been at the mercy of a victor who had many sympathisers on the southern side of the Border, since he could always assert that he was fighting for the rights of his niece. The great Council—composed of thirteen earls, eleven bishops, and twenty-five barons—which met towards the close of the reign of Alexander III to settle the succession to the throne, recognised the Maid of Norway as heiress of Scotland, the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, Tynedale, and Penrith. After Bannockburn Bruce revived this claim; and had not leprosy, or some other mysterious disease, claimed him as its own, he might have successfully asserted it, with the help of France, Ireland, and perhaps Wales. That Edward perceived such possibilities and wished to prevent them, is scarcely open to doubt. His mistake probably lay, as Mr. S. R. Gardiner argues, in not allowing his high policy to be ‘seen on the surface’; in placing his feudal claim in front of it. It is at least possible that had he taken the Scottish *tota communitas* into his confidence—had he, in dealing with it, shown that spirit of wise and conciliatory statesmanship which he reserved for his ‘Ordinance for the Government of Scotland’ in 1305—he might have been able to establish some sort of federal union between the two kingdoms which, honourable to both, would have prevented centuries of bloodshed and social anarchy. But

his troubles at home, the complications in France, and the stiff unbending temper of a political idealist who happened also to be a Plantagenet, prevented Edward from giving to the Scottish problem the attention it deserved. But for this, it is incredible that a man of his sagacity should have made the experiment of trying to govern Scotland by means of an incompetent soldier like Warenne, a headstrong and sensual Churchman like Cressingham, and a brutal lawyer like Ormsby, who had more than 'a thread of the attorney in his nature'—an experiment which, leading first to the temporary triumph and subsequently to the execution of Wallace, gave to Scottish patriotism its accent of irreconcilability.

'Swept by the storms of English invasion, neither town nor country could afford a secure resting-place for peaceful industry. Trade was no more; agriculture ceased to be worthy of the name; burgesses and peasantry alike sank into insignificance and misery. The history of Scotland, during this dreary time, is but a record of savage feuds among the nobles themselves, and of an inveterate antagonism between the strength of the nobles and the weakness of the Crown—

'A leafless branch her sceptre, and her throne
An icy car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way.'

In this trenchant Macaulayan fashion the late Mr. Henry Hill Lancaster, whose early death inflicted a great loss at once on the Scottish bar and on Scottish literature, summarised the history of Scotland as looked at through the spectacles of Hill Burton. This view remains to a large extent untouched by the 'newer light' which is supplied by Mr. Lang and Mr. Hume Brown. The Scottish nobles deserve the worst that can be said of them; and the worst is said by Mr. Lang of the Douglasses of both branches. The glamour of Otterburne and Sark—which cannot as national Scottish victories be placed on the same level as Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn—and the memories of William the Hardy, who fought with Wallace, of the 'good Lord James,' who was Bruce's greatest captain, and of 'the Knight of Liddesdale,' must not blind us to the fact that the majority of the family were incapables, savages, or traitors. But one excuse can be offered for them. They regarded themselves less as the subjects than as the rivals of the Stewarts. As early as 1371, William, the first Earl of Douglas, disputed the succession to the Crown with Robert II. After the murder of two of their chiefs in the reign of James II—the second by the king's own hand—war *à outrance* between the families was inevitable. The Scottish nobility might, however, have been forgiven much, if they had given their country one man with a genius for affairs.

But we look in vain in the list of them—and it is long enough, for it includes not only the Douglasses and the Anguses, but the Crichtons and the Livingstons, the Boyds and the Hamiltons, the Humes and the Hepburns, the Gordons and the Crawfords—for anything approaching even to the self-regarding capacity of Warwick, much less to the public spirit and lofty political conceptions of Simon the Righteous. The saving salt of Scottish patriotism and enlightenment is to be found not among the nobles but the bishops. True, they dissembled and committed perjury during the War of Independence, and their patriotism was intensified by their desire to maintain the independence of their sees against the aggression of Canterbury and York. But they were persistent in their determination to keep 'the auld enemy' at arm's length, defying even the Pope in 1310, when, in a Provincial Council held at Dundee, they declared the excommunicated Bruce to be lawful king; and the country supported and followed them. Two, at least, stand out among the most single-minded of Scottish statesmen—James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, of whom John Major and George Buchanan agreed in saying 'None has done more signal service than this prelate'; and William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, who established in the northern university a stronghold of the 'new learning.'

Mr. Lang and Mr. Hume Brown take a more favourable view of the Stewarts as men and rulers, and of the social progress of Scotland during their reigns, than the majority of previous historians. Mr. Lang gives indeed the familiar tragedy with the familiar accent of pathos:—

'From the hour when James I was hacked to pieces in a drain the history of Scotland, for 150 years, revolved in one sad cycle. Each king, dying young in war, or by the hands of assassins, or of sheer fatigue and broken heart, left a minor to succeed him. The minority was filled by the intrigues of unscrupulous plotters to whom the person of the king was much like the Great Seal, a thing to be seized and used, by force or fraud. Each king, as he came to full age, threw off the yoke of the party which had held his youth in thralldom. Executions and confiscations followed, and these left their heritage of vendettas to distract the remainder of the reign, and bequeathed their generation of renegades, often Douglasses, to intrigue with England.'

This is true, but Mr. Lang scarcely does justice to the actual and purely personal success attained by the early Stewarts in their efforts to establish peace and destroy anarchy. The first of the three Albanys who figure in Scottish history, sometimes as protectors of their relatives on the throne,

sometimes as rivals and traitors, is now revealed as something very different from the wicked uncle of fairyland to whom Scott has given an infamous immortality in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' He was a capable and popular statesman; and during the not inconsiderable period when he governed Scotland alone, in the last years of his imbecile brother Robert III and in the minority of his nephew James I, the Lowlands at least had reason to be grateful to him. It was the first James who dealt a really formidable blow to the conspiracy of misrule in the turbulent North; it was the fifth who completed this indispensable work, and in the 'Armstrong massacre' struck terror into the no less formidable lawlessness of the Border. It would be absurd to credit the Jameses with the possession of what are nowadays termed 'democratic ideas'; each and all of them took the same view of the functions of Parliament as that which lost one of their descendants his head and another his throne. Yet their adherence, though fitful, to the aspiration of James I that 'the key should keep the castle and the bracken bush the cow,' gives an air at least of moral continuity to their policy. Of four of the Jameses it may be said that when they emerged from the stage of minority they proved themselves better men than any of their advisers and incomparably more popular with the commonalty; to this day, in spite of Flodden and of the grave faults of character which helped to bring about that disaster, James the Fourth remains the greatest favourite among Scottish kings, after Robert Bruce. James III, on the other hand, even in Mr. Lang's comparatively sympathetic pages, appears the weakest as well as the most unfortunate of his dynasty. But, as Mr. R. S. Rait says in his Stanhope Prize Essay on 'The Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns'—incomparably the best and fullest treatise on this most vexed aspect of Scottish history—'the reign of James III is an unsolved problem.' At the worst, this unfortunate weakling, who, although girded with the sword of Bruce, died miserably within a stone's throw of Bannockburn, failed because his 'popular sympathies' were too strong, not because they were too weak, because he found his intimates not among nobles but among artists and artisans.

Whatever be the reason, Scotland did not stand still, but advanced under the early Stewarts at a much more rapid pace than has generally been allowed. Mr. Hume Brown, places the second James on a level with his father in of ability, makes this progress admirably clear.

'The mere record of the chief events of James's reign may mislead us as to the real state of the country. The insub

of such vassals as the Earls of Douglas, Crawford, and Ross, seriously interfered with the administration of the law, and their retainers were frequently a terror to peace-loving subjects. When we compare Scotland at its worst, however, with contemporary England and France, it does not seem that the country as a whole was more unhappy than its neighbours. . . . We have conclusive proof that the subjects of James II had both the will and the opportunity to cultivate the arts of peace, and even to attain to a degree of luxury that seemed to call for repression rather than encouragement. Alike from the Exchequer Rolls and from Parliamentary legislation we derive the picture of a society energetic, intelligent, and eager to keep its place in the community of nations.'

Mr. Hume Brown's survey of the reign of the Fourth James testifies even more emphatically to the advance of Scotland and to the part played in that advance by the king.

'In the varied activity of James's reign we have conclusive proof of the general expansion of the national spirit. Legislation, commerce, the administration of justice, intellectual development—in all these there was a forward movement that distinguishes this reign from those that preceded it. So far as James was personally concerned, his highest claim to respect is the improvement of justice throughout the length and breadth of the country. In the case of the Highlands and Islands he secured peace and order by their thorough subjugation and the establishment of sheriffdoms and new centres of justice. By giving real effect to the ayres or circuit courts held by the justiciars James did a further important work.'

While, however, documentary evidence supports the view of Pedro de Ayala, the Spanish 'agent' who visited Scotland in 1496 and 1497—that 'there is as great a difference between the Scotland of old time and the Scotland of to-day as there is between bad and good'—it is equally clear that 'constitutional progress' did not keep pace with the advance in commercial prosperity and social comfort. Neither Mr. Lang nor Mr. Hume Brown tries, like Burton, to find in the history of the Scottish Parliament something akin to the growth of English institutions. Mr. Lang says quite truly:—

'In one important respect the history of Scotland differs notably from that of England. In England constitutional history presses itself upon our attention at every turn. The ages of Henry II, John, Henry III, and Edward I abound with momentous constitutional changes quite unknown to the contemporary Scotland. In Scotland there is no constitutional history at all (and there is a void in the centre of the landscape, like the English landscape, but here the void is obscurely in a secluded nook, like a northern

Scottish 'constitutionalism' is commonly said to date from 1326, when Robert the Bruce summoned a Parliament to meet him in the Abbey of Cambuskenneth to reimburse him for the expenses of the war, and called to it not only noblemen, but 'burgesses and all other free tenants of the town.' But it was not till the latter part of the fourteenth century—if so soon—that Scottish burgesses made good a claim which their English compeers had established a hundred years before. Nor did the Scottish Parliament ever exercise anything like the control which its great prototype enjoyed south of the Tweed.

'The ruler of Scotland,' says Mr. Rait, 'might be the king; the supreme power might be in the hands of this or that noble or of this or that combination of nobles; or it might belong to the General Assembly of the Church; but rarely indeed was the country governed or guided by the Estates.'

The origin, in 1367, of the committee of the Scottish Parliament which became famous—and infamous—in history as the Lords of the Articles, and which, in 1535, practically superseded the three Estates, is still a puzzle. But Mr. Rait seems to have reason as well as historical evidence on his side when he says that—

'the invariable correspondence between the presence of burgesses in Parliament and the use or disuse of the system of committees, according as the king was weak or powerful, suggests as a possible explanation that the origin of the Committee of the Articles may be traced to an attempt of the barons to exclude the burgesses from Parliament.'

Possibly the final explanation of the fact that the history of the Scottish Parliament is a bundle of paradoxes is to be found in the peculiar condition of the burgesses. That Parliament was not eminently 'constitutional,' but it was marvellously 'democratic.' While it was never really representative of the people, it anticipated all other legislatures in its endeavours to better the lot and vindicate the rights of the tiller of the soil; and at an early period in its existence it laid the foundation of Scotland's system of universal education. May it not have been the case that the burgesses, powerless against the king or the greater nobles—whichever happened in a particular Parliament to be in the ascendant—paid no attention to the more important or at least imposing 'business' before them, such as a war with England or the forfeiture of a traitor, but devote themselves, during the time they could spare from their struggle for existence, to the promotion of measures calcul-

to improve the condition of their own class and of that with which they were most closely associated? At all events, when the history of the Scottish *bourgeoisie* comes to be written, the influence on municipal life of the county families in the neighbourhood of burghs will merit close examination. 'Aberdeen in the fifteenth century,' Mr. Watt says, 'presents us with the most perfect specimen that we have of the municipal organisation of a Scottish royal burgh.' It is also the most perfect specimen of a municipal oligarchy. When during or shortly before the reign of David I the Scottish free towns came into existence, they were allowed the privilege of electing their own magistrates. 'In this all-important advantage,' notes Mr. Hume Brown, 'they appear to have preceded England, and even the Continental countries.' But the policy of the Norman Bruce and of the Stewarts after him was to make the burghs dependent on the barons; and an act of James III, after reciting the 'great trouble and contention' caused at popular elections, prescribed that the outgoing council should elect its successor and both together appoint the magistrates and officials. Aberdeen was thus ruled by an oligarchy, which was 'further strengthened by the admission of sons and kinsmen of the country gentry to the guild freedom.' The ordinary citizens no doubt resented anything in the shape of an interference on the part of the aggressive *proceres*; but their alliances with the smaller 'lairds' must have been close and possibly fruitful in self-interested and self-protecting action, if not in the Scottish Parliament itself, at all events in the Convention of Royal Burghs, which undoubtedly did for a time possess and exercise Parliamentary powers.

Mr. Hume Brown's volume closes with the death of James V after the disaster of Solway Moss; Mr. Lang's with the assassination of Cardinal Beaton. Neither, therefore, deals exhaustively with the great problem, mainly ecclesiastical and religious, but political as well, which Scotland solved by taking the side of Protestantism against Rome. Until Mr. Lang's second volume appears, it would serve no purpose to criticise his treatment of Knox as a statesman, for it was of the Reformer in his later years that Mr. Froude wrote that—

'he it was that raised the poor commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who, nevertheless, were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest
'gain to submit to tyranny.'

nt in Scotland must be dealt with as
til we have space to consider the

political aspect of the 'new ideas,' which triumphed over hatred to the 'auld enemy,' and brought about a union alike of self-interest and of moral enthusiasm between the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon middle class, we need not attempt to unravel the tangle of miserable intrigue which cost Beaton his life and sent Knox to the galleys. Mr. Lang attempts to place Beaton beside the Kennedys, the Frasers, and the Lambertons on the bench of patriotic prelates. The attempt is at least chivalrous; the question whether Beaton forged his master's will or not is but a problem in the minor ethics of clerical dissimulation. The weakness of Beaton lay not so much in want of character—though there he was lamentably deficient—as in lack of statesmanlike capacity. He was unable to measure the strength of the forces which on both sides of the Tweed were making for union, or to gauge that anti-Gallic tendency in Scotland which the very closeness of the alliance between Scotland and France had stimulated, and which the brutality of Henry the Eighth's attempts to bend Scotland to his will failed to neutralise. No doubt the claim of England to the overlordship of the smaller country was asserted by strong kings like Henry IV and Edward IV; every traitorous Scottish noble was willing to accept it; it was never put more extravagantly than by Henry the Eighth. But no resolutely continuous attempt was made to conquer Scotland after the time of Edward the Third; the most devastating invasions were but Border-raids on a colossal scale. The real union 'as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master,' of which Carlyle speaks, was, it is true, a long way off even when Beaton was stabbed to death in the Castle of St. Andrews. But it was so inevitable that no attempts to give that criminal blunder the character of a patriotic martyrdom had other than a momentary success.

ART. IX.—THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

A History of the Presidency. By Edward Stanwood. New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

HARDLY had the smoke of battle cleared away after the Presidential election in 1896, when Mr. Bryan waved his truncheon and summoned his defeated followers to a renewal of the conflict. The canvass now in progress began then and there. Mr. Bryan's authority to issue commands and to plan the next campaign was not challenged. Ordinarily, in America, a candidate is *functus officio* when he meets with defeat: the mandate of his party must be renewed before he may with propriety resume the leadership. But Mr. Bryan, although he sprang suddenly into prominence as a national character, has fully maintained his position. His vigour and endurance as a campaigner arouse admiration and excite enthusiasm. His imperious nature and self-confidence win for him that sort of hero-worship which finds expression in the phrase 'our matchless leader,' ensures subservience to his wishes regarding the conduct of the canvass, and wins toleration of his weaknesses and mistakes. His sincerity is not open to question. Although his nomination in 1896 seemed almost the result of accident, the event proved him to be an ideal leader of the mixed multitude that followed him. It is doubtful if any other captain could have rallied all these heterogeneous political forces and held them in battle array under one banner amid the stress of the most exciting canvass in American political history.

During the four years that have elapsed since the last election Mr. Bryan's ascendancy over his party has never been seriously threatened. He failed in his first campaign because, while he gained numerous recruits, he was unable to retain the veterans. Those who could not follow the Democratic party in its new career have made many an effort to displace him, but the result of every such attempt has been merely to make more and more clear the hopelessness of substituting a new leader in his place. He has adhered to the principles of the Chicago platform with a persistence which is creditable at least to the solidity of his convictions; he has kept his mind on the alert for new opportunities and new issues; and now he has his reward in having won to his support a body of men who in 1896 distrusted him profoundly, and who still abhor every principle save one of the platform on which he stands.

On the Republican side the situation has been equally clear.

Mr. McKinley was destined, before his first election, to be nominated for a second term in the presidential office. The party to which he owes his position has fulfilled the two great promises it made to the people when it placed him in nomination. It has enacted a protective tariff, and has passed a law declaring gold to be the standard of value, in which legal provision is made for the maintenance at parity with gold of all money issued under authority of the Government. Nor has the present administration confined itself to making good its definite pledges. It has conducted a foreign war with success; it has extended the domain of the Republic; it has greatly enlarged the prestige of the nation throughout the world. No President since Mr. Lincoln has had questions so many and so perplexing to consider and decide as have been pressed upon the attention of Mr. McKinley. That he has not satisfied all the people is an inevitable consequence of the system of government by party; but he has satisfied those who supported him in 1896 to a remarkable degree. At no time has there been a suggestion that it would be advisable to drop him and adopt another candidate at this election. The severest criticisms made upon him by members of his own party may be resolved into the complaint that he has studied to ascertain and to follow the will of his political supporters rather than to decide upon and carry out a policy of his own, regardless of opposition. In circumstances so unusual as those which confronted his administration his course was advantageous for the country and profitable to Mr. McKinley's own political fortunes. If it sometimes gave an air of indecision as well as of a lack of initiative to his policy, the people have not been left altogether unaware that the President could form a plan of action and adhere firmly to it when the occasion required promptness and decision. At all events, no rival for the Republican nomination has presented himself or has been proposed by others; nor has there been any faction in the party uneasily seeking for some means to depose the leader, as has been the case in the Democratic party. When Mr. McKinley was nominated for re-election, the unanimous vote of the Convention in his favour was an absolutely accurate reflection of the wish of his party that he should be its candidate.

In our study of the canvass, stress is laid thus early upon the personal traits of Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley because the contest is in a peculiar sense one between the two candidates. Each party can rely in any circumstances upon the loyal support of all but a mere fraction of its members, and, since the two parties are not very unevenly matched, upon a certain

number of the electoral votes of the States. In the broadest view of the matter, therefore, the issue is to be decided upon a consideration of the respective policies of the parties. But inasmuch as the party which wins the Presidency may fail to obtain a majority in Congress, the character and tendencies of the man who is to appoint the Cabinet, to manage the national finances, to direct the movements of the army, to conduct the foreign relations, and to give tone to the civil service, become matters of great importance. Consequently we find that great numbers of voters who reject almost every one of the historic Republican principles give their support to Mr. McKinley as a safe man, and that others who reject every 'plank' in the Democratic 'platform,' except opposition to 'Imperialism,' adhere to Mr. Bryan because they confidently expect him, with or without the consent of Congress, to reverse the national policy regarding the Philippines.

It is necessary nevertheless, in order to obtain the fullest and most accurate view of the situation, to consider the parties, which, after all, are greater and stronger than the candidates who for the moment personify them. There is a bewildering list of parties, and many tickets have been placed in the field. First, there are three factions of Socialists. Socialism is rife in the United States; but those who have adopted its principles sincerely will not follow leaders whose chief motive seems to be notoriety and political preferment. The United Christian Party is a little *coterie* of well-meaning men, somewhat too good for this wicked world, who think they know 'how Christ would govern the country.' The Prohibitionists have been in existence as a separate national party since 1872, and in the seven presidential canvasses in which they have taken part have never gained an electoral vote for one of their candidates, nor, so far as is known, cast a majority of votes at any precinct in the country at any election. This party refuses to recognise or to discuss any political question, at home or abroad, until the sale of intoxicating liquor has been suppressed. 'Imperialism' offends its members less than does the failure to abolish the army-canteen; and the existence of American drinking 'saloons' in Manila arouses them to warmer indignation than is excited by the war against the Filipinos. The Prohibitionist ticket may be disregarded in a study of the canvass. It will be supported by the perverse and eccentric voters only—those who are always at odds with society.

The 'People's Party,' commonly known as the Popu-
ten years old. It originated in the Western State
organisation which called itself the 'Farmers' Allian

formed primarily to wage war against the railway companies. The sentiment was wide-spread in the grain-growing prairie States that transport charges upon farm produce were oppressively high and arbitrarily irregular; that the companies were too powerful in the State legislatures; and that land-grants in aid of the building of railways had placed the companies in possession of the most desirable tracts of land. The Alliance was not at first a separate political organisation. Its members endeavoured to promote its objects by seeking control of the parties with which they were associated. Failure to obtain what was desired, the thirst for public office, and other causes, soon led to an abandonment of the original plan; and the new party was born. Its leaders were not men trained in affairs; its members were 'plain people' who had made a study of social and economic conditions only so far as they concerned themselves. It was quite natural, therefore, that their demands for a reconstitution of the social fabric should be crude, radical, and reckless to a high degree. The Populists were from the beginning in favour of the free coinage of silver, frankly upon the ground that debtors would be enabled thereby to discharge obligations already incurred in money cheaper than gold dollars. The discontinuance of the coinage of silver dollars by the Act of 1873 they denounced as a crime. To it they attributed the decline in the prices of commodities, which they held to be merely a rise in the price of gold; and they maintained that the restoration of free coinage of silver and the consequent cheapening of money was but a tardy act of justice to the debtor.

The party achieved some notable successes in State elections. In 1892 it held a national convention and presented a candidate for President. The new organisation drew to itself the remnants of the defunct 'Greenback' party and those generally who felt that things were not as they should be so long as some men were rich while they themselves were not. It was not inaptly termed the 'Calamity' party. In the canvass of 1892 more than a million votes were given to its candidates; but this statement, without an explanation, is misleading. The Populists and Democrats practically coalesced in opposition to the Republicans. In many States, where there seemed to be a prospect that the Democrats and Populists combined might capture the electoral vote of a Republican State, the two parties adopted a joint electoral ticket. In a few States the Democrats simply retired from the field and supported the Populist candidates, whose aggregate vote was thereby caused to appear greater than it was. An alliance so close as was that of 1892

led naturally to a still more intimate union in 1896. The Democrats accepted practically the whole of the Populist programme, and in particular that part on which the Populists then laid the greatest stress, namely, the free coinage of silver. The Populists accepted the Democratic candidate for President. Many of them foresaw what is now happening, namely, that 'fusion' would involve the practical extinction of their party and its absorption in the Democratic organisation. For the moment they favoured the candidature of Mr. Bryan, but they advocated a policy of 'marching in the middle of the road' between the two great parties, joining neither of them, attacking both, and lending help temporarily to one or the other of them as might seem expedient. This programme of action obtained for them the designation—which they adopted at once—of 'Middle-of-the-road Populists.' They controlled the convention of 1896, rejected the Democratic nominee for Vice-President, and set up a candidate of their own. Under the American system of electing a President, votes for 'Bryan and Watson' electors were simply thrown away. Most of the Populists, seeing the folly of supporting their own ticket in preference to the 'Bryan and Sewall' ticket of the Democrats, deserted their own candidate. The 'Middle-of-the-road' electors received in all the States not quite a quarter of a million votes. The minor faction of the party has retained its organisation and has held a convention and presented a ticket. But the 'Middle-of-the-road' candidates will hardly appear this year among the beneficiaries of 'scattering' votes.

There remain the two great historic parties, between which the contest really lies: the Republican party, fighting single-handed, and the Democratic party, backed by three groups of allies, namely, the main body of the Populists, the Silver Republicans, and the Anti-Imperialists. The last-named faction consists chiefly of men who in the previous canvass were known as Gold Democrats. Their independent movement is confined chiefly to the Eastern States, where—so far as can be judged—it is by no means important, and where it will merely reduce to a small extent Republican majorities which will still be more than sufficient. The phrases in which they offer their support to Mr. Bryan are chosen with the utmost caution, and show that their confidence in the sincerity of his professions regarding the Philippines is not unaccompanied by fears lest his sincerity in the matter of free coinage also may work mischief. The Silver Republicans, on the other hand, care little for the issue of 'Imperialism.' Were Mr. Bryan to abandon the silver cause they would desert him. There is no

need to dwell upon the weakness of alliances so conditioned, one or other of which must be betrayed if Mr. Bryan prove his sincerity by his works. The 'fusion' with the Populists is complete. It is in all important respects strictly analogous to the connexion between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists in England. Separate organisations are maintained; there are occasional disputes between the two as to which party shall furnish the candidate, but on election day their ballots are all marked alike, and when in power they act together harmoniously. Indeed the Democratic party has adopted nearly all the principles of the Populists, and the justification of separate organisation has well-nigh disappeared.

Professor Bryce, writing before any of the great questions at present dividing American opinion had become dominant in politics, aptly illustrated the composition of the two parties as they were then constituted, in the following passage:—

'If you find yourself dining with one of "the best people" in any New England city, or in Philadelphia, or in Cincinnati . . . or Minneapolis, you assume that the guest sitting next you is a Republican, almost as confidently as in English county society you would assume your neighbour to be a Tory; that is to say, you may sometimes be wrong, but in four cases out of five you will be right. . . . One may say that all over the north the merchants, manufacturers and professional men of the smaller, perhaps even more than of the larger towns, tend to be Republicans. So too are the farmers, particularly in the north-west. . . . The working class in the cities is divided, but the more solid part of it, the church-goers and total abstainers, are generally Republicans. . . . When, turning southwards, one reaches the borders of the old slave States, everything is changed. . . . In Virginia, or the Carolinas, or the Gulf States, very few men of good standing belong to the Republican party.' *

The converse of Mr. Bryce's propositions will be apprehended and may be accepted as a close approximation to the fact, but need not be stated. We must not forget that he makes an exception to his own statement as to the party division in the North; for there are in that part of the country many men of high standing who are Democrats by inheritance, as it were. Moreover, it is important to know that since the time of the Civil War, when almost all loyal men in the North were Republicans, there has been a series of secessions from the party. Not to mention those whom the greenback and silver agitation carried over to the Democrats, there have been several movements in that direction by men whom it is accurate to describe as belonging to the class of the 'best people,' as,

* 'The American Commonwealth,' vol. ii, p. 30.

for example, when the victorious North seemed to be dealing too harshly with the South in reconstructing the seceded States, when official misdoing was not properly repressed and punished by General Grant, and at other times. The result has been to constitute a party which includes at one end of the social scale a small number of strong, influential, conscientious, conservative men, devoted to the best ideals in government; and at the other end the vast majority of the foreign-born citizens, particularly of the Irish, of the uneducated, the ignorant, the easily-led natives, and of those whose political creed contains but one article—that the government owes them a living. It includes also, as is intimated by Mr. Bryce, substantially the entire white population of the South.

The mixed composition of the party explains both the inconsistencies and self-contradictions that have marked its history, and the striking transformation it has undergone in the last five years. So long ago as 1864 it declared the war for the Union a failure, and chose as its candidate for President the Union soldier, General McClellan, who accepted the nomination but rejected the platform. In 1868 it advocated the payment of the national debt in irredeemable paper-money, and nominated Governor Seymour, whom no one suspected of favouring repudiation in any form. At one time it submits to the leadership of its best men; again it turns contemptuously from them. When on its good behaviour it nominates a Cleveland, and promises all sorts of reform; but when Cleveland sacrifices himself in a brave attempt to carry the virtuous professions of his party into practice it stamps disapproval upon him and his acts. In 1888, and again in 1892, it made tariff reform its battle-cry; in 1896 it declared that the tariff must wait until silver should be admitted to free coinage; in 1900 it declares 'Imperialism' to be the paramount issue. Since the party broke away from Cleveland and entered upon its present radical course it has always been under the management of its most radical and dangerous men. It is so controlled more than ever at the present time, when many of the conservative leaders of the past have withdrawn their support, from conscientious inability to follow the party in its new career. The quandary in which these discarded leaders find themselves is well illustrated by the different ways in which they regard their present duty. Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, supports Mr. Bryan. General Palmer, the candidate of the Gold Democrats in 1896, is 'on the stump' for Mr. McKinley.* A small nucleus of the meteoric shower into

* Since this was written, General Palmer has died.

which the Gold Democratic comet of 1896 has broken up 'flocks by itself,' as Lord Dundreary put it. This faction, early in September, put another 'ticket' in the field.

The Republican party, consisting of the classes quite accurately described by Mr. Bryce, has undergone a transformation not less remarkable than that through which the Democratic party has passed. It was organised to oppose the spread of slavery, and, having a radical programme, it was naturally composed of the radical men of the North. Its character remained unchanged through the Civil War, and during the period of reconstruction. But about that time it began to be called upon to defend the structure it had set up. To preserve the status of the negro, to maintain the financial credit of the nation, to uphold the national bank system, to guard the protective tariff, to prevent the adulteration of the currency by fresh issues of 'greenback' money—all these and others which might be named were tasks of conservatism. Thus the two parties have exchanged positions. The Conservative has become Radical, the Radical Conservative. In one important respect there has been no alteration. From the earliest times the Democratic party defended State rights and opposed any extension of the powers of the Federal Government. Since there remain between State and nation no important questions of sovereignty or jurisdiction, this old tenet of the Democratic party now assumes the form of opposition to centralisation. The Republican party has always defended the supremacy of the nation over the State and has shown a tendency to the policy of centralised government.

Although the party which has controlled the government most of the time during the last forty years can be accused neither of the inconsistencies nor of the assaults upon established institutions that have marred the record of the Opposition, it has had many faults of its own. It has too frequently suffered the party organisation to be used for the personal ends of self-seeking politicians. It has often failed to display courage in announcing its purposes; and, through fear of losing the support of men whose assistance was more to be dreaded than their opposition, has yielded timidly, or compromised shamefully, when it had an opportunity of performing a great service to the country. In recent years and in respect of the latest great issues it has not lacked courage. No doubt the boldness of the party which attacks it has contributed not a little to producing this result.

After the crushing defeat of the Democrats and Populists in 1896, as has been said already, Mr. Bryan announced that the conflict of the year 1900 would be fought upon the same chief

issue of free silver. Since that time he has not wavered in his devotion to the cause. He began, however, two or three years ago, to urge that the suppression of 'trusts' was an issue not to be neglected. It is but recently that he added 'Imperialism' and 'Militarism' to the list of giants which he was to kill. The Democratic convention has declared anti-Imperialism to be the most important weapon in the party armoury. It acted wisely in so declaring, for it would surely have found that the others were more dangerous to the party that handled them than to the enemy.

There is not the slightest reason to think that the sentiments of the bulk of the American people on the silver question have changed during the last four years. On the contrary, they have become more decided than before that free coinage would produce national disaster and involve national dishonour. Four years of prosperity under the present administration have made the people contented to live under a Republican protective tariff, and even more contented with the gold standard. The States where the silver sentiment was most rife have enjoyed the largest share of prosperity. The prophets who predicted universal poverty, should free coinage not be restored, are discredited. It would not be safe to assert that events have converted a large number of the men who formerly advocated the restoration of the dual standard; but it is certainly true that those who regard free coinage as a political panacea are fewer than they were in 1896. Still fewer are those who believe that free coinage can ever be re-established in the United States. But the Democratic party, in national convention assembled, repeated with emphasis the silver formula of the Chicago platform. It still favours the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, without waiting for the consent of any other nation. What is more to the purpose, the reiteration of this article of the modern Democratic faith was inserted in the new 'Kansas City platform' at the express dictation of Mr. Bryan. The important fact is that, however shallow the belief of other Democrats on this point may be, Mr. Bryan still believes all that he has ever uttered on the silver question. Herein, in fact, lies the only real danger to the country in the pending canvass. For, although another issue has been declared to be 'paramount,' there are few people who anticipate that a Democratic Government would so shape its colonial policy as to bring about a final result materially different from that which the Republican administration has in view. But if Mr. Bryan can obtain his election by means of an accession of support given to him in the hope that he will

pursue a 'scuttling' policy in the Philippines, he must, as an honest and sincere man, employ the power so given to him to break down the Republican currency law. In performing this congenial task he would not need the co-operation of Congress. The recent currency law is not—because it could not be—self-acting in its operation. It gives power to the Secretary of the Treasury to adopt certain measures to maintain the gold standard; but it is not effectively mandatory, for it is necessary that the time, manner, and extent of those measures be left to the Secretary's discretion. It follows that a Secretary favourable to the establishment of the silver standard might, and probably would, neglect to avail himself of the power conferred on him. No doubt, in the last analysis, it is the fault of Republican statesmen that the monetary system stands on a basis so insecure that a slight impulse in the wrong direction—perhaps the mere withholding of remedial measures authorised by law at a critical moment—might cause the whole structure to fall in ruin. They have yielded so much and so often to the theory of bimetallism and to the vociferous demands of the silver party that the situation needs to be watched carefully. An administration hostile to the gold standard might bring about silver monometallism by simply doing nothing. It was chiefly the fear of such a collapse of the financial structure that arrayed thousands of Democratic manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen against Mr. Bryan four years ago; it causes them still to oppose him.

For a dozen years past both parties have been watching the amalgamation of companies to which the misnomer 'trusts' has now been permanently attached. Commercial and industrial 'monopolies' have been condemned with varying degrees of emphasis. Congress has passed a law intended to restrict their operations; and many of the States have adopted legislation with a design to prevent trusts from transacting business within their jurisdiction; but, despite everything, the consolidations have continued. Apprehension of social and political peril from the enormous accumulation of capital and from the excessive capitalisation of the huge corporations has not been confined to those whose favourite theme is the oppression of labour by the 'money power.' Yet the evolution of such combinations gives a great opportunity to the demagogue, and he has not been slow to avail himself of it. Fear of the trusts is nevertheless steadily diminishing, and is actually almost dismissed by all save those who are the unceasing foes of capital. The view is becoming more and more prevalent that the consolidation of companies is a natural development of the

corporation system, requiring regulation by law, but not necessarily dangerous. Moreover, the wide distribution of the shares in the companies themselves, which makes a large fraction of the population interested pecuniarily in one or another of them, has an important bearing upon public opinion as well as upon the political effect of a denunciation of all trusts in the platform of a party. It is one of the humours of the campaign that some of the chief lieutenants of Mr. Bryan in his present canvass are known to be largely interested in companies which clearly belong to the category of trusts.

In these circumstances it is not accurate to speak of the 'trust' question as an important issue in the campaign. Both parties promise restraining legislation. The Republicans—

'condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices, and favour such legislation as will effectually restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, labourers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce.'

The Democratic convention, characterising private monopoly as 'indefensible and intolerable,' and declaring that, unless the 'insatiate greed' of such monopolies be checked, 'all wealth will be aggregated in a few hands and the Republic destroyed,' have pledged the Democratic party—

'to an unceasing warfare in nation, State and city against private monopoly in every form. Existing laws against trusts must be enforced, and more stringent ones must be enacted, providing for publicity as to the affairs of corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, and requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside of the State of their origin, that they have no water in their stock, and that they have not attempted and are not attempting to monopolise any branch of business or the production of any articles of merchandise; and the whole constitutional power of Congress over inter-State commerce, the mails and all modes of inter-State communication, shall be exercised by the enactment of comprehensive laws upon the subject of trusts. Tariff laws should be amended by putting the products of trusts upon the free list, to prevent monopoly under the plea of protection.'

The above is the nearest approach that has been made at any time to the formulation of a definite policy or even to the outlining of legislation intended to suppress the trusts. Its impracticability is obvious. How is a company to prove that its stock is not 'watered'—that is, over-capitalised? If a law requiring such proof were strictly enforced, and the test of watering were the cash payment in full of all the shares of a

company, there is not a railway company in the United States that would be permitted to carry a passenger or a pound of goods across the border of a State. How can a company prove that it is not attempting to establish a monopoly? What is to be done with companies which operate under patents, and which are, therefore, protected by law in monopolies authorised by the Constitution? The Republicans have shrewdly refrained from committing themselves to a definite programme. They say that their party has already passed the only workable law on the subject of trusts, and that it can be relied upon to take whatever further action may be necessary. At this moment there is no evidence that the effort of the Democrats to make the trusts an issue in the canvass has met with success. Those who were Democrats before declaim loudly upon the subject; the rest of the community is indifferent.

The great question at issue is the future colonial policy of the Republic. The Democrats and their allies call it Imperialism or Militarism. The Republicans deny that they or anyone else in the country favours a policy which can with accuracy be described as Imperialism. Imperialism in the United States—whether by that term is signified the radical departure from the institutions of the country fancied by the Opposition, or the actual policy of the present administration—is not that which Englishmen understand by the word, as it is applied to their own country. Let us summarise the facts and motives that have given rise to the issue in America. First, the Declaration of Independence, which asserts that 'all men are created equal,' and that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' Americans in general have always held theoretically to these principles; those who adhere to them most strongly are the severest critics of their own Government for certain notorious violations of them. Secondly, the written Constitution, which makes no express provision for the acquisition of territory, by conquest, purchase, or self-cession. Thirdly—since the right to acquire territory in all these modes has been assumed and exercised—a tradition that accessions must be limited to territory contiguous to the Union as it exists. Fourthly, the traditional policy of the country, enjoined by the Fathers—friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the Monroe doctrine, in its modern form, authorising the United States to see that all the independent governments of North and South America have fair play, to protect them against absorption or partition by European Powers, to prevent them from throwing themselves into the arms of any covetous sovereign, and to maintain a mild

police supervision over the whole continent; and the precious privilege—supposed to have been earned by the national virtues of seeking nothing abroad and of guarding weak neighbours—of determining, as to every contest in any part of the world, on which side lies the right.

The foregoing considerations were the basis of the foreign policy of the United States prior to the beginning of Mr. McKinley's administration; and upon the whole the policy was pursued with consistency. The events of the last three years have, however, compelled a modification of some of the principles on which it was based. The war against Spain was in strict accordance with the fundamental idea of the Monroe doctrine. Cuba was governed on the worst model of a practically irresponsible monarchy. The people were oppressed, and were discontented; order was not maintained. So keen was the sympathy of Americans with the misgoverned and struggling Cubans that the Government of the United States was put to heavy expense in endeavouring to restrain its citizens from lending aid to the insurgents. One rebellion followed another; and the cost of policing the coast became almost an annual charge upon the Treasury. Occasional failures to prevent filibustering more than once threatened to embroil the country with Spain. We need not inquire how or why the scandal of a disorderly neighbourhood and the loss of an American ship of war in Havana harbour finally culminated in open war. Apparently the people of the South and West were united in favour of a war policy; their representatives were urged onward by a strong public sentiment. When the crisis came, no political party and few political leaders opposed the declaration of war. The President is known to have broken relations with Spain most reluctantly. The Democratic statesmen forced his hand; his supporters did not venture to contend against the pressure.

The war was popular throughout the country, and among men of all parties; and when it came to an end nearly all Americans were glad it had been undertaken. Those who hesitated longest had become convinced that sooner or later the duty of expelling Spain from Cuba must have been accepted. The easy and complete victory flattered the national pride: it also proved that the time for the performance of the duty was well chosen. A secondary result of the war bids fair to be of vastly greater value to the nation than the achievement of the primary purpose for which it was undertaken. The South took its full share in the contest: Confederate generals and the sons of 'rebels' fought gloriously under the old flag. When peace came it was found that the old sectional bitterness, nearly a

century old, bred and fostered by the existence of slavery, had almost completely disappeared.

But the duty of the nation did not end with the expulsion of Spain from Cuba. The war was undertaken, not only under a national pledge not to make Cuba its prize, but without an intimation by any public man or public journal that military success might be followed by any territorial reprisal. The unexpected welcome given by the inhabitants of Porto Rico to the American forces seems first to have suggested the acquisition of that island as a war indemnity. It is an interesting fact that opposition to an acceptance of the sovereignty over Porto Rico did not manifest itself in any quarter until the inconsistency of making a distinction in principle between a populous island in the West Indies and a group of populous islands in the Pacific had been ironically forced upon the 'anti-Imperialists.' Even now only the most radical anti-expansionists—and not all of them—favour a surrender of Porto Rico. It was no surprise to Americans to learn that, having put an end to Spanish domination in Cuba, their Government had become responsible in the eyes of the world for the future of that island. But they did not appreciate at first—many of them are still unwilling to concede—that when they also destroyed the Spanish power in the Philippines, which they had not consciously undertaken to do, they took upon themselves a burden which they had no right to throw off. They had incurred a moral obligation to control the destiny of a populous community without the consent of the governed.

The political parties take widely different views, first, of the motives that lay behind the clauses of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Philippines; secondly, of the policy pursued toward the Filipinos when the ratification of the treaty vested the sovereignty over them in the United States; thirdly, in respect of the present duty of the Republic toward the islands and their inhabitants. These are the party questions now on trial before the only tribunal that can decide them. On the one hand the Democrats, in their platform, ascribe the Philippine policy to a spirit of 'greedy commercialism,' which they rightly denounce as a 'sordid and unworthy plea.' The Republicans assert that there was never a moment, after Dewey's guns had destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, when the United States could have withdrawn from the islands, or have been less strenuous than it actually was in maintaining authority in the Philippines, without national dishonour and a cowardly shrinking from duty. It is true that the demand for the cession of the islands was not made nor even decided upon

until the Peace Commission met. The supporters of the administration believe the President's hesitation and delay to have been caused by his desire to find another solution of the problem, and by his unwillingness to accept sovereignty over a distant and troublesome possession. His opponents ascribe his action to ambition and a newly born spirit of Imperialism, and to the 'sordid and unworthy' motive of an extension of trade.

The Democrats have no right, however, to call in question the motives of the President and of the Republican senators who voted for the Treaty of Paris. That treaty provides distinctly for the transfer of the sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States. Like all treaties, it required the consent of two-thirds of the senators. The Republicans have a majority of the Senate, but not one large enough to ratify a treaty in the face of a united Democratic opposition. Mr. Bryan ascertained which of the Democratic senators were opposed to the treaty, and urged them to give their votes in favour of it. His influence, thus personally exerted, saved the treaty from rejection. In explanation of his course, he said in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination:—

'The title of Spain being extinguished, we were at liberty to deal with the Filipinos according to American principles. The Bacon resolution, introduced a month before hostilities broke out at Manila, promised independence to the Filipinos on the same terms that it was promised to the Cubans. I supported this resolution and believe that its adoption prior to the breaking out of hostilities would have prevented bloodshed, and that its adoption at any subsequent time would have ended hostilities.'

If this is to be accepted as an accurate and complete explanation of his action, Mr. Bryan appears almost too guileless to be entrusted with the domestic and foreign affairs of a great country. He was in a position to defeat the treaty by merely holding his hand. He was warned by some of the Republican opponents of the treaty that the rejection of it was the only security against taking the Philippines as a colony. He knew that nearly all the Republicans and some of the Democrats would oppose and probably defeat the 'Bacon resolution.' If, in the face of all the warnings he received, he still urged the ratification of the treaty, he, more than any other man, is responsible for the ultimate consequences. He certainly has not the right to be judged by his own version of his motives, and at the same time to judge his opponents by his version of their motives.

The outbreak of the Filipino insurrection has required the employment of a larger army than was ever before raised in the

country, save during the Civil War. The hostilities carried on against the natives have, say the Democrats in their platform—
'placed the United States, previously known and applauded throughout the civilised world as the champion of freedom, in the un-American position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government.'

Beyond all question, if the events of the past two years had occurred ten years ago, and if upon any other country—Great Britain for example—had been imposed the duty of restoring and preserving order in the Philippine Islands, American sympathy would have been enlisted actively on behalf of the natives. Circumstances alter cases. Americans now feel the need of sympathy. They appreciate better than they did formerly the British position in Egypt. They can believe that others than themselves may unwillingly annex and assume the government of territory which they do not covet. The Filipino war has been hateful to the American people without distinction of party. Those who had not the conduct of affairs are ready to tell how it could have been avoided; those who are responsible for the government—and they are not the most bloodthirsty citizens of the Republic—do not know how peace could have been preserved. Mr. McKinley, in his formal letter of acceptance, presents in detail the events which led up to the present situation, quotes freely from the instructions given to the military, naval, and civil officers to whom authority in the Philippines was entrusted, and challenges his opponents to say at what point their policy would have been different from that which was pursued, or in what respect more regardful of human rights and liberties.

The organised insurrection in the Philippines having been suppressed, what next? The policies of the two parties differ in form; it is not so obvious as perhaps it should be that either is in essence and in methods much more imperialistic than the other. The Republican platform puts it thus:—

'Our authority could not be less than our responsibility; and wherever sovereign rights were extended it became the high duty of the Government to maintain its authority, to put down armed insurrection, and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilisation upon all the rescued peoples. The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law.'

President McKinley's own words, in his speech of acceptance, repeat all these points with the greater freedom and vigour permissible in a spoken address:—

'The Philippines are ours, and American authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago. There will be amnesty, broad and liberal, but no abatement of our rights, no abandonment of our duty. There must be no scuttling policy. We will fulfil in the Philippines the obligations imposed by the triumphs of our arms and by the treaty of peace, by international law, by the nation's sense of honour, and, more than all, by the rights, interests and conditions of the Philippine people themselves. No outside interference blocks the way to peace and a stable government. The obstructionists are here, not elsewhere. They may postpone, but they cannot defeat, the realisation of the high purpose of this nation to restore order to the islands, and to establish a just and generous government, in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation for which they are capable.'

The Democratic platform contains these passages:—

'To impose upon any people a government of force is to substitute the methods of Imperialism for those of a Republic.

'The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilisation; they cannot be subjects without imperilling our form of government; and as we are not willing to surrender our civilisation or to convert the Republic into an Empire, we favour an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give to the Filipinos, first, a stable form of government; second, independence; and third, protection from outside interference, such as has been given for nearly a century to the Republics of Central and South America.'

Mr. Bryan, in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination, made the following pledge that he would carry out the programme outlined in the platform:—

'If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba.'

No doubt the two policies are radically different in their professed ultimate purpose. The Democrats would make haste to divest the nation of nominal sovereignty over the islands; the Republicans would maintain a real sovereignty over them. But when it comes to a question of measures to accomplish the two results the difference almost disappears. Both parties propose that the Government of the United States shall establish

a government over the Philippines; the Democratic platform proposes to 'give' them a government. But suppose that the Filipinos do not accept the gift. In that case it must be imposed upon them by force—which is to adopt 'the methods of Imperialism'; or else resort must be had to the 'scuttle policy.' Moreover, while Mr. Bryan does not look so far into the future as to consider what he would do in the event of a revolution in the Philippines and the overthrow of his 'stable government' a week after he had set it up, there can be no question that a government which is to be protected from external interference must be one which the protector deems worthy to be protected. Bearing in mind the turbulent character of the Malay peoples, one can see that the stability of an independent government of their own cannot be maintained without a military force as large as would be required to safeguard American sovereignty. Such an occupation of foreign territory would be as obnoxious to the principles of liberty and free government as would be the retention of sovereignty over the islands. Furthermore, the internal and the external protection of the islands require a large army and navy, precisely as would the policy contemplated by the Republicans, and militarism is in the two cases involved to the same extent.

It will be seen that the problem—what does and what does not constitute Imperialism—has not been fully worked out in America. In no mind, apparently, is the idea so confused and vague as it is in that of Mr. Bryan himself. One might almost fancy that his preparation for a discussion of Imperialism was limited to a study of the dictionary. He seems to have found that 'imperial' signifies 'of or pertaining to an empire,' and that an empire is 'a country under the rule of an emperor.' From these definitions he has arrived at the sapient conclusion that Imperialism in his country involves the substitution of monarchical for republican forms. The germ of this idea appears in a passage, just quoted, from the Democratic platform; but Mr. Bryan adopts the idea in a developed form. A passage from his utterances during this canvass will show that the statement here made is not an exaggeration. It will also show Englishmen to what extent he understands the principles of their government, and under what a yoke of despotism he fancies them to be placed. In accepting the Populist nomination at Topeka on August 23rd, he said:—

'When such an issue [the issue of Imperialism] is raised there can be only two parties, the party, whatever its name may be, which believes in a Republic, and a party, whatever its name, which believes in an Empire; and the influence of every citizen is consciously or

unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, thrown upon one side or the other. Where the divine right of kings is recognised, the monarch can grant different degrees of liberty to different subjects. The people of England can be ruled in one way, the people of Canada in another, the people of Ireland in another, while the people of India may be governed according to still different forms. But there can be no variety in a Republic. The doctrine of a Republic differs from the doctrine of a Monarchy as the day differs from the night, and between the two doctrines there is, and ever must be, an irrepressible conflict. Queen Victoria has recognised this necessary antagonism between the Democratic and Imperial form of government. In proroguing Parliament a few days ago she said: "Believing that the continued political independence of the Republics would be a constant danger to the peace of South Africa, I authorised the annexation of the Orange Free State."

In his earlier speech of acceptance, on August 8th, he made the following startling statements:—

'A Republic can have no subjects. A subject is possible only in a government resting upon force; he is unknown in a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. . . . The whole difference between a Monarchy and a Republic may be summed up in one sentence. In a Monarchy the king gives to the people what he believes to be a good government; in a Republic the people secure for themselves what they believe to be a good government.'

It makes little difference whether Mr. Bryan believes or only wishes his supporters to believe such statements as these. In the one case ignorance, in the other a lack of candour, prove his unfitness even to discuss the great questions of foreign policy which the American people are to decide.

It may be thought that an undue amount of space has been given to the Democratic ideas upon Imperialism as exemplified in the platform and in the utterances of the party candidate. But it cannot be without interest to Englishmen to know with how shallow a knowledge of the world and of other governments, and with what narrow views of great questions of international policy, that candidate would enter upon the duty of administering the government of the United States. No one questions his sincerity; this cannot be said of all his followers. Many prominent men in the party, who now declaim loudly against 'Imperialism,' were, not many months ago, contemptuous toward those who held anti-imperialistic views. They are the same men who denounced free silver before the convention of 1896, and changed their attitude after the platform was made.

There is no need to develop at length the policy of the Republican party. It has already been set forth in practice.

It involves the retention of the new possessions and the maintenance of order in them at any cost. It includes experimental attempts to introduce self-government by the natives, but not a promise to continue the system should it be unsuccessful. Those who support the President in his policy do so on principles analogous to those on which Great Britain rules India. The stump orators who denounce the despotism which the Republic is declared to have set up in the Philippines know that the whole country would be aroused to the highest pitch of indignation were a real despotism to be established, and that without distinction of party the people would unite to put an end to it. As for an empire and an emperor, the lunatic asylums are large enough to contain all Americans who would favour a change from the republican to the monarchical form of government.

Reference has been made to the fact that Mr. Bryan has attracted to his standard this year a class of men in whom his attitude and purpose on every subject save this of Imperialism excite profound distrust. The Republic contains no more estimable citizens than those who form the little group of men, attached to no party, who, under the style of anti-Imperialists, advise the support of Mr. Bryan. They have the most sincere belief in the righteousness of the principles of the Declaration of Independence. They have a deep conviction that Aguinaldo is the Washington of his country, that his followers are to be compared with the 'embattled farmers' who withstood the British forces at Concord Bridge, and that the present administration is more blameworthy than was the government of George III in 1775, because it professes a higher regard for liberty and is sinning against greater light. These men know the difference between Imperialism and government by an emperor. They wish the United States to give up not only the Philippines but Porto Rico and Hawaii as well. They take pains to add that they include the American negro when they insist that all men should have the right of self-government. It is not possible to speak of them in other terms than those of respect: their years entitle most of them to the reverence due to the hoary head. But they have lost the courage of youth: they are alarmed: they doubt the power as well as deny the right to govern colonies. Mr. Bryan gains from their support a flavour of respectability, not a great accession of numbers. The anti-Imperialistic propaganda had its origin in Boston, where the Puritan conscience still survives, self-accusatory, uncompromising, implacable. It impels some men, in seeking light upon their public and private duties, to

disregard every consideration of expediency and of the interests of themselves and others, and to square their conduct rigidly by their view, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow, of absolute right. When such men write and publish sonnets to Aguinaldo, when they send messages of encouragement to the Filipinos, and denounce a gentle and tender-hearted President as a monster and a murderer, they carry few of the people along with them; they only endanger their own reputations. Practical men know that the task before the country is made more difficult by the ill-advised utterances of the anti-Imperialists, but they rather smile than frown: they cannot withhold respect from the men who think they are acting as in the sight of God.

It is, or ought to be, a remarkable fact that while this question of Imperialism, as it is presented to Americans—the government of subject populations—has become so prominent in the politics of the day, that branch of it which concerns the negroes of the southern States is almost wholly neglected. Approximately there are ten million coloured people in the Union; and in the States in which slavery formerly existed they are more numerous than the Filipinos in the archipelago. The amendments to the Constitution, adopted after the Civil War, were designed to secure equality of suffrage to whites and blacks. The intention of the Constitution was long ago nullified by a reign of terror in the South, which the public men of that part of the country now plainly avow to have been undertaken with that end solely in view. At the present time the Constitution itself is undergoing nullification by the adoption of provisions in the State constitutions limiting the right of suffrage. The system is identical in the several States. It is based upon a pretence of introducing an educational test for voters. No one, it provides, can be registered as a voter unless he can write in English and can read any passage of the Constitution of the United States. But any person who was a voter in 1865, according to the law of the State in which he then resided, and the descendants of all such persons, are exempted from the test. Inasmuch as there were no negro voters in 1865, and inasmuch as all white men might have been voters at that time, the provision is not only practically but literally one for applying the test to negroes only.

Four or five of the southern States have already inserted this, which has been termed 'the grandfather clause,' in their constitutions; others are about to do so; and in the course of a few years, if the policy should be continued, practically the whole negro population of the South will be disfranchised.

Now representation in the House and the number of electoral votes in choosing a President are based upon the comparative aggregate population in each State. It follows that the white men in the southern States already possess an undue share of political power, and that in a short time they will possess twice as much power over the government of the country as is enjoyed by the same number of men in the North. But incidentally the change that is taking place is an introduction of imperialistic methods in the most offensive form. It is reducing men who have been citizens to the condition of subjects devoid of all political rights. Yet the Republicans, who gave freedom to the slave, and who have always been the chief if not the only protectors of such political rights as the coloured people still possess, do not even mention in their platform the outrage upon liberty that is being perpetrated. The Democrats, who profit by the denial of the suffrage to the negroes, are, of course, silent on the subject, although they demand the privilege of self-government for the Filipinos. It is left for the pitifully small group of anti-Imperialists to lift their feeble voices in behalf of the negroes at home.

It remains to consider how the several questions at issue are likely to be decided next month by the American people—in other words how far opinion has changed in the States upon the old questions, and how far political action is to be affected by the rise of new. This is a matter of personal observation and of a comparison of the reports made by competent and trustworthy residents in all parts of the country. It is admitted that in the South proper—in the States from Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico—there will be no change. The votes of all those States will be given to Mr. Bryan. The people are less devoted to the cause of free silver than they were four years ago; a considerable number of them have no dread of 'expansion' or of the Imperialism which their leaders assure them is impending. But even those who advocate the gold standard and those who heartily approve the Government policy in the Philippines, will vote with the Democrats. The wonderful growth of manufacturing industry in the South during the last fifteen years has created in that region a strong movement in favour of the protective tariff; but almost to a man those who have changed their position on this question will vote for Mr. Bryan, who is frankly a free-trader. Why? Because the negro issue dominates the South still. There are some observers who believe that, when it has been eliminated from southern politics by the simple expedient of suppressing the negro's

political power, the white people will divide, as do their northern brethren, upon vital problems that affect the whole country. That change is at all events far in the future.

Elsewhere, throughout the country, most men are predisposed in favour of the position on every question taken by their respective parties; as they are in all countries, at every election. A Democratic candidate needs only 'the solid South' and the four formerly 'doubtful' northern States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana to obtain an election by a narrow majority. But the basis of all political prognostications was swept away in the election of 1896. Mr. McKinley carried all four of the 'doubtful' States by majorities aggregating four hundred thousand votes, in a total poll of two and a half millions; he snatched four 'border' southern States from the Democrats; he lost to Mr. Bryan ten of the newer western States which were formerly Republican. This was the work of the free silver issue. The present problems are: how lasting is the effect of the changes wrought by the question of free coinage? how potent is the supposed issue of Imperialism to cause further changes? and in which direction will the resultant of the several new and old forces act?

These pages will reach their readers at a time so near to the counting of the votes that predictions of the result are as needless as they are hazardous. Both parties, a month before the election, are confident of success. The Democrats expect to retain all they had in 1896, to recover the southern States which they then lost, and to capture one or more States in the central West. The Republicans expect the breach which they effected four years ago in the South to be at least partially closed; but they do not need any southern votes. They could lose them all, and so large a State as Indiana beside, and still elect Mr. McKinley. They do not apprehend the loss of any northern State; on the other hand they are confident of regaining some of the States of the far West.

To all appearance the silver question is working in favour of the Republicans both in the East and in the West. A certain number of Gold Democrats, some of whom voted for Mr. McKinley and others who supported the independent ticket of Palmer and Buckner, have returned to their party. But throughout the eastern States the fear of Mr. Bryan's ability and disposition to bring about the silver standard is still rife, and most of those who broke away from the Democratic party from that cause are still opposed to it. On the other hand the mining States and other States of the far West were carried over to Mr. Bryan by the silver issue only; and his evident

purpose to evade all questions as to his present position on that question, in the event of his election, has alienated many of his supporters.

It is more difficult to estimate the effect of the cry of Imperialism, and wholly impossible to discover any popular movement originating from the 'trust' issue. 'Expansion' of the country is universally popular. Mr. Bryan takes pains to say that he is in favour of it. Few of the common people can appreciate the subtle distinction between 'expansion' and 'Imperialism.' The Republicans scoff at the actual fears of some of their opponents and the simulated anxiety of the others. They are not oppressors themselves, and are not in favour of oppression. The best opinion of the political movement is that the surface current is toward the Republican party. Scores of men who were prominent Democrats in Cleveland's time have publicly pronounced 'Imperialism' to be a 'bugaboo,' and proclaimed their intention of voting for Mr. McKinley. Whether or not there is an undercurrent in the opposite direction, a count of the votes alone will determine. Such a movement cannot be inferred from the result of the elections in Vermont and Maine.

It would be but a partial view of the situation and of the probabilities if the material condition of the United States were not made a part of it. It is a well known fact, to which there are practically no exceptions, that in prosperous times the tendency to sustain the existing administration of a government is stronger than in hard times. The circumstance that the past four years have formed a period of almost unexampled prosperity, so far as it is worth anything, is in favour of the Republicans. Mr. Bryan recognises this, for in his address accepting the Populist nomination he urges that the industrial revival and the improvement in the condition of the farmers were not brought about by Republican measures. He also assures the Populists that prosperity is already 'on the wane.' That is a good argument with which to appeal to the party which has always thriven on the cry of 'calamity.' But the evidence of approaching hard times which he produces is not convincing; and throughout the whole region in which the Populist party has been strong there is no indication of a collapse.

To some readers it may be a matter of surprise that in all this discussion of parties and candidates, of political issues, of the colonial policy, and of the minor influences to be examined in connexion with the canvass, no mention has been made of questions involving the relations between the United Kingdom

and the United States. The reason is the simplest imaginable. The American people themselves are not considering those questions. The issues which must be decided by them are too momentous to be complicated either with smaller matters of foreign policy, as to which a mild interest only is felt, or with questions of mere sentiment. No observer of American opinion at the present day, who is also conversant with popular feeling in the past, can fail to be impressed by the decided change that has taken place in the mental attitude of the people towards England. Yet Englishmen, whose interest in American politics has naturally been confined to questions of trade, or of the relations between Canada and the Republic, probably understand clearly neither the former nor the present condition of public opinion. They have fancied a spirit of hostility towards their country which has not existed for many years. The active material as well as moral support given to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland was dictated rather by devotion to the Declaration of Independence principle of 'the consent of the governed' than by a sentiment of opposition to England. If the Republicans made much of every piece of evidence they could accumulate that England greatly desired the downfall of the protective tariff in the United States, the point of their argument was not that protection would injure English trade, but that the trade interests of the two countries were mutually opposed, and that Americans should promote their own interests rather than those of their rivals. When questions of territorial boundary have been raised, each country has, of course, defended its own contention. The isolation of the American Republic, its few points of contact with the politics of the world, its frequent changes of administration, and its lack of a body of trained diplomatists, have given its methods in dealing with its neighbours an amateurish character, and a crudeness which has often seemed reckless and brutal. Beneath the surface there was probably no more firmness on the one side than the other, and on neither side was there an antagonistic spirit that would outlast the decision of the controversy.

The facts that a vast proportion of the American foreign trade is with England, and a large share of Great Britain's foreign trade with the United States; that America's chief industrial struggle has always been to protect its own products from English competition; that Great Britain is practically the only neighbour of the Republic on the American continent, and that numerous boundary, navigation, fishing, and trading questions have always been pending between the Union and the *Dominion*—all these facts have served to create an idea in

America that the two countries could never agree. Whenever the discussion of any question has become acute, American statesmen have expressed their opinion of what they deemed British arrogance and obstinacy in language which is popularly designated as 'twisting the lion's tail.' This oratorical device may be reprehensible, but it is not confined to any one country. But the general attitude of America has been profoundly modified during the last three years. Every American at heart believes that the task of conquering Spain, and still more of imposing the terms of peace, unmolested, was facilitated by the friendly conduct of the British Government. If it be also true that no American who has studied the history of the world fancies that the great and most welcome assistance thus rendered was prompted by pure disinterestedness, his appreciation of the value of British action or abstention is not diminished. All governments base their policy upon considerations of self-interest. Great Britain, in this case, opened the eyes of Americans to the fact that the common interests of the two nations are more numerous and more important than their mutual antagonisms.

It is easy enough to discover in the Democratic platform apparent indications that hostility towards England exists, and is to have its part in determining the result of the pending canvass. The party 'condemns the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a surrender of American interests not to be tolerated by the American people'; it 'condemns the ill-concealed Republican alliance with England . . . which has already stifled the nation's voice while liberty is being strangled in Africa'; and it 'views with indignation the purpose of England to overwhelm with force the South African Republics.' Few votes are caught by these utterances. At the beginning of the war in South Africa many Americans, not merely the Irish politicians who are ever seeking a quarrel with England, but natives of the best class, sympathised strongly with the Boers. At the clubs the discussions on the justice of the case were frequently warm and even angry. It is impossible to say on which side was the sympathy of a majority of the people; but it is not unlikely that, on the whole, England was regarded as being in the wrong. It would nevertheless not be the popular judgment that the interests of civilisation will be promoted by the success of the Boers. No person of standing or influence in public affairs suggested an attempt to assist them with anything more potent than an expression of disapproval of their enemies. Even Mr. Bryan cautiously refrains from going further. As the war raged on and the startling events in China attracted the

attention of the world, interest in the South African struggle died away. It would be difficult at the present time to collect an assemblage of a hundred people in any large American city to listen to the most eloquent champion of the Boers.

Again, on the question of the Nicaragua Canal and the Clayton-Bulwer and Hay-Pauncefote Treaties, there is only a languid interest in America. It was discussed with a certain degree of passion by some of the newspapers a few months ago. Both parties profess themselves to be in favour of the construction and ownership of the canal by the Government of the United States. But no one is really excited over the subject, no one anticipates trouble, no one doubts that the matter will be amicably arranged. That both Great Britain and the United States have rights in the case is recognised by the Republican administration which is at present charged with the conduct of foreign affairs. The same fact would be recognised, after a little harmless and meaningless bluster, by the Democrats, if they should obtain power. In fact it is not to be doubted that both the foreign and the colonial policy of the Government would remain virtually unchanged under a Bryan administration, despite the violent phrases of the Democratic platform and the wholesale condemnation placed upon everything the Republicans have done.

The part played by America in the Chinese crisis does not enter into this canvass. But the Republicans surely ought to have found in the events in that quarter of the world the strongest vindication of their 'Imperialistic' policy. The possession and occupation of the Philippines alone enabled the Government to take an honourable share in the rescue of the besieged Legations. All Americans approve the persistency with which Mr. Hay has opposed the partition of China, and hope for his success. Yet the Republicans have failed to use this point, as they might have done, to disprove the Democratic accusation that the present administration 'has involved us in so-called world-politics, including the diplomacy of Europe and the intrigue and land-grabbing of Asia.'

That there is much that is objectionable and much that is petty in American politics no one denies. Americans themselves do not allow the world to forget it. The accusations and counter-accusations in the party newspapers and on the stump bring most of the misdoing to the surface. On the other hand, the tendency to exaggeration, which is perhaps a national characteristic, is not well understood beyond the limits of the Union. Foreigners naturally believe that is right in its opinion of the other; that public m

most part guided by unworthy motives, or dissuaded from statesmanlike action by fear of the consequences to their personal fortunes; that corruption is rife and boss-rule triumphant; and that, in short, political strife has but one end and aim—vote-getting and place-getting. It is necessary to make a large discount upon all these points. Other nations have gone through epochs when such accusations might well have been brought against them. Let it not be forgotten that England herself encountered and wisely decided great questions of government when there were evils in her political system as extensive and seemingly as ineradicable as those which are sometimes supposed to have free sway in the States—and not wholly unlike them. All students of history know that the evils were but minor incidents, and that a vast majority of the people were right-thinking and well-meaning men. So it is to-day in the United States. Small politicians contend over the candidates for office, intriguers plot and plan to advance their personal fortunes, but the people as a whole, regretting that they must now and then be used by the little political tradesmen for sordid purposes, vote, as they fervently believe, most effectually to promote the honour and welfare of their country. In recent years they have had to decide questions of great moment. Some of them, at least, they have decided wisely, if results are made the test. Other questions lie before them. The people face these issues with courage and with soberness.

ART. X.—FEDERATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Correspondence between the Colonial Office and Governor Sir George Grey respecting his Recall from the Cape of Good Hope, and his subsequent Reappointment.* Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, April 17th, 1860.
2. *Correspondence respecting the Proposed Conference of Delegates on Affairs of South Africa.* (C. 1399.) 1876.
3. *Further Correspondence respecting the proposed Bill for enabling the South African Colonies and States to unite under one Government.* (C. 1732.) 1877.
4. *Further Correspondence respecting the proposed Confederation of the Colonies and States of South Africa.* (C. 1980.) 1878.

EVER since the British Government recognised the independence of the emigrant Boers under the terms of the Conventions of Sand River (1852) and Bloemfontein (1854), the establishment of a Federal Government under the British Crown has been advocated as the natural means of recovering the lost solidarity of the Europeans in South Africa. To-day that object no longer exists, since the formal annexation of what are now the Orange River and Transvaal colonies has brought the whole of European South Africa (with the exception of the German and Portuguese territories) under British rule. Nevertheless, the creation of a federal administration remains the goal of South African statesmanship, as being at once the most economic and the most efficient system of government for the British South Africa of the future.

Before discussing the present conditions of South Africa, in so far as they affect this question of Federal Union, it will be useful to refer briefly to the past. Since the mischievous results of the renunciation policy of 1854 came to be perceived, three attempts have been made to remedy the mistake by the establishment of a Federal Union:

- (i) The abortive attempt of Sir George Grey in 1858;
- (ii) The unsuccessful endeavour to unite the colonies and states by Imperial initiative under the provisions of Lord Carnarvon's South Africa Act, 1877;
- (iii) The partially successful effort of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in 1889-94 to bring about a Commercial Federation.

A statement of the motives which influenced the promoters and opponents of these movements respectively will serve to reveal the significance of present conditions, and assist the reader to estimate in what respect these conditions are likely to promote or delay the attainment of Federal Union in the future.

The motives which led the British Government to confer a separate political existence upon the disaffected section of the Dutch—or, more correctly, Franco-Dutch—population were, primarily, the desire of limiting the financial responsibility of Great Britain in South Africa, and, in a secondary degree, the belief that the separation of the Republican Boers from their kinsmen in the Cape Colony and Natal would facilitate the introduction of self-government in the Cape Colony. The second of these aims was part of the enlightened colonial policy of Lord Grey, who proposed to confer upon the Australasian and Cape colonies as wide a measure of constitutional independence as the circumstances of the several colonies permitted. In the case of the Cape Colony it was thought that the Colonial Dutch would definitely throw in their lot with the British settlers, and alienate themselves in sentiment from their more strenuous and primitive kinsmen who had thrown off the restraints of British rule. Sir George Grey, who became Governor of the Cape in 1854, arrived at the conclusion that the process which he called the 'dismemberment of South Africa' was a mistake, and that the policy of renunciation would fail to achieve the objects which could alone justify its application to South Africa. The knowledge which he rapidly acquired of the political and industrial conditions of the country as a whole made him feel that the estimate of its industrial resources, upon which the determination to limit the responsibilities of the British Government was based, was as unduly depreciatory as the belief that the grant of a separate political existence to the emigrant Boers would simplify the nationality difficulty in the Cape Colony was mistaken. In his correspondence with the newly-organised Colonial Department he reviewed the whole South African situation, and traversed *seriatim* those allegations on the strength of which the British authorities had apparently made up their minds that South Africa would always remain an unremunerative burden upon the financial and military resources of the Home Government. Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa, he wrote, were of 'great and increasing value.' The colonists did not desire Kafir wars, being fully aware of the much greater advantages which they derived from the peaceful pursuits of industry; and they were willing to contribute largely to the defence of the country which they inhabited. The condition of the natives was not hopeless; on the contrary, missionary enterprise was producing most beneficial effects upon the tribes of the interior. Moreover, the countries north of the Orange River, which the British Government had abandoned to the Boer emigrants, were very

fertile and productive, and the population of the Cape Colony was already spreading northward. On the other hand, the policy of renunciation would fail to lessen the power of resistance possessed by the Dutch majority in the Cape Colony. The mere fact that the British Government treated the Republican Boers as a 'separate nation' would not destroy the essential identity of race and sentiment which united them with the colonial Dutch.

'I think there can be no doubt that, in any great public, or popular, or national question or movement, the mere fact of calling these people different nations would not make them so, nor would the fact of a mere fordable stream running between them sever their sympathies or prevent them from acting in unison. . . . Many questions might arise in which, if the Government on the south side of the Orange River took a different view from that on the north side of the river, it might be very doubtful which of the two Governments the great mass of these people would obey.'*

Not only so, but the small Boer Republics would inevitably become 'centres of intrigues and internal commotions'; nor could these diminutive States adequately provide for their protection against the dense masses of Bantu population ready to dispute possession of the territory which the emigrants had occupied. In order to prevent these evils, Sir George Grey proposed to unite the Free State with the British possessions—the Cape Colony, Natal, and British Kaffraria—in a Federal Union, and to establish by this means 'mutual relations' and a 'common council' for these communities. The Boers beyond the Vaal, then a handful of scattered farmers torn by internal jealousies and barely protecting themselves against the native tribes, would doubtless have followed the example of their kinsmen in the Free State. The immediate object which Sir George Grey had in view, in thus attempting to reunite the European Governments in South Africa, was to enable the Europeans to present a united front against the military tribes which at this period were continually disturbing the peace. The Boers in the Free State were exhausted by almost continuous conflicts with the Basutos, and they readily acquiesced in the proposed union. After securing the adhesion of the Free State, Sir George Grey formally proposed his scheme of Federal Union to the Home Government. His proposal was not only rejected, but he himself was charged with 'disobedience,' and recalled by a despatch of June 4th, 1859. Later in the same

* Despatch of November 19th, 1858, to the Colonial Secretary (Sir E. B. Lytton).

year he was reinstated, but he was allowed to remain at the Cape on the one condition (wrote the Colonial Secretary)—

'that you feel yourself sufficiently free and uncompromised, both with your Legislature and with the inhabitants of the Orange River Free State, to be able personally to carry into effect the policy of Her Majesty's Government, which is entirely opposed to those measures, tending to the resumption of sovereignty over that State, of which you have publicly expressed your approval in your speech to the Cape Parliament, and in your answers to addresses from the State in question.'

The circumstances of Lord Carnarvon's attempt to reunite the colonies and states of South Africa are so recent and notorious that they can be set forth with less detail. The particular elements in the South African situation of 1875 which made the creation of a central authority especially desirable, were (1) the menacing attitude of the native population consequent upon the acquisition of firearms, purchased by the wages earned in the diamond fields, and (2) the fact that the northward expansion of the Europeans, stimulated by the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley in 1870, had brought the British Government once more into conflict with the Republican Boers. Moreover the Transvaal Government, of which President Burgers was then the head, was practically breaking down under the strain of the war with Sekokuni, and it was known that a large section of the inhabitants of that country would welcome the establishment of British rule. In spite of the failure of Mr. Fronde's mission and of the opposition manifested by the Molteno Cabinet,* Lord Carnarvon persevered, and after carrying his South Africa Act through the British Parliament, sent out Sir Bartle Frere 'nominally as Governor, but really as the statesman . . . most capable of carrying my scheme of confederation into effect,'† Sir Theophilus Shepstone, acting under a Special Commission, annexed the Transvaal on April 12th, 1877. The revolt of the Kafirs on the eastern border of the Cape Colony, and the Zulu War, prevented Frere from taking any immediate steps to promote the adoption of Lord Carnarvon's proposals until June 1880. Mr. (now Sir) Gordon Sprigg's Ministry was then virtually defeated by the Afrikaner party on the Federation question, and in August 1880 Sir Bartle Frere was recalled. In the following December the Boers

* Responsible government had been introduced into the Cape Colony in 1872.

† Letter to Sir Bartle Frere, October 13th, 1876, in which Lord Carnarvon asked Frere to undertake the Governorship of the Cape. Frere actually reached the Cape on March 31st, 1877.

revolted, and on August 3rd, 1881, the Convention of Pretoria was signed, and the retrocession accomplished.

The bare mention of these facts is sufficient to recall the general circumstances which accompanied Lord Carnarvon's endeavour to regain the lost solidarity of South Africa. We have now to consider the grounds upon which Mr. Molteno and his party opposed Lord Carnarvon's scheme of Federation before the arrival of Sir Bartle Frere, and the reasons why such a federal constitution as was sketched out in the South Africa Act of 1877 was considered undesirable even by those who approved of the general principle of federal union. The official correspondence of the Cape and Imperial Governments and the utterances of the colonial press show that there were two principal objections to Lord Carnarvon's scheme. In the first place the Cape Colony would in effect be charged with almost the entire cost of the federal native administration; and in the second, Lord Carnarvon's Federal Constitution was such that the Cape Colonists would lose, to some extent, their newly acquired privileges of self-government.

The basis of the first objection lay in the fact that at this period (1875-8) the Cape Colony was beyond comparison superior in point of European population and wealth to the remaining members of the proposed Union—Natal, Griqualand West, and the Dutch Republics; while on the other hand the native responsibilities of these smaller communities were proportionately far more onerous than those of the Cape Government. It must be remembered that this was before the destruction of the Zulu military system and the storming of Sekokuni's stronghold had unmistakably demonstrated the military superiority of the European in the eyes of the native population of South Africa. The proposal of the Cape Government, therefore, was to secure unity, not by the establishment of a Federal Constitution, but by the gradual incorporation of the other communities into the system of the Cape Colony—the several communities being incorporated only when they had made sufficient progress to enable them to contribute a proportionate share to the general cost of native administration. The Colonial view is expressed in the following extract from a minute furnished by Mr. Molteno on March 15th, 1877, to the Governor, Sir Henry Barkly:—

'The effect of the measure [the South Africa Act, 1877] as submitted for their consideration in its present form will be, as Ministers conceive, to abrogate, on the union of any state or colony with the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the constitution which Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to bestow on this Colony, and

to substitute for that constitution a Legislature elected under the provisions of the Bill. If this were absolutely necessary, however much Ministers would deplore it, they might feel inclined to yield; but, seeing that this Colony is, from its size, the number of its population, and its resources, by far the most important of the South African communities, and to a great extent may be considered as the parent of those communities, such a measure seems unnecessarily sweeping, and Ministers do not consider it would be either necessary or desirable.

'They would, on the contrary, submit for the consideration of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that in their opinion the end and object aimed at by Her Majesty's Government, and in which Ministers concur, might be attained in a more simple, and, they venture to think, in a more effectual manner by preserving the Parliament of the Cape of Good Hope, and providing for the representation therein, by the state or colony willing to join in the Union, of members elected by such state or colony; and the said Parliament might, after such union, be called the Union Parliament, the number of members to be returned by such state or colony, and the terms upon which the local government of such state or colony and the larger Colony would be carried on, respectively to be settled by mutual agreement, and to be ratified by Proclamation or Order in Council, as provided in Clause 3 of the Permissive Bill.

'Subject to this general provision, they would propose that the whole arrangement of details should be left for settlement by the parties to the proposed Union rather than that they should be fixed by the proposed Bill, the provisions of which in this respect, by provoking discussion and criticism, are likely to detract from its utility as a purely Permissive Bill.' (C. 1980, p. 8.)

Lord Carnarvon's Constitution was of course framed with the view of providing the best form of government, not for the Cape Colony alone, but for South Africa as a whole under the then existing conditions. Of these the most salient were the numerical preponderance of the Dutch population over the British, and the fact that the great mass of the native population had not as yet been brought under European control, while the military power of Cetywayo and his confederates constituted an immediate menace to the safety of the Europeans. The scheme included a Union (or Federal) Government, consisting of a Governor-General, a Privy Council of the Union, and a Union Parliament of two Chambers—a Legislative Council, and a House of Representatives. The local Legislatures, styled Provincial Councils, were to consist of one or two Chambers as the case might be; and for them were exclusively reserved, as matters of local concern, the terms of the provincial franchise, direct taxation for provincial purposes, marriage and property laws, education, local works, &c. An important feature in the

Act—and one which was hotly resented by the Dutch settlers—was the provision made for the ‘due representation of the natives in the Union Parliament and in the Provincial Councils, in such manner as shall be deemed by Her Majesty to be without danger to the stability of the Government.’ There was to be, moreover, a General Court of Appeal; and Free Trade was to be established between the members of the Union.

On the other hand, the appointment of the members of the Privy Council of the Union, and those of the Legislative Council, by nomination of the Governor-General, involved the Cape Colony in a loss of constitutional freedom. This was the point especially objected to by the Progressives of that day:—

‘We consider the adoption of Confederation,’ wrote the *Telegraph* of Port Elizabeth, ‘to be worth all and more to us than Lord Carnarvon or even Mr. Froude has ever valued it at; but, in our opinion, any endeavours to urge the adoption of the Bill as gazetted will only harden the prejudices of every division of the Colony against the consideration of even the principle involved.

‘The gifts it brings us are dust and ashes. The privileges it takes away from us are such as men worth any consideration, or who have any feelings whatever of independence or patriotism, hold to be the most precious that the citizens of any State can acquire. They are privileges for which the leading politicians, the press, and all intelligent citizens have struggled in this country until they attained to their possession. Some good Conservatives may think that the more adventurous section of the community are hasty sometimes in their desire to advance; but none of any influence ever ventured to raise the argument that the Colony did not do wisely when it ceased to be governed entirely by officials guided directly by views of distant statesmen, and took upon itself the responsibility of constitutional existence. The movement for Confederation has been conceived to be one made in advance, not in retreat; the policy was to be one of progression, not of retrogression. The Bill proposed would take all the life of our political being, and reduce everything approaching the representation of the people to the miserable condition of an impotent farce. . . .

‘If the Bill were to destroy the constitution of the Cape, root and branch, and make it once more a Crown Colony, we could understand its provisions, and possibly we might be content to be found in security, civilisation, and large profits by the agency and expenditure of the home authorities. But, surely, if we are to be taken care of throughout, it is pitiful mockery to be offered the semblance of representation with a view to the Colony being saddled with responsibilities, debts, and taxation, while the opinions of these representatives when disagreeable can be brushed aside as mere cobwebs by the presumptuous nominee Council, an obsequious Privy Council, and a magnificent Governor-General.’

Mr. Rhodes's effort was confined to the promotion of a Commercial Federation. During the period when he was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony (1890-96) the policy of racial conciliation was being energetically practised, and the industrial development of South Africa was rapidly proceeding under the double stimulus of the occupation of Mashonaland by the Chartered Company, and the establishment of the gold industry on the Randt. In 1889 the Free State had joined the Cape Colony in a Customs Union, and in the same year a Railway Convention was concluded between these two Governments, under which the Cape Colony undertook to construct and work a line running through the Free State to the Transvaal border, which was to serve the Randt district, until the Free State Government were prepared to take it over.* Mr. Rhodes himself had worked in harmony with the leaders of the Afrikaner party ever since the Bechuanaland Settlement of 1884-85, and his parliamentary position depended upon the support of the Bond. It was his intention to use the great resources which he commanded as Chairman of the De Beers Company, Managing Director of the British South Africa Company, and Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, to induce the Afrikanders of the Cape Colony to unite with the Free State in a common effort to force the Transvaal Government to abandon its attitude of fiscal isolation. In this policy the Imperial Government co-operated to the extent of offering to allow President Kruger to construct a railway to Kosi Bay—and thereby realise the ambition of his life in the acquisition of a sea-port for his Republic—on condition that the Transvaal entered the South African Customs Union within three years. President Kruger's reason for rejecting this tempting offer lay no doubt in the fact that the Hollander immigration, and the construction of the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay Line by a Dutch Company, had for the time being alienated his sympathies from the Afrikanders in the Cape Colony and even from the Free State. At any rate, in 1895 he practically declared commercial war upon the Cape Colony by closing the Vaal Drifts. The Transvaal, therefore, refused to join the Customs Union, partly on commercial grounds—that is to say, because it was pledged to support the Netherlands South African Railway Company, with Delagoa Bay as the port for the Randt district, against the rival lines running respectively from the Cape ports and from Durban; and partly from a fear lest commercial union should lead to political union and the consequent

* This was not done until 1897.

extinction of President Kruger's ambition to make his Republic 'a sovereign international State.' The British colony of Natal also refused to give its adhesion to the proposed commercial Federation. It did so on definitely commercial grounds. The little colony was pushing forward its railway system with great energy towards the Randt, in order that Durban might compete with the Cape ports and Delagoa Bay for the carrying trade of the gold districts. Fiscal union with the Cape Colony and the Free State would have compelled the Natal Government to equalise their tariff with that adopted by the Cape Colony and the Free State. This would have meant an immediate sacrifice of the prospect of earning a share in the profits of the carrying trade to the industrial centre of South Africa, since it was only by keeping the Natal tariff low that the Durban route could hope to compete successfully with its rivals.

With the revolt of Johannesburg and the incursion of Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal (December 29th, 1895), the hope of a commercial federation to be achieved through the influence of Mr. Rhodes was abruptly dispelled.

In order that the experience of the past, here briefly outlined, may be applied the more readily to the present situation, it will be convenient to gather up the results of the foregoing retrospect.

The cause of the failure of Sir George Grey's effort was the direct refusal of the Home Government to listen to 'the man on the spot'—a refusal largely due to ignorance of the political and industrial conditions of the South Africa of that day. With the events of the last twelve months burnt into the brain of England and the Empire this folly is not likely to recur. The immediate cause of the failure of Lord Carnarvon's Federation policy was the abandonment and subsequent recall of Sir Bartle Frere. The Imperial Government had put their hands to the plough and had looked back. It may be safely assumed that neither the present High Commissioner, nor any future representative of the Queen in South Africa, will be again suffered to be deprived of the support alike of his official superiors and of the nation by the exigencies of party politics. Of the two causes, however, which originally made Lord Carnarvon's scheme unacceptable to the people of the Cape Colony—the fear that their political freedom would be curtailed, and the dread of incurring an undue proportion of the burdens of native administration—the former remains as active as ever, while the latter has been largely modified, if not altogether removed. Every proposal for Federal Union

tending to diminish the privileges enjoyed under responsible government would prove as unacceptable to-day to British colonists not only in the Cape Colony but in Natal, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia, as it did to the colonists of the Cape twenty-five years ago. In other words, it would be hopeless to attempt to create any Federal Constitution until, at all events, the majority of the colonies can enter the Union on an equal footing of responsible government, and until the principle of responsible government can be adopted in the Federal Legislature and Executive. On the other hand, the fear of incurring a disproportionate share of the burden of a common native administration would not (for reasons which will be shortly explained) now deter any colonial Government from entering the Union.

The causes which led to the refusal of Natal and the Transvaal to enter the Customs Union promoted by Mr. Rhodes were mainly fiscal. The commercial rivalry of the several colonies will remain one of the chief obstacles to Federal Union in the future; and indeed the difficulty will probably be accentuated in the period of rapid industrial development which should follow the establishment of British rule throughout South Africa. The commercial interests of the several colonies will be the more energetically maintained in proportion as these interests themselves increase in magnitude.

But although many of the causes which have in the past been adverse to Federal Union will still operate, the political and industrial conditions of South Africa after the war will exhibit certain changes wholly favourable to such a Union. In the first place, there is the obvious fact that the establishment of British authority on an indisputable basis will deprive the Dutch population of their chief motive for opposing any Federal Union under the British Crown; since it may be hoped that the object-lesson of the present war will prevent both the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange River colonies and the Dutch Afrikaners of the Cape Colony from any longer cherishing the ambition of a 'South Africa for the Afrikaners.' At the same time the Hollander officials—a potent influence for evil—will be eliminated from the reformed administration of the Transvaal Colony.

In the second place the burden and responsibilities of native administration have been greatly reduced during the last twenty-five years by the gradual establishment of European authority over practically the whole of the Bantu population from the Zambesi to Cape Town. The administration of a

native population, which outnumbered the European in the proportion of six to one, is a grave responsibility from which the European inhabitants of South Africa cannot escape; but now that the fact of European supremacy has been practically accepted by this native population, native administration has ceased to constitute a serious military burden; and although the task of educating the native and fitting him by social and industrial training for such a partnership with the European as may be mutually beneficial to both parties presents many difficulties, it is a task which can be accomplished more easily and more efficiently by a single federal authority than by the action of the separate colonial Governments. The respective contributions which the several colonies would be required to furnish to the cost of a common native administration should be less, and not greater, than the cost which these communities would separately incur on the same account. The native question, therefore, in its present form—as a social and economic, instead of a military question—no longer constitutes an obstacle to Federation, but rather presents arguments in favour of united action which will increase in cogency as the industrial development of South Africa proceeds.

Apart from the settlement of reservists and of British and colonial volunteers, which—it may be hoped—will be among the immediate results of the war, it must be remembered that the proportion of British settlers has largely increased since the epoch of Lord Carnarvon's federation policy. This increase of British settlers was due to the commercial development of which the establishment of the gold industry in the Transvaal and the founding of Rhodesia were the most striking manifestations. In South Africa, as a whole, before the outbreak of the war, there were probably nearly as many inhabitants of British origin as there were of Dutch. A still more rapid development of the mineral and agricultural resources of South Africa in general, and of the Transvaal in particular, will follow the establishment of the Queen's authority from the Zambesi to Cape Town; and this development should—and indeed must—lead to the introduction of fresh Anglo-Saxon immigrants in such numbers that a substantial British majority will be secured in the course of the next few years. The probable increase of British settlers is an element of vital importance in the situation as it affects the question of Federal Union; and in order to understand its significance it is necessary to form some definite estimate of the probable trend of events after the war.

Three periods of administration lie before the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies:—

(i) Martial law, until the Queen's authority has been established;

(ii) A Government of the type indicated by the term 'Crown Colony'—*i.e.* one in which the principle of representation is admitted in a greater or less degree according to circumstances;

(iii) Responsible government, or full Parliamentary self-government.

During the first two of these periods—periods of uncertain duration—the realisation of any scheme of Federal Union is not to be expected; since there is a general consensus of opinion that a Federal Constitution cannot be created until self-government has been established in at least the majority of the South African Colonies. Now, as the grant of responsible government cannot be made to the inhabitants of the two new colonies until the bad effects of the war have been obliterated, and political stability and industrial progress have been restored; and as, moreover, it is certain that the most effective method of securing this political stability is to introduce fresh Anglo-Saxon settlers into the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and generally into South Africa, it follows that the question of fresh settlers governs the question of Federal Union. In plain words, the present preponderance, or even equality, of the Dutch population in South Africa would alone constitute a sufficient reason for postponing the creation of a Federal South Africa. So long as this preponderance is maintained, the application of the principle of responsible government to the Federal Constitution would require the recognition of the Dutch language and the maintenance of the Dutch Afrikaner laws and institutions, whereas the experience of the last twenty years affords unmistakable evidence that to allow the Federal Parliament to be controlled by a hostile Dutch majority would be the most fatal of political blunders. If a Federal Legislature and Executive are to be entrusted with the destinies of South Africa, the control of that Legislature and Executive must be in the hands of loyalists; in short, British ideas, political, social, and industrial, must be allowed to work without hindrance in the future development of a country for which so great a price has been paid by the Empire at large.

Assuming then that Federal Union cannot be introduced until responsible government has been established throughout the South African Colonies, it remains to consider what advances in the direction of administrative uniformity can be usefully attempted in the immediate future; that is to say, while the

Transvaal and Orange River Colonies remain in the stage of Crown Colonies. A precedent for such an endeavour to secure uniformity of action in matters of common concern, pending the creation of a Federal Union, is to be found in the practice of the Australasian Governments during the period in which the Commonwealth Constitution was in the making. During this intermediate period the principle that the representatives of the various Australasian Governments should consult upon matters of common concern to Australasia was put into practice. Conferences were held from time to time at which the respective Premiers met; and by this means a common course of action was pursued where necessary, as in the case of the question of Chinese immigration. It is not too much to hope that the representatives of the Colonial Governments in South Africa should, by means of similar conferences, secure uniformity of action in such matters as railway administration and rates, customs, and the treatment of the native population.

To those who have expected to see a Federal South Africa rise directly from the ashes of the present conflagration, and whose thoughts have been running upon such questions as the site of the Federal capital, the relationship of the Governor-General to the Lieutenant-Governors, and the rectification of colonial boundaries, this programme will no doubt appear timid and insignificant. Nevertheless, in view of the complexity of the problem of South African unity—in view of the wide divergences of interest which keep the several colonies apart, of the broad lines of cleavage scored across the map of South Africa by the underlying antagonism of the European and the native, the Dutch and the British, the agricultural and the urban settlers, to say nothing of the opposite ideals placed before the British public by Exeter Hall and St. Swithin's Lane—the nation will have reason to congratulate itself if it sees this modest programme carried into effect. Nor are the practical advantages to be derived from the attainment of mutual co-operation in these matters inconsiderable. What is wanted now is not constitution-making, but industrial development. It cannot be too strongly insisted that the one paramount need of South Africa, from the moment that the embers of Boer resistance are quenched, is the settlement of fresh Anglo-Saxon colonists. The rapid development of the agricultural and industrial resources of the country would at one and the same time create opportunities for the reception of these Anglo-Saxon emigrants, and by diverting the attention of the Dutch population from their political ambitions, heal the festering sores of racial animosity. It is in the Transvaal, of course,

that the most immediate and striking results may be expected. Under the Boer Government the mining industries already established were subjected to an annual burden of unfair taxation and extortionate charges which cannot be estimated at less than two and a half millions sterling. The heaviest item in this total consisted of 1,000,000*l.* paid to the Netherlands Railway Company in excess of the commercial value of the services rendered, and 350,000*l.* exacted by the dynamite monopoly. Assuming that the cost of expropriating the Netherlands Railway, and the proportion of the expenses of the war with which the revenue of the Transvaal Colony is charged, will fall mainly upon these mining industries, they should still benefit to the extent of 1,000,000*l.* annually by the establishment of British rule. The direct relief thus afforded to the existing industries will form only a part of the industrial advantages of the new régime. The security of British rule will attract capital for the development of fresh mineral areas, and the increased population due to this cause will create a demand for agricultural produce which will justify the expenditure of capital, public and private, on irrigation works and light railways, and so lead in turn to the development of the agricultural and pastoral areas.

To this industrial development of South Africa, of which the first and most striking results are to be looked for in the Transvaal, the attainment of uniformity in regard to these matters will materially contribute. The transfer of the Transvaal* and Orange River railway systems to British hands will remove the political causes which stood in the way of agreement; and the adjustment of the separate interests of these colonies, and of the railway interests of Rhodesia, Natal, and the Cape Colony, remains therefore to be effected upon commercial and financial grounds. The increased economy and efficiency of intercolonial co-operation will enable a substantial reduction of rates to be accomplished without decreasing the railway revenues of the respective Colonial Governments, or of the private companies concerned. At the same time an adjustment of the tariffs should prevent the fiscal necessities of any separate Colonial Government from interfering with the reduction of the cost of living which may be expected from uniformity in the administration of the railways. In particular, all foodstuffs should be admitted as nearly free as possible. Scarcely inferior

* It is to be presumed that the expropriation of the Netherlands Railway Company will be effected; but in any case the British Administration in this colony will succeed to the controlling powers and interests possessed by the late Transvaal Government.

in importance to these questions is the necessity for providing an abundant supply of native labour, not only for the mining and other industries already established, but also for the irrigation works and light railways which are to open up fresh districts for agricultural settlers. Concerted measures, based, for example, on the principle of Mr. Rhodes's Glen Grey Act, would stimulate the native population to offer their services to European employers; and special facilities for the economic transport of native labourers should be arranged, so that the supplies afforded by the great seats of Bantu population may be easily drawn upon. This question of transport is important, since it is the practice of the African natives to engage themselves for comparatively short periods, say three months, or six months, as the case may be, and then return to their homes, where they establish themselves for life by purchasing wives and cattle with the proceeds of their earnings.

In short, the impulse to federate must come from within and not from without. The army of Great Britain and of the Empire has accomplished the all-important task of securing the unity of a common subordination to the British Crown; the Imperial Government is pledged to promote the settlement of such members of the reserve forces, and of the British and Colonial volunteers, as desire to make their home in the country where they have risked their lives. It is more than probable that municipal self-government will be granted to the Randt and to other urban districts in the Transvaal so soon as the exigencies of the military situation permit. When the time comes to grant responsible government to the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, it may be possible to make the acquisition of these privileges by the inhabitants of the former Republics simultaneous with the creation of the Federal Constitution. If this were possible, and if, further, the sentences of disenfranchisement on the rebels in the Cape Colony were annulled, the establishment of Federal Unity might be presented to the Dutch population of South Africa as heralding an era of complete political freedom and racial conciliation. But whether this be possible or not, administrative unity is now a matter for the colonists themselves. It is a movement which the Imperial Government will welcome, but one which it can do little to promote.

ART. XI.—ENGLISH PATRIOTIC POETRY.

1. *Lyra Heroica*. Edited by W. E. Henley. London: Methuen, 1893.
2. *A Selection from Drayton and Daniel*. By H. C. Beeching. London: Dent, 1899.
3. *Poems of England (with Notes)*. By H. B. George and Arthur Sidgwick. London: Macmillan, 1896.
4. *Songs*. By Charles Dibdin.
5. *Poems written during the Russian War*. By Archbishop Trench. London: Kegan Paul, 1900.
6. *Barrack-Room Ballads*. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Methuen, 1892.
7. *The Seven Seas*. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Methuen, 1896.
8. *The Island Race*. By Henry Newbolt. London: Mathews, 1898.
9. *For England's Sake*. By W. E. Henley. London: Nutt, 1900.

WITH the death of Browning and Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, and William Morris, English poetry passed into a silver age. The hopes and fears kindled by so many startling discoveries in the region of natural science had exhausted themselves; that pre-occupation with the Middle Ages which had followed upon the Oxford movement had passed; and no new passion had arisen to take their place. We had settled down in poetry either to copy the old masters with Mr. Watson, or to embroider natural scenery with Mr. Bridges, or with Mr. Yeats to play with Celtic dreams. All at once, upon this ingenious trifling came a great war in South Africa, and along with it a generous and unanticipated response to our imperial needs throughout the length and breadth of our colonies. Once more we were in a period of storm and stress; and the questions presented in the field of literature began once more to be of intense interest. Would the new afflatus find a new poet through whom to speak? If so, in what shape would the new work of art be born? And then, how would the silver writers behave under the strain? Which of them would 'awake the Spartan fife'? It may be worth while to consider how far and in what way these questions have been answered.

We may preface our enquiry by examining some characteristics of the patriotic poetry which the great poets of England have bequeathed to us from bygone ages. The new-born

pride of Elizabethan Englishmen in their country, which succeeded the defeat of the Invincible Armada, was reflected in the historical plays of Shakespeare. In 1593 appeared 'Richard II,' in 1594 'King John,' and in 1597-8 the two parts of 'Henry IV' and 'Henry V.' The first point that strikes a reader who looks at these plays from our present point of view, is that Shakespeare has chosen his subjects in an age far removed from the politics of his own day, when the national enemy was France and not Spain. By so doing he made indeed a sacrifice of the immediate sympathies of his audience, but he gained far more than he lost. In taking his facts not from news-sheets but from the pages of old chroniclers, he chose a material already far on its way to be sublimed into poetry, already disencumbered of unessential detail, and with the valour of its personages already heightened to heroic stature, and their sorrows and failures deepened to a tragic intensity. The truth at which the poet aims is independent of particular circumstances; if he can display upon a conspicuous stage the qualities that make a great king or a great people, or the qualities that lead them to ruin, it is of no consequence to him that John Lackland and Richard of Bordeaux were worse or better men than he has described them; he is content if his personages have so much verisimilitude that the historical sense of his audience is not outraged.

In the second place it is apparent that such patriotic appeals as are introduced into his plays arise naturally out of their context, and can with difficulty be separated from it. The influence upon the spectator's mind is a reflected influence; the speeches cannot be shouted across the footlights; they must be uttered within the limits of the stage to the *dramatis personæ*. In so conditioning his appeals—for it hardly needs insistence that the appeal is really to the audience—Shakespeare's instinct proved itself infallible as ever. There seem to be two chief reasons for such a course. In the first place patriotism is so delicate a plant that it needs always the support of this or that great triumph or sorrow, if it is to flourish at all. Except in regard to some such special circumstances we should be as little disposed to love our country as to love the air we breathe. A second reason is that the temperament of Englishmen is—or was—so shamefaced and undemonstrative that it will hardly tolerate appeals to patriotism except at a crisis, and will not tolerate them even then if the note is pitched high. One of the few excellent things in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's far from excellent book 'Stalky and Co.' is his description of the shamefaced disgust that fell upon an audience of boys when a too demonstrative

Member of Parliament concluded a patriotic harangue by waving the Union Jack. Shakespeare, although he wrote when the full tide of Elizabethan patriotism was flowing, wrote no patriotic lyrics.

A third point is that, notwithstanding this deliberate lowering of the emotional key, and the choice of what may seem a pointedly unemphatic vocabulary, Shakespeare's patriotic appeals go home to their mark, and as certainly to-day as when they were first written. Thus it is with lines like those with which 'King John' concludes:—

'Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.'

Again, the famous description of England in Gaunt's dying speech, so studiously simple and restrained for the most part, rises indeed at the end to something of lyric intensity, but only that the wave of emotion may fall over and break in a passion of shame and pity; and even so the speech is placed in the mouth of a dying man, kindled to prophetic rapture of affection and wrath by his approaching end:—

'This happy breed of men, this little world . . .
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.'

But besides the way of indirect instruction in the causes and conditions of national welfare, such as Shakespeare employs in 'Richard II' and 'King John,' and besides that of direct and rousing appeals such as he introduces incidentally in these dramas, there is a third way in which patriotic themes may be successfully treated, and that is by the description of heroic exploits. Shakespeare's masterpiece in this mode is 'Henry V,' which is a chronicle-history of the battle of Agincourt, just enough dramatised to supply an interest in the characters and fortunes of the two sides, and so in the unexpected but inevitable issue. Here also Shakespeare is careful to keep the key low; he attributes success not to any superhuman valour in the English army—which he exhibits in the persons of certain very human specimens of its component nationalities, Captains Gower, Fluellen, MacMorris, and Jamy—but partly to the English doggedness, partly to the vaingloriousness of their foes, and not least to the prowess of their heroic and religious king. The only victories worth celebrating are those

which have been won against odds; for these have depended not only upon physical but upon moral qualities. It is upon the patience and cheerfulness of the English quite as much as upon their valour that Shakespeare rivets our attention:—

‘Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning’s danger.’

Michael Drayton, who sang the same great victory in a ballad measure, is no less careful of the Englishman’s modest susceptibilities. He emphasises the pride of the French in sending to the king for ransom, and Henry’s heroism in refusing to be ransomed, and averts the evil eye by rhetorically questioning whether Englishmen were in his day as brave as their ancestors:—

‘Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?’

But, having satisfied these moral and Anglo-Saxon conventions, he can surrender himself to the strong joy of battle; and never before or since in English has fighting been sung in so swift and vigorous a line. There are critics who would deprive Drayton of all the honour of this magnificent poem, on the plea of some quite imaginary ballad, now lost, from which he drew his inspiration; just as there are critics who wish to claim for Shakespeare Drayton’s magnificent sonnet, ‘Since there’s no help, come let us kiss and part.’ Happily Drayton has left work in each kind which, though not equal to these master-pieces, approaches sufficiently near to afford evidence that they are from the same hand. The ‘Virginian Voyage’ is a patriotic ballad, with a slow *staccato* movement, like a series of notes on a trumpet, which is not so well known as it deserves. But it does not attain to the rank of the ‘Ballad of Agincourt.’ The very first line of this ballad,

‘Fair stood the wind for France,’

is an inspiration of genius, as happy as the old Hebrew boast, ‘The stars in their courses fought against Sisera,’ if not, indeed,

happier, as being content with implying rather than stating that the heavenly powers were on the side of the English.

We have to pass from the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth to the still more spacious days of Queen Victoria before we come upon a second great era of national poetry; and for any large and comparable achievement in this field we must pass from the plays and ballads of Shakespeare and Drayton to the plays and ballads of Tennyson, who was a learned student of their methods as well as a poet of great and original genius. As the disciple of Shakespeare, Tennyson must be held to have achieved some successes but to have failed upon the whole. It cannot be said, even by Tennyson's greatest admirer, that in his plays of 'Queen Mary,' 'Harold,' and 'Becket,' he has had Shakespeare's success in fusing the national and personal interests. In all of them, what dramatic interest there is concerns the fortunes of the chief character as an individual, not as the representative of England; and the interest is commonly but languid. But in the patriotic speeches which are introduced here and there he is undoubtedly successful, and in Shakespeare's own manner. How entirely subservient to the play and dramatically in key, and yet at the same time interesting and affecting to the audience, is the dream of the dying Confessor, in 'Harold':—

‘The green tree!
Then a great Angel past along the highest
Crying “The doom of England,” and at once
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him
Three fields away, and then he dash'd and drench'd,
He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it
Straight on the trunk, that thus baptised in blood
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose
And past again along the highest crying
“The doom of England!”’

It is as the pupil of Drayton that Tennyson has plucked his fairest laurels as a patriotic poet. ‘The Charge of the Light Brigade’ perhaps lacks the superb freedom and swiftness of movement that characterise its model, and it ends altogether too tamely, but it has distinction of its own, and must rank as one of the few successful battle-pieces of our day—far more

successful than its companion piece, 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade.' As a balladist, however, Tennyson presently outdid his master. Even the 'Ballad of Agincourt' reads like a youthful experiment by the side of the 'Ballad of the Revenge'—so brilliant is the writing, so majestic the rhythm, so admirably varied the metre, lengthening and falling short according to the stress of the narrative, as though the lines were veritably inspired with life. Nor does the 'Defence of Lucknow' fall far behind this noble poem.

But besides thus reviving old traditions of national poetry, Tennyson broke new ground, and that in two ways. In the first place, he adventured the perilous enterprise of the patriotic lyric. His first crude attempts, such as 'Love thou thy land,' may be unhesitatingly dismissed as failures. The freedom which an Englishman loves is, indeed, 'sober-suited,' and no one abhors hysterical enthusiasm so much as he; at the same time he can be made to yawn. In 'Maud,' however, a poem which was the direct outcome of the Crimean War, a 'monodrama,' as it was called, Tennyson invented for himself a form which should allow him all the freedom and force of lyrical utterance, while it also secured him the shelter of a *dramatis persona* behind whom he could speak; and into the lyrics of 'Maud' he poured a palinode of all such crude glorification of industrial peace as had inspired 'Locksley Hall.' Tennyson performed not one of his least services to the Empire when he wrote such lines as—

'For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the
foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his
counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand,
home.'

Tennyson's second great and original contribution to national poetry, which in point of time came first, was his 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.' It may seem astonishing that English poetry should possess so few eulogies of its national heroes; for to celebrate a great warrior would seem a natural, almost an obvious, way of handing on the torch of his patriotism. The fact is that such eulogies are numberless, but that they are forgotten almost as soon as written, because in so few cases have they been written by poets.

'Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain?
Exhausted themes!'

asks Mr. Tickell in a poem 'On the Prospect of Peace'; but all these battle-pieces have long ago been gathered to oblivion, along with Mr. Tickell's own ode. Even Addison's once famous eulogy of Marlborough is now remembered only for one profane simile. That being so, it may be hazardous to prophesy for Tennyson's ode a longer life. It has, perhaps, here and there a somewhat uncertain sound, as though feeling its way, an almost inevitable result of its irregular structure; but it contains at least one sonorous passage—its eighth section—which, as long as the present standards of good writing hold, must rank high among our few patriotic masterpieces:

'Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.'

In the interval between Shakespeare and Tennyson there are to be found occasional pieces which deserve a place in any collection of patriotic poetry, as, for instance, Marvell's fine 'Horatian Ode' to Cromwell; but for the most part they have the misfortune to be inspired by party hopes and fears rather than by enthusiasm for the whole State. From Milton we have disappointingly little; but the sonnets we might well have looked for from him were at last written by Wordsworth. It is interesting to know that it was with Milton before him as a model that Wordsworth first experimented in sonnet-writing; for undoubtedly there passed from the elder poet to the younger something more than the mere rhythm and cadence of his lines; there passed also the heroic style and what underlies heroic style—dignity of thought, passion of conviction, self-restraint.

Not unworthy to find a place by these admirable and happily well-known sonnets of Wordsworth are certain sonnets written by the late Archbishop Trench at the time of the Crimean war. They are inspired by a like dignity and passion, and though they do not attain to the majesty of Wordsworth's movement, and do not burn themselves into the memory by a perfect adequacy of expression, yet they are well worth studying again, now that the circumstances that called them forth have returned upon us, for they are the utterances not only of a Christian scholar and a gentleman, which is much, but also of one who was, in his measure, a genuine poet. The thought of

the following poem has probably been in the minds of many during the present war :—

‘ Yes, let us own it in confession free,
That when we girt ourselves to quell the wrong,
We deemed it not so giant-like and strong,
But it with our slight effort thought to see
Pushed from its base ; yea, almost deemed that we,
Champions of right, might be excused the price
Of pain, and loss, and large self-sacrifice,
Set ever on high things by Heaven’s decree.
What if this work’s great hardness was concealed
From us, until so far upon our way
That no escape remained us, no retreat,—
Lest, being at an earlier hour revealed,
We might have shrunk too weakly from the heat
And shunned the burden of this fiery day ? ’

The Archbishop’s poems upon the Crimean battles are full of noble thoughts, drawn from

‘ These old springs of inspiration,
Mighty death, and mightier love ’ ;

and we are glad to see that the publishers have re-issued them in a cheap form.

Proceeding from these legacies of the past to our own day, and asking what we have to put beside them, the answer must be, first, that it is too soon to demand the greater works which the recent revival of patriotic enthusiasm may perchance inspire. At the same time the fact must be noted that there have been no plays in recent years which have sought inspiration in England’s heroic achievements ; and also there have been no great odes, notwithstanding the unprecedented flow of verse at the time of the Queen’s Jubilee. On the other side of the account must be reckoned not a few ballads that deserve attention, and much lyrical work of various kinds, with a considerable outburst of popular song. To speak first of the ballads. The first in order of appearance were Mr. Rudyard Kipling’s. These were especially interesting to the literary critic because they were the experiments of a past-master of the banjo and concertina upon a more warlike instrument, the drum. Mr. Kipling’s most effective ballad measure is the rhymed couplet of six or seven accents, though accent seems a word hardly strong enough for the thump he manages to give. Not only does the metre thump, but the words thump as well. Never were words so emphatic strung together in so emphatic a metre. And this is an undoubted merit for the purpose in view, since the drum is an even more martial instrument than either fife or bugle.

Again, not only is Mr. Kipling's vocabulary the most emphatic in the world, but it is also the most world-wide. No more bitter punishment for Little Englanders, if any survive, could be devised than to set them to paraphrase and annotate Mr. Kipling's ballad of 'The English Flag.'

'The East Wind roared :—From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!
The reeling junks behind me, and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose,
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.'

This style of writing is undoubtedly a great improvement on the metre of Macaulay's Armada ballad, as its encyclopædic references eclipse Macaulay's more modest and insular geography lesson. A better piece of work, however, with scarcely a weak line in it, and telling a tale as a ballad should, is the 'Ballad of East and West,' which has already achieved much popularity in places where they recite.

Another and a more elegant writer of ballads is Mr. Henry Newbolt. Mr. Newbolt's manner is less stark and trenchant than Mr. Kipling's, and he has more care for the airs and graces of verse. His instrument is not the drum, but the flute, which he uses to excellent purpose. His interest is in such incidents and adventures as were sung by the late Sir Francis Hastings Doyle in the 'Loss of the Birkenhead,' and 'The Private of the Buffs'—a poem which, without being in any way remarkable, hits exactly the right note, perhaps because it is neither too clever nor too violent nor too sentimental. Mr. Newbolt is a more cunning master of verse than his predecessor, though he could not be a more skilful conjurer of our tears. Some of his best pieces, such as 'The Fighting Téméraire' and 'Drake's Drum,' are the outcome of that revived interest in sea-power which, both here and on the Continent, is one of the chief signs of the times. It is an admirable spirit, admirably expressed, that animates the following stanza :—

'Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep seas, call him up the Sound,
Call him when you sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware and wakin', as they found him long ago!'

Another very pleasing ballad is that called 'Gillespie,' which chronicles an incident of the Indian Mutiny. It is the story of a ride, and tells how—

'Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.'

In its way it is as clever a translation of a horse's legs into metre as Tennyson's 'Proputty, Proputty!' or Browning's 'How They Brought the Good News to Ghent':—

'Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone, before them all,
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.'

Another ballad of the Mutiny is that of 'John Nicholson,' a successful imitation of the old folk-ballad, never quite deserting modern English, but suggestive of much that echoes in the chambers of memory. Such stories are well worth the telling, and we hope Mr. Newbolt may find himself inspired to write more of them; certainly there can be no better lessons for the young in Imperial responsibility.

We must now proceed to glance at what has been accomplished of late in the domain of the pure lyric. It has been pointed out above that the great poets of the sixteenth century, whom Tennyson elected to follow, instinctively avoided a lyrical expression for purposes of patriotic appeal, and some reasons were suggested that seemed to justify their reserve. It is a little disconcerting therefore to find how many patriotic effusions have recently taken this questionable form. Still, it has to be remembered that different ages have their characteristic methods, and Art is justified of all her children; so that the matter must not be prejudged. It may be that the sentiment of patriotism has in these last days reached a passionate and self-conscious stage at which even Englishmen must express it by 'the lyrical cry'; and Mr. Kipling has taken the pains to assure doubters, with all the emphasis of which his banjo-metre is capable, that—

'There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right.'

We turn therefore to Mr. Kipling's patriotic lyrics, and first to those with which he opened his volume called 'The Seven Seas.' The 'Song of the Sons' is built up of lines in the manner of Morris's 'Sigurd the Volsung,' with interludes suggested by Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' It is full of just sentiments and reflections, as well as of accurate infor-

mation, but we cannot imagine anyone but a reviewer reading it twice, or indeed reading it through. The 'Deep Sea Cables' is an effort to realise the poetry that is latent in the submarine telegraph, but it does not take the breath away. The one piece that on literary grounds must rank as a success is not sung to the lyre but to the drum. We may regret that it should have been written; we may regret that there is no duty so obvious, no piece of risk or self-sacrifice so necessary, but Mr. Kipling will drag it to the light and insist upon the astounding virtue and valour which drive Englishmen to carry it through; but that is a moral question; as a literary feat there is no denying the force of the song, of which the last verse runs as follows:—

'We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the "Golden Hind,"
Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair.'

Mr. Kipling has, however, written one lyric, admirable alike in manner and in matter, a lyric which has gone to the heart of his countrymen, for it chimes with their own deep-seated convictions—the stanzas called 'Recessional,' which appeared on the morrow of the second Jubilee. To our mind it is the most astonishing piece of work Mr. Kipling has done, because it is the antipodes of the sentiment to which he usually gives utterance, a sentiment that has been immortalised in the words of Mr. Gilbert:—

'For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he's an Englishman!'

It is as if some strain in the blood contradictory to the usual tenour of Mr. Kipling's emotion had for once mastered the instrument of expression:—

'The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!'

Another writer who has essayed to strike the patriotic lyre is Mr. William Ernest Henley. Mr. Henley has ever shown himself a writer not afraid of passion, and he has done the present generation a great service by the excellent collection he has made of the best English heroic poems; if therefore the lyric of English patriotism, which Shakespeare did not write, is to be written to-day, it might perhaps be written by Mr. Henley. In the pamphlet he has put out this year, called 'For England's Sake,' there are ten 'numbers,' with a prologue and envoy. Of these that which most directly challenges the impossible task is 'Pro Rege Nostro,' which opens thus:—

'What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!"

There are probably few Englishmen who on reading this poem would not feel uncomfortable, for we do not readily conceive our country as a whispering lady with austere eyes; and this instinctive distaste might very well be reinforced by the reflection that to say 'England, my own,' is to court the individual sentiment at the very instant of trying to rouse the national sentiment: that is to say, it is a rhetorical contradiction in terms. It seems, however, to indicate a vein of feeling specially cherished by Mr. Henley, for he writes his concluding sonnet—

'To the glory and praise of the green land
 That bred my women and that holds my dead.'

The rest of Mr. Henley's pamphlet can hardly be said to aim at literary expression. It is full of violent phrases like 'God's own red,' which seems to mean blood, and 'God's own rose,' which is said to mean death, and full of slang phrases like 'they have given us war, *good* war,' and 'they've scarce a decent town to their name'; full also of feeble phrases like 'dear immortal Namelesses,' with here and there a fine phrase or two to show that the author could have written, if he had been content to write, like the great masters:—

'Patient, hardy, masterful, merciful, high, irresistible, just,
 For a dead man's sake, and in England's name, he has done as he
 would and must.'

That is, surely, an excellent couplet; and the opening lines of the 'Last Post' are even finer:—

'The day's high work is over and done,
And these no more will need the sun;
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!
These are gone whither all must go,
Mightily gone from the field they won.'

The patriotic lyric, then, has not been written either by Mr. Kipling or Mr. Henley; and we may safely say it will not be written in this generation, for it is foreign to the genius of Englishmen, which requires a more reflective note. The nearest that Englishmen care to go to lyrical expression about national affairs is such a sonnet as Wordsworth's 'Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour,' or the dedicatory poem appended to Tennyson's 'Idylls,' which contains a memorable passage about the retention of the colonies:—

'So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go."
Is this the tone of Empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak
So feebly? wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?'

or again, such a majestic simile as that in Matthew Arnold's 'Heine's Grave.'

'Yes, we arraign her, but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense
Atlantean, the load
Well-nigh not to be borne
Of the too vast orb of her fate.'

Among modern poems which strike this high reflective note we may refer with praise to two school odes, one by Mr. Bridges about Eton, printed in his 'Shorter Poems,' and one by Mr. Newbalt called 'Clifton Chapel.'

It remains to speak about patriotic songs. These fall into two classes: those which have literary merit, and can be said

as well as sung, and those which depend altogether for success upon some popular air. The finest specimens we possess in the former class are Campbell's 'Ye Mariners of England,' and the 'Battle of the Baltic,' which are full of a spirited rhetoric. The first of these especially is a fine piece of writing, with a very effective rhyme within the verse in the seventh line of the stanza:—

'Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.'

In a different manner, deserving of no less praise, are Dibdin's songs. This remarkable man was probably the most voluminous song-writer the world has ever seen, after Solomon, for his songs were nine hundred, a tithe of them being concerned with the sea. These must rank as his best. He says of them with pardonable pride, in his autobiography, 'My songs have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battle; and they have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline.' He is said to have brought more men into the navy than the press-gangs; and for three years he enjoyed a well-deserved Government pension. Dibdin's songs are perhaps not known so well to-day as they deserve, though a few favourites like 'Tom Bowling' are still occasionally sung. His sons also wrote songs. Thomas Dibdin's are the nearest in style that a past generation could show to those of Mr. Kipling:—

"Who'll serve the King?" cried the sergeant aloud:
Roll went the drum, and the fife played sweetly;
"Here, master sergeant," said I from the crowd,
"Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely."
My father was a corporal, and well he knew his trade,
Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he never was afraid:
He'd march, fight—left, right,
Front flank—centre rank,
Storm the trenches—court the wenches;
Loved the rattle—of a battle,
Died with glory—lives in story.
And like him, I found a soldier's life, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry, very down derry, sort of life enough.'

In the same rattling devil-may-care strain were other songs of the period, like Sir Walter Scott's 'Bold Dragoon':—

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honour gain,
And he longed to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain;
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted *corps d'armée*—
O, he feared not our dragoons, with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.
To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick while his soldiers sacked the town,
When 'twas *peste ! morbleu ! mon Général*,
Hear the English bugle call !
And behold the light dragoons, with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.'

Other popular national songs are Garrick's 'Heart of Oak,' Liversedge's, 'Roast Beef of Old England,' and so forth. Mr. Kipling's 'Barrack-Room Ballads' are not national songs in the same sense as these, for they are written not *for* the soldier, but *about* him. They are remarkable not only for the extraordinary *élan* of their metre, a characteristic of all Mr. Kipling's verse writing, but also from the fact that they are written in a cockney vernacular. This is not a superficial oddity, but a part of the realism which is so striking a feature of Mr. Kipling's work. The whole tone of mind represented in the 'Ballads' is one of glorified vulgarity; in the jokes, the half-sentimental quotations from Scripture, the unconscious profanity, and the pervading cleverness, we have characteristics of the type that supplies the most promising soldiers; though of course these qualities are heightened by genius, and the songs are emphatically works of art. It is not improbable that the 'Barrack-Room Ballads' will remain Mr. Kipling's most permanent contribution to Victorian literature; and if they have succeeded, as we have reason to think they have, in thoroughly rousing the interest of the middle classes in the British soldier, they have once more demonstrated that in a democracy song is more powerful than the legislature.

Political songs that are sung usually depend for their effect more upon the air than their words. Even in the case of our National Anthem and 'Rule Britannia,' where the words are fairly adequate, it is probably the splendour of the music that plays the larger part in setting free enthusiasm. Songs that have become celebrated in a political crisis will always be found to have owed more to the infectiousness of their tunes than to any poetical or rhetorical force in the writing. It is enough in such cases that the words should carry a plain

meaning. 'Lillibullero,' which played no small part in making the country too hot to hold James II, is the merest piece of doggerel, about an Irish appointment, in which Englishmen who sang the song could have had little interest; but the tune, which is Purcell's, breathes the very spirit of contemptuous raillery; even to whistle it against any institution is to cover it with ridicule. MacDermott's song, 'We don't want to fight,' owed its vogue chiefly to the slow and deliberate truculence of its tune, which enabled the bellicose part of the populace to swear with great emphasis by their god Jingo, and so win for themselves an everlasting name. If this and similar songs had made more demand upon the refinement of the singers, they would have been ineffectual for their purpose. Every now and then a great poet feels it to be his duty to write a national song; but the song never becomes popular, because the poet cannot hit the level of the vulgar taste. Tennyson once or twice made the attempt. In the first excitement of the Volunteer movement he wrote 'Riflemen, form,' which even its pun did not make popular. He composed also a song for the navy, which was not published. It is written in a simple metre, but it does not escape a certain *de haut en bas* air, that would have been fatal to it:—

'They say some foreign powers have laid their heads together,
To break the pride of Britain, and bring her on her knees:
There's a treaty, so they tell us, of some dishonest fellows
To break the noble pride of the Mistress of the Seas.
Up, Jack Tars, and save us,
The whole world shall not brave us,
Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas.'

The eleemosynary success that has attended Mr. Kipling's song, 'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' and Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting, proves that these artists have more exactly gauged the mind of the lower middle class, while the class below this again has responded with heart and voice to Mr. Leslie Stuart's 'Soldiers of the Queen.'

Before passing to this class of song, a word may be said about certain songs written, it may be presumed, for the upper classes, as they were sung with applause at a concert organised by the British Empire League. We do not wish to assert that the national taste in such matters is deteriorating; we content ourselves with the unimpeachable statement that the only songs in that concert programme which in form or sentiment were even tolerable belonged to a past age. First of all, in merit as in time, came that simple and smooth song of Garrick's,

'Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,' with its fine chorus :—

'Heart of oak are our ships, gallant tars are our men,
We always are ready; steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer, again and again.'

In conception and expression that surely is admirable; with its touch of imagination, it is, of its sort, genuine poetry. We passed, next, to a sentimental period, when the chief song-writers were Haynes Bayly, Edward Fitzball, the librettist, and Charles Mackay. The sentiment of these writers is sometimes feeble and commonplace, and sometimes exaggerated, but they are all capable of writing verse that scans. At the Imperial concert Bayly was not drawn upon, but one or two of his songs are still remembered. Perhaps the best of them is that which translates into the key of his own day Colonel Lovelace's 'To Lucasta, upon his going to the Wars':—

'O, dear as you are, could you bid me remain
Inactive and dull, I would scorn to obey;
A soldier's ambition you shall not restrain—
No! breathing a blessing, you'll send me away.
You'll watch my return from the brow of the hill,
You'll proudly exult when my laurels you see;
Then give me a smile to encourage me still,
For the son of a soldier a soldier must be.'

Fitzball was represented by his worst song, 'Let me like a soldier fall,' and Mackay by his best:—

'There's a land, a dear land, where the rights of the free,
Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea;
Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales sing,
And the honest poor man is as good as a king.'

But when from these we passed on to the songs of our own day, the decadence was wofully apparent. The smooth dactylic movement, which refined, as it expressed, the patriotic fervour of our forefathers, is exchanged for a limping jolt; and the sentiments and expression are equally abject.

'Britain! Britain! jewel of the sea;
Brightest gem the world will ever know.
Britain! Britain! none compare with thee,
Crowned with never fading glory.
On thine Empire sun doth never set,
Round thy footstool every ocean flows;
Sons of thine in every land are met,
Freedom sings in every wind that blows.'

Army, Navy, Soldiers of the Queen,
Horsemen, Footmen, Gunners, Engineers;
Army, Navy, braver ne'er were seen,
Foes to face for home and glory.
East and west they go at duty's call,
Dangers daring many and unseen,
Conquer bravely, fearing not to fall,
Dying nobly for their gracious Queen.'

That is appalling rubbish; but other pieces were even worse. The Hon. S. Amherst contributed a song called 'Give it them well,' which concludes with the following impressive and sonorous stanza:—

'Victory! Victory! it must be Victory!
None shall dispute our So-ve-reign right;
There is no secret, there is no mystery,
Everyone knows that for honour we fight.
Who dares dictate to an Empire so powerful?
Men nobly die its glory to prove.
Victory! Victory! great are the victories,
Won by their loyalty, won by their love.'

Another song, called 'Sons of our Empire,' patronised our Colonial contingents, with an indifference to sense, rhyme, and grammar that was truly Imperial.

'So on your valorous mission
Go, and good fortune be yours!
Cherish the love that you foster,
It is a love that endures.
Go, and all glory attend you,
Strike for the rights of the free;
Here is our love to your country,
Here is our God-speed to ye.'

Shades of Dibdin and Garrick! Nay, shades of Haynes Bayly and Charles Mackay, is this the best that the patriotic song-writers of England can achieve at the end of this century of culture? 'Cherish the love that you foster': what, in the name of common sense, does that mean? And what need is there to strike for the rights of those who are already free? Since when, also, has *ye* been the objective case of the pronoun? The author of this inspiring poem must have been reading the 'Bab Ballads':—

'Worthy old Peter de Plow,
Here is a health to thou!'

It is a relief to turn from these songs, sung before the aristocratic patrons of the British Empire League, to the less pretentious vulgarity of those which arouse the enthusiasm of

the music halls. Here we do not look for grammar; a line like—

‘Vengeance we leave unto He on high’—

is welcome for the soundness of its sentiment, among much that on this score is less commendable. It may be said at once that, regarded as a recruiting agency, these songs have been remarkably successful; and critics have no more right to be fastidious about the delicacy of the praise heaped in them upon our soldiers and sailors than they have to insist that the recruiting sergeants shall talk the Queen’s English. Any song should be welcomed which celebrates the soldier’s life as an honourable and desirable calling. From this point of view little fault can be found with the songs that have been now for many months bawled about the streets of all our cities: ‘Tommy Atkins’ and the ‘Soldiers of the Queen.’ The first of these songs is written with spirit and with a certain humour, in the main borrowed from Mr. Kipling; the other is pitifully feeble in expression, and in the chorus becomes almost unintelligible, as the following specimen will show:—

‘Britain once did loyally declaim
About the way we ruled the waves;
Ev’ry Briton’s song was just the same
When singing of our soldier braves.
All the world had heard it, wonder’d why we sang,
And some have learn’d the reason why—
But we’re forgetting it, and we’re letting it
Fade away and gradually die.
So when we say that England’s master,
Remember who has made her so—

(Chorus) It’s the soldiers of the Queen
Who’ve been, my lads, who’re seen, my lads,
In the fight for England’s glory, lads,
When we’ve had to show them what we mean;
And when we say we’ve always won,
And when they ask us how it’s done,
We’ll proudly point to ev’ry one
Of England’s soldiers of the Queen.’

Still, feeble as this is, the only deposit it is likely to leave in the minds of the rising generation is a sense of pride in the prowess of the British soldier. Equally entitled to our toleration are the songs which celebrate the national standard; though we could wish they showed occasionally some respect for the limits within which personification is legitimate and metaphors may be successfully mixed. The ‘it’ in the following lines stands for the ‘shot-riddled flag’ of England:—

'To the exile and outcast its shelter extends,
'Neath its mantle the weak have no dread,
And a hand to the alien helpless it lends;
Over all its protection is shed.
'Tis of heroes the cliff-guarded cradle renown'd,
'Tis the birthplace of bard and of sage;
And the names of its worthies immortal are found
On Fame's star-spangled glorious page.
For the last thousand years it hath shone like a star,
In the history dark of the world,
It hath won countless triumphs in peace and in war,
When the old flag's been ever unfurl'd;
Of all progress it rides, in its pride, in the van,
'Tis the mother of nations unborn,
And its motto will be, "Equal rights unto man,
And of tyranny hatred and scorn."'

In another song the flag is characterised as—

'The flag that's gaily waving o'er Scotia's canny heights,
The flag that truly wants to see poor Erin get her rights,
The flag that's fluttered in the breeze on many a gory field,
The flag that's waved our heroes who have died before they'd yield.'

Again we welcome the attempts to interest the people in the great deeds of their ancestors; though here also we could wish that the zeal were more according to recent research. In the following verse, for example, we find deeds of valour chronicled that are not recognised in the latest text-books:—

'In Kent when Romans tried to seize old John Bull's honest soil,
We didn't let great Cæsar get the best of all the spoil;
We thrash'd the Danes, and Saxons too, and history can brag
That Britons did their best to hold John Bull's untarnished flag.'

Where, on the other hand, we think the influence of many of these songs likely to be pernicious is, first of all, in their advocacy of land-grabbing without right or reason, and secondly, though perhaps in a less degree, in their stupid self-satisfaction and contempt of foreigners. The worst example we have met of the first sort of offence is a song called 'Another little Patch of Red,' which seems the legitimate outcome of Sir Howard Vincent's policy of spreading imperialistic sentiments by school-maps of the world in which the British possessions are brightly painted in vermilion. The chorus of the song we refer to is as follows:—

'For of pluck he's brimming full is young John Bull,
And he's happy when we let him "have his head";
It's a feather in his cap
When he's helped to paint the map
With another little patch of red.'

At a moment when even our most imperially-minded statesmen are counselling digestion rather than fresh incorporation into the Empire, it cannot be politic to have such songs sung in a democracy, to say nothing of the indecency and immorality of the thing. Even more cynical, though less captivating in rhythm, is another chorus:—

‘ Plant the flag, plant the flag,
Let the world know ’tis our dream
To never, never rest until
Our Empire is supreme.’

Unfortunately the world has long ago imputed the dream to us.

The contempt of foreigners has so long been a native instinct of Englishmen that it is not surprising to find it coming out in the lowest type of popular song, and perhaps it is incurable; but the blind self-satisfaction of some of the music-hall ditties would make angels weep, and alarm any sensible persons who know what is the capacity of England at this moment to face a European war. What could be more fatuous than such verses as the following, in the light of our military record for the past year?—

‘ While English guns are fired by English men,
What could all the world against us do?
In days gone by we had our famous men,
And to-day we have as great as then.
As years roll on our fame grows more and more,
And now we’re quite prepared should foes attack our shore.’

The resentment at the current criticism of our unpreparedness rises in the last stanza beyond the limits of parliamentary or poetical language and almost reaches the inarticulate stage:—

‘ It says here, “ Our strength is growing less and less,
The power we once boasted now is on the wane ”;
It’s a lie! our strength was never half so great,
And such it is for ever it will last.’

Assuming that by ‘ such it is ’ the rhapsodist means ‘ such as it is ’ at present, we must say we devoutly hope not.

The vulgarity and ignorance that disfigure so many of these patriotic effusions must, we fear, be attributed to the elementary education of the last thirty years, which has given to crowds of people a certain capacity for self-expression without ideas to express, and an interest in reading without the taste to discriminate good from bad. The cure, of course, is not to be found in a withdrawal from the policy of universal education, but in the improvement of the education given; in teaching things that

really profit to know ; not least, perhaps, in putting before the young people better models of the heroic in literature. Such an anthology as Mr. Henley's, or, on a smaller scale, that of Mr. Sidgwick and Mr. George might well be adopted by the school boards. A taste that had learned to appreciate the 'Ballad of Agincourt' or the 'Ballad of the Revenge' would turn of itself from the balderdash we have been examining. Further, it should be possible to give in the upper forms of elementary schools some simple training in the meaning of citizenship, both national and imperial. The knowledge that comes to boys of the upper classes by the way, in conversations at home, never comes at all to their less favoured fellows unless it is expressly communicated ; and it is not beneath the care of a great people to see that its sons should receive that groundwork of knowledge which would enable them to take an intelligent interest in the questions of policy which they will one day help to decide, instead of shouting—to quote one more of these slovenly, immoral, and degrading compositions—

'What a dear old land to fight for,
What a grand old nation still,
When you read your hist'ry,
Don't it make your heart's blood thrill?
We don't know if the quarrel's right or wrong,
And, hang it, we don't care ;
We only know there's going to be a fight,
And Englishmen must be there.'

ART. XII.—THE CHINESE CRISIS.

1. *The 'Overland' to China.* By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: Harper and Brothers, 1900.
2. *La Rénovation de l'Asie.* By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. Paris: Armand Colin, 1900.
3. *China, the Long-lived Empire.* By Eliza R. Scidmore. New York: The Century Co., 1900.
4. *Village Life in China.* By Arthur H. Smith. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1900.
5. *The Attaché in Peking.* By A. B. Freeman-Mitford. (New edition.) London: Macmillan, 1900.
6. *Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1860.* By H. B. Loch (Lord Loch). Third edition. London: John Murray, 1900.
7. *Correspondence on the Affairs of China.* (Foreign Office Blue-books, Nos. 1, 2, 3: 1900.)

THE intricacies of the questions connected with the Chinese crisis owe their peculiar difficulty to the circumstance that, in China, internal decay and external ambitions seem to have arrived simultaneously at a point of collision. It would be difficult to foresee the outcome, even were the elements in contention less numerous and varied; but, as it is, no one can pretend to a prescience which can gauge accurately the wills and intentions of the Great Powers, or settle their precise influence on the situation of the Chinese themselves. A correct estimate of the previous policies and present interests of the Powers, and of the conditions hitherto prevailing in the Celestial Empire, may, however, enable us so to shape our line of conduct that it will have some reasonable chance of success. We cannot control the whirlwind, but with good piloting we may yet outride it. Our diplomacy in China has to deal with the same factors as in European or, rather, in world politics. We have all the Great Powers on the scene, under varying conditions which render it still more difficult to know how to treat them. If we glance briefly at the policies in pursuance of which these Powers, like ourselves, embarked on a career in the Far East, we shall be able at all events to estimate with some degree of accuracy what we may expect them to do in the future. For it must be borne in mind that we and the United States, alone of all the Great Powers, are without design, without a plan, without a settled policy in our foreign relations.

The broad lines of European policy during the last thirty

years may be very briefly indicated. The Triple Alliance, between Germany, Austria, and Italy, inaugurated some dozen years after the Franco-German War—an alliance whose object was the protection of the central European States against Russia and France—has for many years past been losing its effectiveness. The reasons for this lie partly in the many difficulties of race, religion, and diverse interests which make Austro-Hungary a country 'with two bodies, two wills, and one head.' Only the consummate tact of the present ruler could hold together this amalgamation of Slav, Teuton, and Magyar. These causes make the second partner in the Triple Alliance a weak one; and with the death of the Emperor the situation will be even more hazardous. The third partner, Italy, suffers likewise from internal dissension, and has come near financial ruin through the crushing military burden imposed on her by the alliance. A desperate effort to retrieve her fortunes by foreign adventure met with disaster; and Italy, though not without a future, is to-day almost a *quantité négligeable* in the calculation of European forces. While these Powers, for internal reasons, were losing ground, Russia was consolidating herself and waxing more and more powerful. Advances were made to her, especially by France; and when in 1891 the long-wished-for *entente* with that country was at length consummated, it was evident that the Triple Alliance was not a sufficient protection, for Germany at least, against two such powerful neighbours, and a secret understanding was effected with Russia by Bismarck. There was also a *rapprochement* between Austria and Russia—a necessity for the former in view of the ambition of her neighbour and her barely disguised steps towards the Balkan States. Italy was thus left isolated, and, with her enormous sea-coast and peculiar situation, will have her hands full for many years in arranging her internal difficulties and providing a sufficient navy to protect her peninsula.

Friendship, if not an alliance, with Russia has been the keynote of German policy throughout the nineteenth century: it was the stronghold of Bismarck during the critical time when the German Empire was being made. Interrupted by the events of 1878-9, and subsequently revived, it underwent another shock on the dismissal of Bismarck, only to be restored on the retirement of his successor, and to be cemented, apparently on a firmer basis than before, by the agreement of the three Powers after the treaty of Shimonoseki. Across the Rhine, too, the relations of Germany have improved. After the Franco-German war no friendly understanding seemed possible between Berlin and Paris; but of late years a change

has occurred. No longer are German composers *taboo* in Paris, nor French artists in Berlin. Even Alsace and Lorraine, we are told, no longer want to exchange their masters. A direct alliance is hardly within the scope of possibilities, but an indirect *rapprochement* has undoubtedly taken place, and the hatchet is buried although the pipe of peace has not yet been smoked. This new attitude has made it the more easy for Germany to be on good terms with Russia.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century the Continental Powers were all infected with the desire for colonisation. They looked round the world, to find most of the white man's countries already occupied; but in Africa and the Far East there was yet room. The scramble for Africa came first; and before long that continent was parcelled out, on paper if not in reality, amongst the European Powers. Now there are two great motives which, as a rule, initiate the desire for colonisation—the needs of an overflowing population, and the desire to establish new markets. These motives, added to the spirit of adventure which runs strong in his blood, have carried the Anglo-Saxon to all quarters of the globe. Other motives, however, lay at the root of latter-day German, French, and Russian so-called colonisation. Germany, it is true, has an overflowing population, and her sons, eminently qualified for success as colonists, are being assimilated every year in large numbers in the United States, South America, and the British colonies. Russia, too, has an overflow in Europe, and strains ever towards the sea and the sun; but France has none of these inducements. Her population is stationary, and her Government is not called on to support individual enterprise over-sea, for there is little in France. With her, as in a minor degree with Germany and a very large degree with Russia, colonisation is a political move; and with all three the strongest motive both for colonisation and the creation of sea-power has been the desire to counterbalance the overwhelming Anglo-Saxon expansion throughout the world. Under such conditions, broadly treated, were the three great Continental Powers bound by a certain thread of unacknowledged mutual interest when, in 1895, the Chino-Japanese war took place. The circumstances are well known in which the Triple Alliance in the Far East became an accomplished fact.

The modern history of Chinese relations with Europe falls naturally into two distinct periods. The first, dating from the Anglo-French occupation of Peking in 1860, continued till 1895, when the Chino-Japanese war ushered in the second. During the first period Britain was entirely occupied with

endeavours to protect her trade and extend it if possible. France occupied herself with the conquest of Tongking, hitherto under Chinese suzerainty, and with missionary enterprise—not without an ulterior object. Germany was building up a trade with China. Russia was quietly pushing eastward; and the diplomatic successes of Mouravieff Amursky excited little attention, notwithstanding that they gave Russia a position in the Chinese provinces of Manchuria quite different from that hitherto obtained by any other Power in China. The attitude of China during this period was one of obstinate opposition to all change, the only concession to the spirit of the age being a characteristic attempt to 'save face' by the creation of a sham army and navy, and the appointment of ambassadors to the European capitals. Japan, on the contrary, awakened by contact with European nations, was fitting herself in every possible way to compete with them; organising her resources, improving her knowledge, and increasing her trade.

The second period, one of brief duration, is crowded with events, and must be dealt with in greater detail; but here it is sufficient to recall, first, the interference of the Triple Alliance after the Chino-Japanese war, and then the encroachments and demands which followed thick upon each other and were granted by China, demoralised and shaken by her recent defeat. In the course of these demands Germany acquired, as a compensation for the death of two missionaries, one of the finest harbours on the coast of China and a practical protectorate of the province of Shantung. Russia got Port Arthur and Talienwan, and practical control of Manchuria, while her diplomacy secured her a paramountcy, not only in Peking, but in the whole of Northern China. Great Britain obtained Weihai-Wei, and some territory at Kaulung, facing Hong Kong; France certain rights over Hainan, and a port in the southernmost peninsula of China. Japan was permitted to retain Formosa, with a claim over the Pescadores and the province of Fukien. Besides these territorial concessions, euphemistically called 'leases,' the whole of China was theoretically divided into 'spheres' of influence. These spheres, however, do not depend for their foundation on the goodwill of the Chinese, but on the obvious convenience of the Powers. Other concessions of great importance permitted the building of railways and the exploitation of mines throughout entire provinces, some as large as Britain; while trading privileges were also wrung from the Chinese, who have not hitherto regarded any of these enterprises with favour. During this period China, in her attempts to meet the demands frequently made on her for

compensation, and to supplement an income wasted by official speculation, became a large borrower in European markets, and has contracted to pay to Europe as interest and sinking fund an annual sum which will cripple her considerably. The amount of her direct debt is 53,021,840*l.*, and railway loans amount to 6,800,000*l.** Although these acquisitions of territory on the part of foreign Powers came all together, and within a short period of time, we must remember that the process of dismemberment began many years ago, and that Annam, Siam, Burmah, Tongking, Sikkim, the Pamirs, the Amur region, and Hong Kong were all once part of the Chinese empire.

One of the most remarkable features of the second period has been the development of Japan. The youngest-born of civilised nations, she is by no means the least vigorous. Her self-restraint and political good sense show that she has acquired, along with material inventions, some of the distinctive virtues of highly-civilised communities. Her policy so far has been in a marked degree to avoid entangling alliances with foreign Powers. She is not to be used as a cat's-paw, for she has chestnuts of her own and will not burn her fingers to rescue those of others. She wants new territory to support her excess of population. She wants open markets, too, for her rapidly increasing industries. But, above all, she wants to preserve China as an independent State; for the dissolution of China would leave Japan as the solitary Oriental independent nation—a prospect, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu has pointed out, not at all agreeable to her. To obtain these objects, and for purposes of self-preservation, she has put herself into a state of the most complete readiness for defence, and even offence if necessary.

A new-comer in the Eastern Pacific, at the gates of China, is the United States—a power which, from her proximity, naval strength, and large population, is likely to become one of the most important factors in the Far East. America has recently embarked on an Imperialist policy from which she will find it difficult to draw back; and though the exigences of a Presidential election have, so far, made her slow to take a decided part in the settlement of China, there is little doubt that she must face the difficulty soon; for, apart from other considerations, to permit the markets of China to pass under the control of protectionist Powers would be a serious loss to the United States, and one she is not likely to tolerate without a struggle.

Hitherto we have only considered the question of foreign

* These are secured by the Customs, and, in addition, the loan of 1898 (1,884,776*l.*) is secured by a first charge on the general and salt likin of certain ports and districts of the Yangtze Valley and the province of Chekiang.

relations with China from the point of view of the Great Powers. A not unimportant factor, however, in the situation is the Chinese attitude, which, as we said, has been one of steady opposition during the first period, and fear combined with hate during the second. The second period, however, presents an anomaly, for while the foreigners obtained substantial concessions in certain directions, they were crossed and thwarted in others. After the Chino-Japanese war a certain leaven of Western ideas had penetrated the Celestial Empire; and a body of men, ardently desiring to see their country more fitted to cope with Western nations, had collected, and found a following whose most distinguished member was none other than the Emperor. They saw, on the one hand, the position achieved by Japan through adopting Western civilisation, while, on the other, their wrath was aroused by the carving up of their country by foreign Powers. 'China for the Chinese,' was their cry; but in this they reckoned without their hosts. 'China for the Manchus,' was the doctrine of Peking, where a foreign dynasty was propped by foreign Powers. The Emperor was no match for his aunt the Dowager-Empress; the Reformers were scattered; and China relapsed under the reactionary yoke of the Manchus.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of any satisfactory settlement of the Chinese problem is undoubtedly found in the idiosyncrasies of the people themselves; and it is with the hope of obtaining some light on the subject that we turn to the writings of those who have known and lived among the Chinese. In her brightly written and picturesque account of her journeys in China, Miss Scidmore, save for a chapter at the beginning and a paragraph or so at the end, does not attempt to treat of the ethical or the political side of the question at all. Her book, with these exceptions, is a record of her own notes and impressions; and these are presented with much vividness. Unfortunately, while disowning, in her first chapter, any insight into or sympathy for the Chinese, she cannot avoid criticising in the most sweeping way many of their characteristics, and, indeed, their attitude in almost every transaction of daily life. Every now and then she is even betrayed into some exposition of 'how the Empress-Dowager felt,' or 'what Li Hung Chang thought'; and these statements are made with an air of positive knowledge and assurance that stagger anyone who has ever attempted, with extreme caution, to gauge the depths of that Chinese problem which Miss Scidmore has already announced to be unfathomable. The habit of rash generalisation, and the acceptance of current rumours as

absolute facts, are dangerous in every land, but especially in China, and even more especially at the Treaty Ports, whence it is to be supposed Miss Scidmore largely drew her inspiration.

That such generalisations and unauthorised statements do a considerable amount of harm is unfortunately true, and the more so when the talent of the writer envelopes them in a halo of colour and picturesqueness. We understand China very little; and it is to be feared that, if we read Miss Scidmore's book alone, we may agree with her and 'abjure that oilskin mystery,' the Chinaman. A number of mistakes, some small, some glaring, a hysterical and rhapsodical style, and a superfluity of adjectives do not, however, destroy a certain charm in the book, which is interesting and amusing, and conveys a sense of sunshine and an idea of the vastness and beauty of the Chinese Empire as well as the decadence and repellent qualities of its people. Where Miss Scidmore writes of scenery she can be read with pleasure and profit; but where she deals with native life or Chinese history, or when she relates circumstantial anecdotes of court and political life, the reader must discriminate carefully; and where she trenches on world-politics, as, for instance, in her exposition of American views (p. 141), one can only treat her statements with the leniency frequently shown to ladies in politics. It is also unfortunate that she exaggerates and dwells with excessive emphasis on what is, to Western eyes, the purely absurd side of the Chinese. It is a great mistake to approach the Chinese in this insular and contemptuous frame of mind, and it is a relief to one who cannot altogether forgo his belief in a future for China to take up such a book as that by Mr. Arthur H. Smith, and to trace, in 'Village Life in China,' the sympathetic touch of the writer of 'Chinese Characteristics,' the most brilliant book ever written on that subject.

No one who desires to gain an understanding of the Chinese problem can afford to ignore Mr. Smith's patient and yet vivid studies of Chinese life and character. Here is no hasty generalisation, no lightly drawn inference. The author makes no pretence of understanding the whole mystery of a Chinaman's inner life, but he makes us see that these yellow enigmas are not to be regarded in a lump as 'oilskin' abominations. Their qualities, and the defects of these qualities, are impartially shown; but at the end of the book we feel that the Chinaman, with all his contradictions, is human, and has characteristics which even we might emulate. Of his future Mr. Smith speaks in plain terms. It is not machinery, not capital, nor even industrial education that is needed to

reform the Chinaman. The vital need, he says, is Men ; and he makes a powerful plea for the position that such men must be the agents of Christianity, and must bring its vivifying force to bear, instead of teaching only the doctrines of materialism, of which China is already too full. This naturally opens the very difficult question of the Chinese attitude towards foreigners.

When we condemn the barbarism of the Chinese attitude towards foreigners, we are apt to forget the terms on which their intercourse has been carried on. The missionary question is one that presents many difficulties, and at the outset it is necessary to distinguish between the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The former, while the asceticism of their lives commends them to the Chinese, have been unable, from the days of the Jesuit fathers in Peking, to dissociate themselves from the political aims of their countries ; and this is true in an aggravated degree of the French missionaries. As Mr. Colquhoun, whose travels through China and long residence in that country make him a very competent witness, observes in his recent book, 'The "Overland" to China'—

'The blood of the martyrs is in China the seed of French aggrandisement. France uses the missionaries and the native Christians as *agents-provocateurs*, and outrages and martyrdoms are her political harvest. What the preponderance of her commerce does for England the Catholic protectorate does for France, so that the influence of their respective positions, *vis-à-vis* the Chinese, is nearly balanced ; but France makes ten times more capital out of her religious material than Great Britain has ever done out of her commercial. Under the fostering care of the French Government the Catholics have become a veritable *imperium in imperio*, disregarding local laws and customs, domineering over their pagan neighbours, and overriding the law of the land. Whenever a Christian has a dispute with a heathen, no matter what the subject in question may be, the quarrel is promptly taken up by the priest, who, if he cannot himself intimidate the local officials and compel them to give right to the Christian, represents the case as one of persecution, when the French Consul is appealed to. Then is redress rigorously extorted, without the least reference to the justice of the demand. The assurance that this kind of interference on the part of a foreign Power is certain to follow, leads, of course, to the grossest abuses being perpetrated by the Christians. And while the French missionary may go far, the native Christian goes infinitely farther in browbeating the authorities and tyrannising over the people.'

The Protestant missions, while offending less, by avoiding attempts at temporal power, are yet, by the very nature of the creed they teach, brought into conflict with all the most cherished prejudices of the Chinese character. Another source

of danger and annoyance to the Chinese is the status claimed by treaty for Christian converts, and their immunity from certain taxes. Still more mischievous is the practice of conferring official rank on the Roman Catholic priesthood, by which bishops actually become equal in rank to viceroys and governors.

In fact, the whole missionary question is bristling with difficulties, but it cannot be solved by shifting responsibility on to the backs of the missionaries themselves. Whatever may be their faults, they are part of a system, and have been recognised and permitted as such. That there have been grave abuses of this system cannot be denied, but these are not so much the fault of the missionaries themselves as of their respective Governments, which have tried to make capital out of them. It does not the least follow that we should resign the distinguished part we have hitherto taken in the conversion of China. If we abandoned our missionaries to-morrow, would France or Germany do the same? Is it likely that the Chinese would discriminate between the missionary whom he may kill and the concession-hunter (quite as obnoxious to him) whom he may not? We cannot make these missionaries scape-goats; to sacrifice them would be to lose the last rag of our prestige in China and to draw down upon us the well-merited contempt of the Christian world. At the same time there are reforms needed in the missionary system. The societies which provide the material for carrying the Gospel to the heathen should use the most scrupulous care in selecting the men who are to carry it. Practical scientific knowledge, the manipulation of hitherto unknown forces, will win respect in China. A large section of the people would welcome such light, for they are quite alive to its commercial value. Tact and culture are two things not wasted on the Chinese, who have a keen appreciation of that quality known as *savoir faire*. The Chinaman is himself educated in a school of the rigidest propriety and decorum, and anything like levity, freedom of manner, or lack of politeness, is at once observed by him. This point is well put by Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford, who says in the introduction to his recent book :—

‘The story of Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest teaches one great truth. If missionaries are to be successful it must be by the power of masterly talent and knowledge. They can only work on any scale through the lettered class, and in order to dominate them must be able to give proof of superior attainments, as the old Jesuits did. With courage, devotion, self-sacrifice, our missionaries are largely endowed. They have given proofs of these, even to the laying down

of their lives ; but these qualities are as nothing in the eyes of the cultivated Confucian. One such convert as Schall's friend, Sü, and his daughter, Candida, would do more towards Christianising China than thousands of poor peasants. To make such a convert needs qualifications which are rare indeed. Above all things, an accurate and scholarly knowledge of the language is necessary. There have been not a few excellent scholars among our missionaries. But there are many more whose ignorance in that respect has been fatal, covering themselves and the religion which they preach with ridicule. Fancy a Chinese Buddhist mounting on the roof of a hansom cab at Charing Cross and preaching Buddhism to the mob in pidgin English ! That would give some measure of the effect produced on a Chinese crowd by a missionary whom I have seen perched upon a cart outside the great gate of the Tartar city at Peking, haranguing a yellow crowd of gapers in bastard Chinese, delivered with a strong Aberdonian accent. The Jesuits knew better than that.

It must be a peculiarly gifted and, above all, a refined stamp of man who will succeed as a missionary in China ; any who do not come up to this standard should be encouraged to find work—and martyrdom—elsewhere.

The Chinese have no aspirations for political power. They are orderly and obedient to a fault, so long as their private concerns are not meddled with nor their prejudices violated. Thus it came about that the people, *en bloc*, have accepted the Manchu yoke, and, with the one exception of the Taiping rebellion, borne it, if not without murmurs, yet without serious national revolt. The very size of the Empire is against the co-operation of its various parts, and if one province was discontented the next was tranquil. Moreover, the Chinaman soon tires of being in revolt, and an outbreak in one district has hardly spread to another before it has died out in the place of its origin. Of late years, however, a double burden has been laid on the Chinese people. First, they had the tyranny of their Manchu governors, and secondly, the aggression of the foreigners ; and whereas the former only tyrannised after methods which had the sanction of usage, affecting the Chinaman's pocket but not his most sacred feelings, the latter violated both purse and feelings. The pent-up discontent of years quickly accumulated and has finally overflowed. The network of secret societies—mostly anti-Manchu—had spread all over the Empire, and had been a sort of outlet for the patriotic discontent of the people. The Manchus have frequently condemned such societies. It became apparent, however, that they were rapidly increasing, and one particular group became celebrated for its energy and numbers. This was the I-ho-chuan, or 'Righteous Harmony League,' called 'the Boxers' because of a *jeu de mots*

on the word 'chuan,' which signifies not only 'league,' but, in a different tone, 'fist.' At first the object of this league was largely that of the ordinary political society, being nominally of an athletic nature; but there is no doubt that an anti-Christian propaganda has for some time past been part of its programme, which, so far back as last year, developed into active anti-foreign agitation. We know that the Boxers made no secret of their intentions, and that they established camps, collected weapons, and drilled openly, first in Shantung, and later in Pe-chi-li. Early in January of this year appeared the extraordinary edict of the Dowager-Empress, which, while condemning secret societies in general, made an exception in favour of those which are organised for the 'practice of their skill in mechanical arts, for the self-preservation of themselves and their families.' Subsequently, under pressure, another edict was issued, condemning the Boxers; but, before either of these appeared, secret edicts had been issued which gave active encouragement to the Boxers, and practically announced the desire of the Throne to see the extirpation of the foreigners.

'Let no one think of making peace,' said the Empress, 'but let each try to preserve from destruction and spoliation his ancestral homes and graves from the ruthless hands of the invader.' This was followed by a circular from the Tsungli-yamen granting to the provincial authorities 'full power and liberty to resist by force of arms all aggressions upon your several jurisdictions, proclaiming a state of war, if necessary, without first asking for instructions from Peking.*' A significant threat ends this circular: for 'any repetition of the indecision or too great trustfulness' displayed on the occasion of the German aggression in Shantung the viceroys were plainly told that they would be held personally responsible. Such Imperial favour to the Boxers turned the weapon which might have been directed against the Manchu dynasty (sharpened by the concessions of the Dowager-Empress to foreign Powers) away from the decadent Manchu Government, and against the foreigners whom that Government was professing to favour.

The events which culminated in the siege of the Legations are too well known to need recapitulation; and they have been vividly described, together with the history of the siege itself, by the distinguished correspondent of the 'Times' in Peking.† These admirable letters appear to establish beyond a doubt the complicity of the Government in the attacks on the foreign

* 'North China Herald,' December 1899.

† The 'Times,' October 13th and 15th, 1900.

Ministers. It is now clear that the Dowager-Empress and her creatures were more or less involved; but it is impossible to say, in the double game which she was playing, how far she may have over-reached herself on either side. After all, the details are unimportant. A number of officials, from the Empress-Dowager downwards, are guilty; but it is ridiculous to request them to give themselves up to vengeance—which is what the demand to 'surrender all those implicated' amounts to. As for the Boxers themselves, they will probably meet eventually the fate of the brigands in Manchuria, who defied all attempts to reduce them to order for centuries, until at last they met a Power as ruthless as themselves, and better organised. The Dowager-Empress has now probably very little control of the fire she fanned into flame; and not only that, but in the provinces, among the viceroys to whom, in the edict quoted, she gave such definite orders as to independence, a distinct disposition is observable to take those orders literally and to act entirely without reference to Peking. The viceroys have neither thrown in their lot with the Manchus, by supporting the anti-foreign movement, nor made alliances with the foreign Powers. Some of them have impeached the leaders in the Peking tragedy, others have made strenuous efforts to protect the foreigners in their provinces, but none, so far, has declared himself the partisan of any Power or the supporter of any particular policy. While avoiding any open breach with the Chinese Government, several of the viceroys have refused to obey the invitation—tantamount to an order—to proceed to Peking. The Chinese people, as well as their Manchu rulers, seem to be waiting for something. What can it be?

It is not the first time that China, in a state of hopeless confusion, has been unable to work out her own salvation. Is it possible that the history of the Manchus is to be repeated, and that the price of protection is to be the independence of the Chinese Empire? Already the ground is more than half paved towards a Muscovite domination of Northern China; but although a Romanoff dynasty would be not less alien to the Chinese than was the Tartar Manchu dynasty in 1644, it is not so simple a situation now as then, for there are rival interests to be appeased. We need not therefore contemplate the immediate possibility of seeing Nicholas III on the Dragon throne; but Russian diplomacy is not obvious or impatient. China is slipping bit by bit towards the bear's arms, and should the time come for the final embrace, we should probably hear the same comment which has greeted so many steps in the expansion of the Northern Colossus—'natural evolution,' 'a

process of nature,' and the repudiation of any far-reaching design or plan. There is nothing unnatural in the expansion of an ambitious Power, and Russia cannot be blamed for expanding; but where is that expansion to stop?

As the title to Mr. Colquhoun's book reminds us, however, Russia in China has a footing very different from that of any other Power; she has come literally 'overland,' solid, until her Empire stretches unbroken from Baltic to Pacific. She has blotted out, or licked up, as she went along, all that might imperil her future or give trouble in the countries through which she has come. Central Asia is peaceful and submissive; Siberia is developing fast under the influence of the iron road—that wonderful road which, despite so many defects and mistakes, seems to be achieving a success not unworthy of a perfect instrument. Manchuria has been reached—by what bloodless means 'The "Overland" to China' describes:—

'This rich country (says Mr. Colquhoun), the future garden of Siberia and of Russia, was dismissed in a sentence in a recent report by a British official. "Nothing," he said, "can be expected, commercially speaking, from Manchuria, a desolate region, through which about a thousand miles of the Trans-Siberian will run." The best comment on this opinion is that nothing could well be further from the truth, for, whether the country in question be regarded from the agricultural, the mineral, the strategical, or the merely æsthetic point of view, it is a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey; and its possession exemplifies to the full the meaning of that word of glorious augury to every Russian—Vladivostok, the "Dominion of the East."'

The acquisition of Manchuria is not yet an accomplished fact in the eyes of the world; Russia, indeed, disowns all intention of seizing that territory. Having already taken practical possession she can afford to repudiate such intention; but there can be little doubt that the slender veil of 'protection' will soon be thrown aside and Manchuria formally annexed. Recent attacks on Russians there give ample excuse; and not only will there be no protest from other Powers, but none of them has the faintest right to protest. Russia always occupies effectively before she annexes openly—takes the kernel before she claims the husk. That is what is happening in Northern China.

A question which naturally arises on a glance at the present position of Russia in the Far East and the rapidity of that development is—How can she support so rapid and abnormal an

* 'The "Overland" to China,' pp. 190, 191.

expansion? Will she not break up, over-reach herself, fall to pieces, by reason of her bulk? But Russia has the enormous advantage aforesaid of being a solid mass; her growth has been continuous, and she has throughout been guided by a single aspiration. The semi-barbarism of a great part of the Muscovite nation, combined with the almost invariable success of Russia ever since she adopted the policy of expansion, forms a curious anomaly; but it must be remembered that hitherto the Russians have only encountered European Powers in one quarter—South-Eastern Europe—and that there they have hitherto failed. That their success will continue until they meet some solid Western Power seems more than likely; and much of future history will depend upon the point of contact. In Asia, Russia has the enormous advantage of her kinship with the natives she encounters. Already in the press of Old Russia one meets with the significant phrase, 'We Asiatics.' Manchuria and Northern China, say many Russians quite openly, are but natural continuations of the Muscovite Empire; and the fusion of races on the borders of the two Empires is already going on, so that the dividing line between Russia and China is becoming blurred and indistinct.

The aims of Russia being so catholic and at the same time so definite, it remains to be seen how she advances them practically. 'Effective occupation' has been indicated as her primary weapon, and the essentials of this, from a Russian point of view, are first, railways; second, exclusive tariffs; and third, plenty of troops available.

As regards the first item, there is no doubt that Russia has not yet completed her arrangements, and that the crisis has come too soon for her. Her calculations may yet be upset. The Trans-Siberian cannot be in good working order for a year or two, nor is the Peking-Hankau railway likely to be finished for several years, even if order be restored. The latter, by the way, avowedly a Belgian line, is financed by France, and, there can be little doubt, entirely under Franco-Russian influence. The second feature of Russian occupation—the closed door—is illustrated by the announcement that, from January 1st, 1900, the usual Russo-European tariffs will be exacted on foreign goods in the Russian Pacific ports. This prohibition will, by and by, include the whole of Manchuria, and will be the inevitable result wherever the Russians are openly established. Their policy is always, like that of their ally France, protectionist. As for the third point—the massing of troops on the borders of China, and particularly in Manchuria—that has been obvious for some time; while in

Port Arthur the Russians have an immensely strong fortress, which they have done their best to make impregnable.

We have traced roughly the policies which brought not only Russia, semi-Asiatic already, but Germany and France, to China; let us now see how they stand in relation to each other. The somewhat abortive attempts of France to create a colonial empire in the south have made her the neighbour of China; and, following the example of her great ally, she has been attempting in the past years to establish over the provinces near Tongking some claim capable of being backed on account of interest, occupation, or influence. As we have seen, Russia employs Cossacks and railways; France employs priests, and though she does not actually complete her railways she plans them, and obtains rights which effectually debar other Powers from so doing. Russia on the north and France on the south have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the gentle and gradual absorption of China.

For that reason they are not likely to take any steps which would precipitate matters, either by compelling the dethronement of the Manchus and setting up a new Chinese Government, or by allowing China to be divided up by the Powers. Such a division would largely defeat the ends of France and Russia, which do not want to acquire new territory—a process likely to lead to war, and certain to entail enormous expenditure. They prefer that China should herself be allowed to decay, until she falls naturally to the Powers who are protecting and influencing her. This is in the main Russia's game; and, as France cannot do without her great ally, France must follow suit. The 'partition of China,' be it noted, would be a grievous disappointment to both. The Russian proposal for the evacuation of Peking, which some interpreted as a sign of Russia's weakness, was nothing but a clever ruse. The abandonment of Peking by foreign troops would leave Russia alone within striking distance on the Manchurian frontier; and the proposal was also aimed at, and has doubtless succeeded in securing, the friendship of the Chinese Court. A telegram from M. Pokotiloff, manager of the Russo-Chinese Bank in Peking, dated June 15th, 1900, and published in the Russian official Gazette for July 30th, contains the following illuminative passage:—

'The majority of the ambassadors determined to demand, on the arrival of the [military] detachments, the establishment of foreign settlements [in Peking] such as exist in the Treaty Ports. M. de Giers will endeavour to reduce this demand to one for the appointment of a foreign Commissioner of Police under the control

of the ambassadors. Several of the ambassadors wish to set up a separate regency over the Emperor, and to remove the Empress-Dowager from power; but M. de Giers insists that she should retain control, since any other combinations would enable some of the ambassadors to demand seats in the regency for their candidates.'

The same policy has been recently displayed when the Russians surrendered the Summer Palace and the Tsungli-yamen to the Chinese, without consulting their nominal allies. These facts, with others, make it clear that Russia is anxious to remain on good terms with the existing Chinese Government, to pose as its well-wisher, and thus to retain a dominant influence in Peking. The most recent advices seem even to indicate an intention on the part of Russia to retire altogether from the European Concert—if so unharmonious a body of co-operators can so be called—and to make a separate peace with China. The results of such a policy might be far-reaching indeed.

The third partner in the Eastern Triple Alliance has a more difficult game to play. Germany, as we have seen, wants territory, and has already snatched it. At one period, however, with her paramount desire for commercial expansion, she would have embraced any opportunity of preserving what was known as the 'open door,' and, as a necessary condition, the integrity of China. Steps were taken some three years ago towards an Anglo-German *entente*, on a financial basis, in the Far East (no account of which will, however, be found in the Blue-books, whose tendency, as described by an official, is not to inform but to muddle the reader); and had this become an accomplished fact, a great step would have been taken towards obviating the *débâcle* that has occurred. Germany has been accused of being the first to begin the game of grab in China; but, though her steps were the first openly made, they were in reality a sequel to those taken by Russia in the Cassini Convention, and were to a large extent the result of a conviction that none of the other Powers, including Great Britain, was prepared to make any definite stand on the *status quo* in China.

It is difficult to estimate the influence of Germany in the Far East, but both her ambition for naval power and her desire for colonies—a Greater Germany, as von Bülow called it—pledge her to a course of vigorous action in China. We cannot regard as an unmixed blessing her presence there, even though it presents an obstacle to Russia; for Germany, if she takes root in Shantung, will strike out, and the direction of least resistance will not be against the Northern Colossus.

Having taken the plunge, Germany has not been afraid of getting wet; and the seizure of Kiao-chau was followed by a complete domination of Shantung. Unfortunately for themselves, as well as for the people among whom they came, the Germans know but one way of conquest—fire and sword, hectoring and taxation. The Chinese are accustomed to masters of an alien race, but they are not accustomed to, and will never tamely allow, the forfeiture of their family graves and temples, which the territorial acquisitions made inevitable. It was this matter of the land that hurt them most; the dismissal of officials, the levying of an indemnity, and the building of expiatory chapels (forced on them as a humiliation), the railway and mining concessions—all these were minor details compared with the burning of villages by which the Germans avenged certain attacks, for in these conflagrations innocent and guilty alike were punished and became beggars and homeless, for ever degraded by the loss of their hearths and graves.

Having laid hands on territories and spent large sums in their development, there is little chance that Germany will recede from her position or do anything to imperil it. Her demands for compensation—with a murdered Minister—will be the largest of any, and she is taking steps to put herself in a condition to dictate terms. Does she wish to see China dismembered? To answer this we must ask another question. Which will be most advantageous for Germany in the Far East—a weak neighbour or a strong one? She will have a strong one on the north, and unless the condition of affairs is radically altered, a weak one on the south. The partition of China would at once put a limit to her ambitions; the establishment of a new and reformed government in China would probably endanger Shantung itself. The latest information is that Germany intends to insist on compensation of a drastic character, but there is no sign that she means to press for any further settlement of the question, or to adopt a policy which would re-establish affairs in the Far East. It is merely her own strengthening she desires, and no altruism must be expected from her.

All things therefore seem to bind Germany to Russia and France in the main issues; and, however their interests may diverge for the time being, in the long run they will be found to be pulling the same oar. The reactionary Manchu dynasty must be propped up; further partition or the establishment of spheres cannot be permitted. Things must muddle on in China, for in that condition lies the best chance for the Powers who form the Triple Alliance, not only to gain their own ends,

but to defeat and exclude England. The presence of so virile a nation as Japan in the Far East will, however, inevitably react on the policy of the Great Powers, which cannot afford to ignore so powerful a neighbour. Japan holds a unique position in the Pacific, altogether transcending that of any other Power save that which Russia will hold when the Siberian railway is completed. The action of Japan is the unknown quantity in the Far Eastern problem; but her possibilities are known and her resources can be gauged, so that we can form some idea of what her weight will be in the settlement of the question.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his interesting work, '*La Rénovation de l'Asie*,' deals with the Japanese question at some length. His book is doubly interesting because it is the first serious contribution to the discussion of the Far Eastern question by a French writer, and because, like Mr. Colquhoun's book, it regards the Chinese problem not as an isolated fact, but as part of a vast evolution. He gives an account of Japan's future military and naval forces, which will be complete in a few years' time: a permanent army of 145,000 men, raised to 520,000 when on a war footing, these numbers being almost double those of five years ago; a navy of 67 vessels with a tonnage of 258,000; 11 torpedo-destroyers and 115 torpedo-boats, as against the 63,000 tons and the 26 torpedo-boats which Japan possessed at the time of the Chino-Japanese war. He goes on to discuss the question of transporting large forces over-sea, and shows how admirably situated Japan is with regard to Corea, the Yangtze, and the Peiho; and after considering the probable effectiveness of these armaments, and remarking the difficulty which must attach to all naval operations of Western Powers in the Pacific, he says:—

'Quelle est la valeur de ces forces de terre et de mer japonaises, si favorablement placées par la nature pour jouer un rôle prépondérant en Extrême-Orient? Nous ne les avons vues jusqu'à présent en lutte qu'avec celles de la Chine, qu'elles ont aisément balayées; l'adversaire était piètre, il est vrai. On peut néanmoins tirer de cette campagne la conclusion que les Japonais sont de remarquables organisateurs. Tous les services, tous les rouages de ce mécanisme si délicat des transports, des parcs, de l'intendance, des ambulances, des ravitaillements de diverses sortes, ont admirablement fonctionné. C'est un très grand point, et l'on ne saurait en dire autant de maintes expéditions européennes, envoyées contre des ennemis moins redoutables encore que les Chinois. D'autre part, les marins étrangers, les Anglais surtout, qui ont observé les mouvements des escadres du Japon, n'ont pas hésité à les louer très haut. Les attachés militaires qui ont suivi la campagne de Corée et de Mandchourie ont exprimé sur son armée l'opinion la plus favorable.'

Japan has also the immense advantage of possessing, alone among the Powers, large coal-fields in active exploitation, admirably situated for use in case of war.

With such undoubted facilities for making herself heard in the Far East, a most important question arises as to the attitude of Japan towards other Powers. Which side will she espouse? We have said already that she is wary of entangling herself in any Western alliance, and it would certainly be to her advantage that China should continue to exist as an independent Empire and an open market. But there is little doubt that Japan must sooner or later face a different prospect; and she has, above all things, to guard herself against the only Power really menacing her in the immediate future. She seems by all these circumstances to be driven towards co-operation with those Powers whose interests are, like her own, more or less bound up with the reformation and not the partition of China. The probable policy of the Triple Alliance—the bolstering up of the Manchus for a while longer, so as to give China enough rope to hang herself—would not fit in with the aims of Japan; but, if this becomes inevitable, she has still a course left. If she is obliged to fall in with such a policy, she will have a very good right to press for the concessions on which she sets so much store, especially the provinces facing Formosa. There have been many evidences that Japan has been disappointed at the lack of warmth with which since 1895 her overtures to Great Britain have been received, and the absence of any plan or policy on the part of the latter. The vacillation and opportunism, which have of late been habitual with this country, have been as much commented on in Japan as elsewhere, for instance, in Germany. Neither Japan nor Russia has yet completed her military arrangements; but in a conflict at the present stage the latter Power could count on one, if not two, powerful allies, while the former feels she could expect help neither from Britain nor the United States, the two Powers most allied to her by common interests. She will, in such circumstances, make the best bargain she can for herself; and it is not difficult to see what the character of that bargain may be, unless some new and unforeseen development occurs.

We have already mentioned the United States as a Power with growing interests in the Pacific, which has recently adopted a course of action leading to territorial expansion. Nevertheless, the Americans have declined so far to engage themselves in any definite policy in China; and it is manifest that at present neither Great Britain nor Japan can expect any help

from that quarter, though undoubtedly any steps towards preserving China as an open country must ultimately have not only the approval but the active support of America.

It is obvious to all who have studied the present crisis that no one Power can act on a policy of its own; the difficulties to be met are too formidable, including, as they do, not only the conflicting interests of other Powers, but the rooted prejudices and internal decay of China herself. Great Britain, so far, stands alone, with the Triple Alliance facing her; and her hope lies in the defection, partial or complete, of Germany from that alliance, or in the enunciation of a policy which may win her the support of Japan and the United States.

What then are the interests which Britain has to defend in China? We have had repeated Ministerial assurances that our rights and interests in that country will be rigidly upheld, but there is as much vagueness as to what this phrase implies as there has been dilatoriness in upholding those rights. In the first place Britain, whose interest in the trade of China is over 60 per cent., or 42,500,000*l.*, desires an open market throughout China, the upholding of all treaties and concessions, and the safety of her subjects throughout the Empire. How is she to attain these ends? The north of China, as we have shown already, is Russian, and although her markets there may be open for a few years they cannot last longer. Shantung is German, and all question of a free and open market for English goods is settled by the monopolies claimed there by the occupiers. There remain the Yangtze Valley and the south of China; but in the latter France has taken up an exclusive position, while in the former, we are told, Britain can only trade as the equal of the other Powers. If she is the equal of Russia, Germany, and France, why is she the only Power without a definite and exclusive sphere in China? The answer has been given by Germany. They have *occupied*; Britain has not. Lastly, the Government with whom the treaties were made has itself proved faithless, and, moreover, is not in a position to enforce the concessions it has granted. Both treaties and concessions will have to be made good by force or strategy, if they are to operate at all.

But the material interests of Britain in China are not only those connected with trade, enormous though these be. There are other issues at stake, and these affect also the United States, and must influence her policy as well as ours. We have to consider the question, not only of the domination of Asia, but also of the whole Pacific. We have to consider the future of our Indian Empire, should it become the isolated stronghold of

the Anglo-Saxon in Asia, and what our chance of maintaining it would be, if China passed under the control of hostile Powers. We are playing a game in which the stake is the control of one fourth of the human race. Can we afford to lose our part of that control, and hand over to others the enormous resources and advantages to be gained by influence over a people at once so numerous, so industrious, and so full of possibilities as the Chinese? Can we afford to lose all interest in the country inhabited by these people, a country teeming with natural riches, and requiring only a stable government and the opening of communications to develop into one of the most productive in the world?

We have already hinted that the only course now open to this country is to combine actively with those Powers whose interests are like our own, in order to save what we can from the wreck of China. We are no longer in the position to dictate, and it will be well to recognise this fact. What has lost us our prestige is our lack of foresight and want of decision. As regards the former we know from the Blue-books that Mgr. Favier repeatedly warned the ministers in Peking that a terrible outbreak was imminent. That all should have received his warnings with incredulity does not excuse us from our share of blame, for we ought to have been better informed than the rest. As for our influence, that has certainly not been increased by some of our actions—for instance, our humble enquiry whether Russia would approve of the despatch of twenty thousand Japanese to Peking, and the vacillation shown regarding the landing of troops at Shanghai. It has been truly said that in the last few months our prestige in the Far East has suffered more than in the whole period since 1895; and what it was forty years ago can only be realised by reading such books as Sir Henry Loch's 'Narrative of Events in China.' He speaks throughout in measured language of what Britain must do, and hardly mentions other Powers. How are the mighty fallen! We have now neither the confidence of the Chinese nor the friendship of the other Powers to rely on. There are certain moves in the game, however, which would be advantageous to us, and might at the same time meet with the approval, not only of some of the Great Powers, but of a section of China. We must play off one force against another.

We have demonstrated that the interests of three Great Powers are directly opposed to the open declaration of partition. China itself is naturally of the same persuasion. When, therefore, the question arises of the future status of the Chinese

Empire, let Great Britain declare that her policy is the preservation of the eighteen provinces in their integrity, and demand throughout those provinces international freedom, customs, and tariffs. Such a policy, if firmly announced, would meet with the support of Japan and the United States, and could not be openly opposed by Russia, which is for ever posing as the disinterested friend of China, and which, moreover, must regard with distrust the rise of a Greater Germany on her flank.

Such a declaration would clear the situation at once. If vigorously supported it would at all events give us time, and might lead to a reform in China itself, which would indefinitely postpone the dissolution of that Empire. If, however, there is determined opposition on the part of any of the Powers to such a solution, then at once those Powers will stand revealed in their true colours; and they can hardly press for the internationalisation of the Yangtze Valley when they are reserving exclusive rights in their own regions, or prate of the 'integrity of China' when they are refusing to subscribe to the only method of securing that integrity.

There should be no quibbling as to money compensation for outrages committed. The Powers should make it clear that, in addition to punishment of the guilty chiefs, the only real compensation must be that of sweeping reforms, and the opening of all parts of the Empire to foreigners. China is already taxed to the utmost, and burdened with a heavy foreign debt, so that a money indemnity of forty or fifty millions is out of the question.

One of the most politic steps which might be taken in connexion with this proposal is the moving of the capital to Nanking, or some other central point. The change of dynasty, so lightly talked of in many quarters, is a very different matter, and is an absolute impossibility at present, owing to the peculiar constitution of China and the absence of any opposition or pretender to the throne. The transfer of the capital would not outrage Chinese feelings: such a step has been contemplated by the Empress-Dowager herself, and there are precedents in past history. Moscow and Kiyôto are instances adduced by Mr. Mitford in his reflections on the subject; and in Chinese history itself similar examples occur. The advantages of this move would be to place the Powers on a more equal footing in the capital, and to diminish the Manchu and Russian influence. It would inaugurate the period of reform and development, and would certainly prolong the days of the 'long-lived Empire.' We are not sufficiently optimistic

to hope that it would accomplish a miracle in China, but from our point of view it would be invaluable. It would stave off the moment when Russia might otherwise become protectress of China; and meanwhile much may happen in the Far East.

The alternative is plain. If the Powers refuse to support us in maintaining the integrity of the eighteen provinces, and to give practical demonstration of that support by sacrificing their exclusive spheres, then we, too, must adopt a sphere, and we must make it plain that we are determined to go just as far in the protection of our sphere as any other Power.

We do not pretend that either of these policies is ideal, but to choose one or other of them is our only course. The cloud of minor questions—missionaries, concessions, the opening of waterways, the remodelling of the consular service, and so forth—may be put aside until we have decided on the chief point: do we intend to stay in China? If we stay, we shall find plenty to do in regard to all these matters, and on their right handling will depend much of our future success; but we must understand that these are *not* the points actually at issue to-day.

Some of the rival European Powers may, of course, object to our proposal of 'Integrity throughout the eighteen provinces,' on the ground that they have everything and we nothing to lose by such a self-denying ordinance. But the alternative is plain—unless indeed we are tamely to accept the humiliating position offered us and to acknowledge to the world that we alone are in China on sufferance. That would be the beginning of the end, and the end would not be long delayed. Is it an end that any Briton can contemplate with equanimity? The burden and the risk of Empire are great, but the risk of shirking the burden, of evading the responsibilities involved, is greater still. It is the risk that, if we do not act betimes, the burden may become ten times heavier, or the Empire itself pass away.

ART. XIII.—THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The Third Salisbury Administration. By H. Whates.
London: Vacher and Sons, 1900.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Bright, speaking at Birmingham on the respective claims of the two historic parties to the confidence of the people, observed that 'in private life character is supposed to go for something.' He was dealing with the sphere of domestic reform, and the lesson which he wished to drive home was that, in considering the qualifications of public men to do its work, a nation should have regard to their past records as well as to their present professions. It was a perfectly sound lesson, though Mr. Bright's application of it, even in favour of the still unbroken Liberal party, in 1876, was not beyond challenge. At the General Election of 1900, of which, as we go to press, only one result remains to be recorded, the issue of character, or, in other words, political record—at least in regard to the Imperial, if not the domestic, sphere—has rightly 'gone for something,' indeed almost for everything.

At the several stages of their existence, nations, like individuals, have to determine which of the duties and interests lying before them are vital and which secondary. Their subsequent history is determined in accordance with the wisdom or unwisdom, the nerve or the hesitation, with which they make such choices. At the close of a war by which the military resources of the United Kingdom, as at present organised, have been taxed to the uttermost, and in which, even so, there has been ample scope for the services of substantial contingents eagerly offered by the great self-governing Colonies, the paramount business before the British nation must be that of effecting a settlement by which the fruits of so much effort and sacrifice and nobly loyal co-operation shall be made absolutely secure. That the nation was of that opinion had been made clear, for several months before the Dissolution, by abundant evidence, including signs of impatience at what was thought an unnecessary delay in the annexation of the Boer Republics to the Queen's dominions, and of satisfaction when that incorporation was proclaimed.

These signs were not lost on the Opposition, and placed them under the necessity of committing themselves on a question on which many of them were very anxious to defer any binding declaration. It was impossible to invite the electors to consider them, even by courtesy, as a party *capax*

imperiū, if they gave two answers to the question whether the annexation of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal should be maintained. The Imperialist section of the party, to their credit, insisted uncompromisingly upon an affirmative answer; and there was no course open to the wobblers and the left wing but to give their adhesion, with such grace and cordiality as they could muster, to the same policy. Accordingly, the word 'Annexation' was generally pronounced—in varying tones, indeed, and at the cost in many quarters of considerable effort and severe prickings of conscience—but as indicating the settlement after the war which the Liberal party, if returned to Westminster in sufficient numbers to secure office, would be prepared to carry out.

Having uttered their Shibboleth, in these conditions, the Liberal party promptly invited the country to believe that, as regarded the South African future, there was 'no issue' between them and the Ministerialists, and that any attempt to maintain the contrary was a despicable electioneering trick. The inevitable result of the adoption of this platform, whether foreseen or not, was that the ruling issue before the electors became one of character—of the comparative fitness, that is to say, of the two parties to carry out the policy on which, by the acknowledgment of the Liberals, the whole country was agreed. Not less inevitably, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, the advantage of the main offensive, which is usually enjoyed by the 'Outs' at a General Election, was transferred to the 'Ins.' For, obviously, the presumption must be that a party of which a large section, if not the majority, has steadily decried a war, as of more than doubtful necessity and justice, is less qualified to carry out with firmness measures of settlement ensuing on that war than the party under whose responsibility it was undertaken and prosecuted to a victorious conclusion.

Moreover this presumption, founded, as it is, on a general view of human nature in the political sphere, was powerfully reinforced in the present instance by considerations drawn both from the previous course of South African history and from the discreditable, or at least doubtful, relations which members of the Opposition have lately been proved to have maintained with the Boers at critical stages of the negotiations preceding the outbreak of war. In order, therefore, to refute the claim of the Opposition to be deemed fit for the charge of the business in which the nation was, by common admission, principally interested, Ministerial politicians, when the Queen's writs sent them to their constituencies, had an armoury of powerful weapons ready to their hands. They had merely to point to

the notorious and abiding effects on the Boer mind of the surrender after Majuba; to the often repeated efforts of important sections of the Opposition in the late Parliament and of their spokesmen in the country to discredit the present Government while engaged in war with the Boer Republics; and to the absence of any authoritative condemnation by the Liberal leaders of the odious communications made by Mr. Labouchere to Mr. Kruger; and then to ask how a party with such remoter memories unforsworn, such recent manifestations of temper unrepented of, and such associations unrepudiated, could be trusted to conduct a resolute policy, through rough and smooth, in South Africa. The case was so strong that the most ordinary powers of exposition and argument could hardly fail to bring it home to the minds of the electors.

It need not have been quite so strong. By the publication of the correspondence found in the Boer capitals an opportunity was offered to the Opposition for setting itself in some measure right with the country, which, if the party had been led with any clearness and width of view, would have been promptly seized. In the first place, Mr. Labouchere ought to have been formally excommunicated from the party, to which he was always a source of weakness and discredit, and which, in the summer of 1899, he went very dangerously near committing to the appearance of an understanding with a foreign Government engaged in critical negotiations with our own. In the second place the letters from Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice of Cape Colony, to President Steyn and Mr. Fischer of the Orange Free State, discovered at the same time, afforded to the most unfriendly critic of Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of the negotiations with the Transvaal before the war a good occasion for the revision of his hostile judgment. After reading these letters from the pen of a distinguished public servant, constrained by his lineage and associations to take the most favourable view possible of the methods and aims of the Transvaal Government, it must have been plain to any person of ordinary intelligence and candour that the main features of the British case against Mr. Kruger had received overwhelming independent corroboration. Alike on the score of reactionary perverseness and on that of persistent disingenuousness and breach of obligations implied, if not expressed, in the Conventions with this country, Sir H. de Villiers, in May, July, and September of last year, is shown to have delivered himself in terms of the most uncompromising condemnation; and to have urged, through quarters from which he might have hoped for the exercise of some restraining influence with Mr. Kruger,

that genuine and substantial concessions should be promptly made to the Uitlanders.

Two brief quotations from this remarkably interesting correspondence will serve to illustrate the point we are making. Twice over, Sir H. de Villiers, who was one of the Commissioners who arranged the peace of 1881 after Majuba, gave expression, in effect, to the following opinion, in the half-year preceding the outbreak of the present war:—

‘I am quite certain that if in 1881 it had been known to my fellow Commissioners that the President [Kruger] would adopt his retrogressive policy, neither President Brand nor I would ever have induced them to sign the Convention. They would have advised the Secretary of State to let matters revert to the condition in which they were before peace was concluded; in other words, to re-commence the war.’

Again, writing to Mr. Fischer, then Secretary of the Orange Free State, on September 28th, Sir H. de Villiers said:—

‘I could understand a war in defence of the South African Republic after it has made reasonable concessions to the demands of the new-comers, and after it has displayed the same desire to secure good government as is seen in the Orange Free State; but of such a desire I have not seen the faintest trace.’

When the searching light thus thrown by the most competent Afrikaner opinion on the temper and methods of Mr. Kruger is added to that afforded by the evidence of the great Boer armaments, it is difficult to understand how any candid English politician, however strongly possessed by a belief in the generally malign influence exercised by Mr. Chamberlain over the course of public affairs, could fail to recognise that in this instance the catastrophe was really due to causes other than and beyond his personality. In other words, there was here an admirable opportunity for a frank acknowledgment by the Opposition that, on fuller consideration of the whole subject, they were prepared to accept the view, maintained from the outset by Sir Edward Grey, Sir Henry Fowler, and others of their leading men, that Mr. Kruger never intended to offer serious concessions; and that therefore, except by an unworthy surrender on the part of Great Britain, war could not have been avoided. Such an acknowledgment on their part would have given their acceptance of the policy of annexation an appearance of genuineness which it otherwise could not possess. It would have shown that, however tardily, they had come into line with the great body of national opinion in connexion with the war and its corollaries; and they would

then have been able, with some appreciable degree of plausibility, to maintain that there was no real division between the two parties on that topic.

No such course, however, appears to have suggested itself to those leading the centre and the left wing of Her Majesty's Opposition. It is possible that, in the case of the majority of them, conscientious scruples prevented them from abandoning the attitude which they had so long maintained with regard to the war. However that may be, the result was that, as annexationists, they occupied a position so obviously untenable that for practical purposes the electoral battle was lost almost before it was begun. This fact was recognised with remarkable candour in a speech delivered by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the principal Opposition Whip, at Leeds, on the morrow of the announcement of the Dissolution. He acknowledged that it was not within the bounds of reasonable probability that the Liberals would return to Parliament after the elections in strong enough force to be able to furnish an alternative Government from their ranks; and he limited his hopes to the formation of a parliamentary Opposition appreciably stronger than that which had been seen at Westminster during the last five years. Never, surely, since the temporary denationalisation of the Whigs under Fox during the war with revolutionary France, can any Opposition leader have used such hopeless language at the outset of an electoral struggle.

Yet, singularly enough, during the next few days there was an unquestionable rally in the spirits of the Opposition, and a corresponding diminution in the confidence with which the Ministerialists had looked forward to the result of an appeal to the people. The precise causes of this reciprocal change are not very easily discoverable, but, without pretending to offer an exhaustive account of them, the following circumstances may reasonably be suggested as having been more or less operative. The very pessimism of their leaders served, at least for a brief space, to spur the activity of the rank and file of the Liberal party; and they threw themselves into the conflict with something of the *élan* of Englishmen engaged in a forlorn hope. Their leaders, as was observed in the 'Pilot,' responded to the spirit thus evoked among those whom it was their business to stimulate; and, quite contrary to general expectation, at the last moment Lord Rosebery, who, as Mr. Balfour said, had for some time been resting in a kind of political penumbra, flashed down with singular though illusive brilliancy in support of the Opposition. If a perfectly impartial Examining Board were to allot honours, on the Cambridge

system, to the several performers during the recent electoral competition, taking into account the materials at their disposal and the advantages and disadvantages of their respective positions, they would, without hesitation, place Lord Rosebery by himself in the first division of the first class, especially on the strength of his letter to Captain Hedworth Lambton. Almost every sentence in it told to the disadvantage of the Government, and served for the moment to reduce the weight of the overpowering presumption by which as it seemed Imperially-minded citizens were constrained to give them their support.

'In the present situation of the world,' Lord Rosebery said, 'I would vote for almost any strong Administration'—and he had tried to support the present one, 'at any rate, in its external policy. But this Government is strong only in votes; in other respects it is the weakest that I can recollect. Take, for example, and the instances could be multiplied, its dealing with vaccination and the Spion Kop despatches, its withdrawal of its first Education Bill, and its retreat from Port Arthur.'

To one branch or other of this concentrated attack partial replies are possible, and were made in subsequent letters and speeches by the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, and others. But no conceivable reply could avail to remove the damaging effect of Lord Rosebery's simple enumeration of passages in the record of the Unionist Ministry, each one of which, at the time, and for long after, excited the angry irritation of large numbers of their own most thoughtful supporters. Nor again, was any refutation readily available of the accusation summed up, with caustic brevity, in another sentence, wherein it was said of the Government, in relation to their qualifications for the prosecution of domestic reforms: 'They have appointed a Royal Commission as to temperance, and then flouted the Commission and dismissed the subject with a sneer.'

The dash and sweep of Lord Rosebery's letter produced all the greater impression by comparison with the strangely pessimistic monotone of the manifesto issued on the same day (September 24th) by the Prime Minister. Its whole burden was the danger lying in the practice of abstention by Unionist voters. 'In the forecast of competent prophets' many such abstentions were threatened. Their result—whether they proceeded from over-confidence or from irritation relating to 'sectional objects'—could only be to diminish that Parliamentary strength which was essential to the success of any Government charged with the treatment of those 'gravest questions'—the rebuilding of the Imperial power in South Africa upon durable foundations, the investigation and removal

of the defects brought to light by the war in our military system, and the handling of the Far Eastern problem, of which 'it is difficult to overrate the complexity.' All this was true enough, but it was not pitched in a stimulating key, and contrasted somewhat painfully, from the point of view of any Ministerialist who was beginning to be a little nervous, with the joyous shouts with which Sir William Harcourt came hurtling into the fray. He was not going—not he—to allow the topics or the bounds of discussion at a General Election to be prescribed for him by Mr. Chamberlain, who, in his address to the electors of West Birmingham, had ventured to say that the great and overshadowing issues before them and the voters of the United Kingdom generally were those connected with the South African war and the settlement ensuing on it. Any such pretension was denounced by Sir William Harcourt as 'an unheard-of piece of constitutional impertinence.' No power on earth should keep him from ranging at his pleasure over the whole field of the conduct of the Government during the last five years—and none did. In a series of speeches in all parts of his constituency—the delivery of which, with all their vigorous argumentation and verbal resource, was an intellectual and physical feat, considering the orator's years, not unworthy of comparison with Mr. Gladstone's historic Midlothian campaigns—Sir William Harcourt discoursed at large on the non-fulfilment of the pledges given by Ministers in 1895, their evil finance, and their 'doles' to their friends.

Of course these speeches were of an essentially partisan character and in many respects were susceptible of effective answer. They would have been more impressive but for two facts. In the first place the domestic questions with which they dealt cannot, in the judgment of the great mass of the British nation, be reasonably elevated, even collectively, at the present time into that position of over-riding prominence, or even of equality with Imperial issues, which Sir William Harcourt claimed for them. In the second place, this same series of utterances speedily threw its own characteristic light upon that crippling schism in the Liberal party, over which, in the first few days after the Dissolution, a disposition existed to draw a decent veil. Lord Rosebery's brilliant letter, which had naturally put so much heart into the Opposition, was evidently conceived with that object. On close examination, indeed, it was seen to issue in nothing beyond advice to those who shared the writer's general aims not to vote for Ministerial candidates, and to vote for Liberal candidates who agreed with Captain Lambton, who agreed with Lord Rosebery.

Nothing was said in it of the duty of electors who had Little England candidates before them. Still, it was assumed gladly enough to be a general benediction on all Opposition candidates who would say 'Annexation,' and the clever, but of late too savage, Liberal cartoonist 'F. C. G.' represented Lord Rosebery as 'coming aboard' the Liberal bark just as she was putting off for the election voyage.

It was very soon seen, however, that in the event of that voyage leading to the harbour of office, there was sure to be a resumption, in an acute form, of the old discussions as to the direction of the ship's course in future. At Rhyrney, on September 27th, Sir William Harcourt found himself unable to conclude a speech, in which he had made an onslaught on the Government for their sins and shortcomings in the matter of education, without an urgent, if jocular, caution to certain Liberals not to fritter away their reputation or the future of a great party 'by decking themselves out with new names or by worshipping new gods of the heathen among whom they dwelt.' This warning was, of course, aimed at that school of Liberals many of whom have lately been forming themselves into an organisation in the title of which the word 'Imperialist' plays an essential part, and which is understood to aim in South Africa, and elsewhere, at the attainment of the general objects of Lord Rosebery. And this was only one illustration of the divergence in temper and in principle by which in very truth the party is cleft from top to bottom, and which has manifested itself conspicuously during the late electoral campaign, despite a very natural desire to keep it in concealment. Useful service was done by the 'St. James's Gazette' of October 1st and 2nd by bringing together within convenient compass typical specimens, recent or unrepudiated, of the expression of this fundamental disagreement, in its application to the South African war, by persons of various degrees of influence in different sections of the Liberal party. Thus, on the one hand we have had Mr. Morley declaring that the war was 'unnecessary' and that we had 'done a great wrong—a wrong which he believed there was scarcely an Englishman living who would not repent of'; Mr. Sydney Buxton affirming that, 'having been at the Colonial Office, he could say with a clear conscience that the war would not have occurred had the Liberals been in power'; Mr. Bryce pronouncing that 'the Government of this country was much more to blame than the Boer Government'; Sir William Harcourt avowing his unshaken belief that 'with fair and moderate management war might have been averted'; and a smaller man, Mr. Bryn Roberts, declaring that the war

was carried on 'for greed and aggrandisement.' To set against these views, there is the often declared opinion of Sir Edward Grey that in this war we were in the right and that it was forced upon us; of Sir Henry Fowler that the war was just and necessary, and that Her Majesty's Government could only have prevented it by 'trailing the British flag in the mire of dishonour and by a policy of humiliation, surrender, and scuttle'; of Mr. Asquith that the war 'might and could have been avoided by President Kruger'; of Mr. Munro Ferguson and Mr. W. S. Robson that the war was for the defence of our just rights and could not reasonably have been avoided. Such being the extremely divergent points of view from which the war was still regarded by persons who were together asking for the confidence of the country, the unanimity with which their adherence to the policy of annexation had been declared was subject to very serious deductions. Annexation, as the result of an unjust and unnecessary war, obviously partakes of all the moral odium of the war which has made it possible; and those who, still denouncing the war as iniquitous, yet profess their readiness to retain its fruits, occupy in morals and logic one of the weakest positions ever held by any set of public men in this country.

We are aware, of course, that the ablest of those anti-Imperialist Radicals who give their verbal adhesion to the incorporation of the Boer Republics within the British dominions in South Africa maintain that the alteration in the essential conditions of the situation produced by the war has left no alternative to annexation—an opinion to which we heartily subscribe. But that fact does not in the least avail to justify their eagerness, if the country would have it so, to be made the agents of the policy 'inevitably' resulting, in Mr. Morley's phrase, from that war which on October 6th he still denounced as an 'evil blunder' on the part of England. In what spirit could it be expected that he and his sympathisers—who, so late as last June, were said by Dr. Spence Watson, President of the Liberal caucus, to be a majority of the party—would garner and protect those fruits of victory which on September 24th he described as a 'precious cargo of Dead Sea apples'? Sir William Harcourt has not the art of distilling venom so concentrated as that; but the country is intelligent enough to discern the drift embodied in his contemptuous comparison of the interests of forty thousand Englishmen in the Transvaal with those of forty million Englishmen at home, and his elaboration of the argument that, because the war has cost 70,000,000*l.*, there is so much less available to spend

in aid of the solution of social questions in this country. It is within the capacity of the most ordinary citizen to judge of the measure of efficiency with which an annexation policy would be pursued in South Africa by a Ministry some of whose principal members and a very considerable section of whose supporters would face that question, and any difficult developments arising out of it, in the temper just exhibited. So it was that, when the electoral battle was once fairly joined, the essential weakness of the Opposition became, after a very brief period of partial disguise, as patent as before, and the rally of their spirits, which had followed unexpectedly on the announcement of the Dissolution, died away. They fought on, indeed, with unabated vigour and resolution, but with little discretion and in a thoroughly bad temper. It was, we imagine, the consciousness of the inherent hopelessness of their cause, coupled with the remorseless severity with which, in speech after speech, Mr. Chamberlain drove it home, that led to the exhibition of virulent animosity towards him which has been so ugly and so widespread a feature of the electoral struggle.

Not during the past half century has a like intensity of personal rancour been displayed in political conflict. It showed itself chiefly, no doubt, in the language of that section of the Opposition which has been most bitterly hostile to the South African war, but it was by no means confined to that section. Not only was the worst construction steadily put upon all the public policy of the Colonial Secretary, but his private character was assailed. Imputations of sordid material interest in the conduct of warlike operations—through the shares held by members of his family in companies carrying on one or other of the staple industries of Birmingham and dealing with the Government Departments—were produced and reproduced by Opposition journals, and were not repudiated, so far as we have observed, by any Opposition leaders except Sir Edward Grey. In our opinion, Mr. Chamberlain would have been much better advised if he had induced his immediate relatives so to arrange their business investments as to render any such insinuations not only groundless—as they are recognised to be by those who are acquainted with his character—but obviously without a shadow of foundation even in the eyes of those prejudiced against him. But this view, which we are glad to see maintained by the 'Spectator,' does not in the least mitigate the disapprobation with which, in common with all those who are interested in the preservation of the humane and honourable tone which usually characterises political warfare in this

country, we have regarded these attempts to damage the personal reputation of a great and formidable opponent. The duty of leaders on the side on which such things are attempted is not fulfilled by mere abstinence from repetition of the slanderous charge. Least of all is it fulfilled when, as in the case of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, while that particular accusation is left alone, an elaborate attempt is made, in another direction, to impeach the honour of the calumniated statesman as an administrator, if not as a private individual—supposing that the parts are separable. We refer to the manner in which, in one speech after another, the titular Leader of the Opposition has sought to fasten upon Mr. Chamberlain the charge of having disregarded all the principles which should guide the practice of civilised Governments, in publishing the letters, already referred to, from Sir Henry de Villiers to Mr. Steyn and others. Whether, as a matter of fact, any want of consideration was shown to that distinguished man by the publication of the letters in which, writing to officials of the then Orange Free State, he avowed his strong disapprobation of all the methods of Mr. Kruger, is a point on which as yet the materials for a judgment are not available. Mr. Chamberlain says that Sir H. de Villiers gave his assent to the publication; Sir H. de Villiers himself has not denied it; and till the contrary is proved fair-minded men will assume that that statement represents not only the literal but the essential truth. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however, proceeds on the opposite presumption: until, that is to say, Mr. Chamberlain is proved to have acted with scrupulous fairness, he will assume and invite the country to assume the contrary.

All these attempts on the part of an Opposition, bankrupt in political character, to improve its position, or slake its vindictive feelings, by assailing the public and private character of a conspicuous and masterful Minister, deserve strong reprobation. 'Savage and senseless rancour,' is the phrase in which Mr. Lilly, a very candid critic of the Government's policy, has justly stigmatised many of the attacks on Mr. Chamberlain. Savage they certainly were, and senseless they have proved themselves to be by their complete failure to affect unfavourably the judgment of the great democratic constituencies in regard to the main issue with which the personality of Mr. Chamberlain is most prominently associated. Most impressive of all, perhaps, is the absence of any opposition to Mr. Chamberlain himself in his own constituency, and to the candidates associated with him in all but one of the six other divisions of the same great city.

Hardly indeed since the age of Democracy began has any public man occupied a prouder position than that held by Mr. Chamberlain, in possessing the practically unchallenged confidence of an industrial community numbering more than half a million souls; and there was a touch of magnificence in the expression, in one or two of his election speeches, of a readiness to refer the calumnious charges hurled against him to the judgment of his own people. Holding such a position, and having before him an Opposition so conspicuously weak and crippled by its own fundamental divergences of aim and temper, Mr. Chamberlain could well have afforded to conduct the election campaign with more self-control and a less overbearing demeanour towards the Radicals than he has actually displayed. It is a rule of invariable application in our domestic politics never to treat any considerable body of Englishmen as being consciously indifferent to the interests and honour of their country. Mr. Chamberlain, unfortunately, did not remember that rule; and the effect of part at least of his electioneering utterances, whether calculated or not, was to exhibit the larger proportion, not perhaps of the rank and file in the country, but of the leading politicians of the Liberal party, as more in sympathy with Boer than with British aims. We do not deny that there was a good deal of provocation to the adoption of such a line of attack, on the one hand in the streams of vituperation steadily directed against Mr. Chamberlain and his South African policy since the summer of 1899, and on the other hand in the amazing rapidity of the conversion to a belief in the necessity of annexation professed by the centre and left wing of the Opposition when the Dissolution became imminent. The temptation, in such circumstances, to inflict a public castigation as humiliating as possible on his opponents at large could not fail to come strongly upon a man with Mr. Chamberlain's powers and recent experiences. But it was a temptation which a statesman ought to have resisted.

Mr. Chamberlain's speeches would have been quite as convincing to the average voter had they been more generous to the Liberal Imperialists, and less acrid and contemptuous towards their comrades in the other sections of the Liberal party. His case was so strong and so strongly stated that it was needless to reinforce it by exaggerated depreciation of the other side. Simply to exhibit their inconsistencies and disagreements, while at the same time setting forth, as he did very powerfully, the aims and the achievements of the Government in the Imperial sphere, would have constituted a more than

sufficient electioneering appeal. Moreover, it was unnecessary and distinctly undesirable to produce in foreign countries the impression that the Opposition were not only for a time debarred by their differences from conducting the affairs of the Empire with steadiness and clearness of aim, but were, as a body, careless of their country's interests and, in particular, ready to undo the work of the Government and the army in South Africa. That this impression has already been produced is shown by a letter from a strong Boer partisan published in the 'Times' (October 16th). This writer begs the editor—

'to give expression to the immense surprise and satisfaction with which my colleagues on the Continent and myself have learnt the results of the election. We fully expected (he continues) that . . . the anti-Boer party would have obtained a majority of at least 220 votes in the new Parliament. Now we know that there will be a strong Opposition of about 270 members in the new House, our hopes of the future independence of South Africa have risen high.'

This is a point on which Sir Edward Grey spoke more than once with much force during the elections. In a tone of grave and earnest remonstrance he maintained that it was distinctly unpatriotic for the party in power to represent that it had a monopoly of patriotism, seeing that to do so was a virtual invitation to other nations to take advantage of its successors. Here undoubtedly the distinguished young leader of the Imperialist Liberals in the House of Commons indicated a very real national disadvantage in connexion with the line taken, not by Mr. Chamberlain only, but by the bulk of the Unionist party during the recent elections. It is however a disadvantage for which the Unionists are hardly responsible. It was an obvious fact that the Liberals, on account of their recent past and their avowed and persistent disagreements, could not have been trusted with any safety to take the reins of Imperial rule. The Ministerialists were bound to point that out as clearly and as forcibly as they could. But there they should have stopped, and there their principal leaders, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, did stop. He unfortunately appeared to charge against the Opposition not merely a present inability to form and to carry through sound collective judgments as to the requirements of Imperial conditions, but a disposition to treat the interests of their country as of subordinate account. It is a want of intelligence, a political short-sightedness, not a want of morality or patriotism, that we lay to their charge; and that a prominent statesman should suggest the latter alternative constituted a gratuitous aggravation, both internal and external,

of the inherent drawbacks of a national situation already sufficiently unfortunate.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Chamberlain's electioneering utterances are all open to such criticism. But, unluckily, the speech with which he opened the campaign at Birmingham, though possessing many striking merits, made the charge to which we have alluded; and in its light his other remarks, with their trenchant exposure of the Liberal treatment of the war, were naturally read. His appeal to the electors, to put 'patriotism before politics,' was certainly open to misconstruction on the part of those politicians who had already been more or less directly charged by him with having put their politics before their patriotism. Again, the Colonial Secretary's letter rejoicing over the defeat of Captain Lambton in his candidature for Durham, as a blow to 'sham Imperialism,' was resented outside Liberal circles. Whatever Captain Lambton's politics may be, there was no 'sham Imperialism' about his defence of Ladysmith.

At the beginning of the county pollings, all Mr. Chamberlain's harshest attacks on the Opposition appeared to be summed up, renewed, and emphasised in a telegram to the electors of the Heywood division of Lancashire, wishing success to the Unionist candidate, Mr. Kemp, who was at the front in South Africa. 'I trust,' Mr. Chamberlain was reported to have said, 'the electors will see that Mr. Kemp's seat is successfully defended in his absence. Every seat lost to the Government is a seat sold to the Boers.' Subsequently it was stated that in the correct text of this message the word 'sold' did not appear, but in its place the word 'given.' The difference was doubtless appreciable, but not enough to remove the offence justly taken even in Unionist quarters by so indiscriminating an association of a whole political party with the enemies of their country. Three days later, speaking at Bingley, Mr. Balfour was under the painful necessity of explaining that such words as his colleague had used were not to be taken as meaning that every man who voted for a Radical desired the victory of the Boer cause. That, said Mr. Balfour, 'would be a calumny upon honourable and patriotic men.' All that was meant was that 'every vote given to a Radical Home Rule candidate at this moment raised the hopes of the Boers and depressed the hopes of the British colonists in Natal and in the Cape Colony. In that sense it was a mere matter of fact, on which he ventured to say that there was complete unanimity on the part of all men who had had any experience of South African politics.'

Such an explanation ought not to have been required in

connexion with any statement put forward by a leading Minister. The point, as put by Mr. Balfour in the words quoted, and elsewhere in the course of his excellent series of speeches, was clear, sufficient, and incontestable. The Duke of Devonshire, in a speech which he delivered at Bradford just before the Dissolution was formally proclaimed, had put the same essential point directly, unanswerably, but quite inoffensively, when he asked for which side Mr. Kruger or Mr. Steyn might be expected to vote if they possessed the franchise in this country, and when he also invited the electors of Great Britain to consider what kind of majority in Parliament would give to Sir Alfred Milner the assurance of the moral support he would need to sustain him in his arduous task of administering the conquered territories.

To such questions there could be only one reply. They made the issue between the two parties perfectly clear; and on that issue the great democratic electorate of the towns has voted with a decision which was unmistakable, and which speedily assured the British Colonies and the world at large of the determination of the British people at home to hold firmly to what had been won at such heavy cost. Never since 1832 had the densely populated urban constituencies given so overwhelming a vote for either side. The London results are very impressive. In the proportion of seats secured in London the Unionists, it is true, have only added one to their extraordinary majority of 1895. In 1900, out of sixty-two boroughs in the metropolitan area no less than fifty-four have returned supporters of Lord Salisbury's Administration, while only eight have elected Liberals. But in many cases the Unionist majorities have largely increased; and whereas, in 1895, ten of these London constituencies returned Unionists without opposition, in the elections just past thirteen have done so. In those cases the 'Times,' in estimating the relative strength of parties, takes the figures of the latest contested election, which is a method of calculation which certainly is by no means unfair to the weaker side. Adding these figures to the votes actually polled in 1900, we are in presence of a total Unionist vote of 267,492 as against a total Liberal vote of 161,918, showing a Unionist majority among London voters of 105,574—a remarkable increase over the Unionist majority of 88,813 resulting from the same method of calculation in 1895. Lord Beaconsfield once said that the key of India was not in Candahar, Herat, or any other city of Central Asia, but in London. If for India we read South Africa or the British Empire the key seems to be in remarkably trustworthy hands.

Happily their hold over it is reinforced by hands not less strong and numerous, guided by minds as intelligently patriotic, in the other great centres of population throughout the country. Without any exception, the greatest of these centres are predominantly, and for the most part they are overwhelmingly, in favour of the Unionist Government. Glasgow, the second city in the Empire, and Newcastle have joined Birmingham, Salford, and Bradford in returning an absolutely solid Unionist representation. Liverpool and Manchester again speak at Westminster on the same side, in the proportions of eight to one and five to one respectively, and in some individual cases with largely increased Unionist majorities. Instead of sending up two and three Unionist members respectively, out of five, Leeds and Sheffield now send three and four. Not less remarkable, as illustrating the strength of Imperial feeling among industrial populations of varied environments and occupations, are the Unionist gains at the polls in that typically Radical centre of the boot and shoe trade, Leicester, in the iron and steel town, Middlesbrough, which had never before in its political life returned any but a Radical to Parliament, and in the mining centres of south-east Durham and Tyneside. In a word, it is hardly any exaggeration to say that, in so far as England is a workshop, for herself and for the world, she is shown by the elections of 1900 to be dominated, above all, by her Imperial consciousness. In Scotland Liberalism, while very prevalent and very robust, is also very Imperial. Yet Scotland, as though to make quite sure of her meaning at this critical point in the Empire's history, has for the first time returned a majority in favour of a Unionist Ministry. In consideration of the gains in Scotland, we may view without alarm, though we cannot but regret, the defections in Wales.

Results such as these give the Government of Lord Salisbury a position of enviable strength for the resolute and unflinching discharge of its duty to the Empire, in South Africa primarily, but also in all other quarters of the world. We hope and believe that they will grasp the full scope of the responsibility involved in this renewal of the national trust placed in their hands. Such a renewal is not to be regarded by any means as an intimation that Ministerial errors and weaknesses, of which there have been too many both at home and abroad during the past five years, have escaped the national memory, or that their repetition will be regarded with easy tolerance. The popular vote means the hearty sanction by the people of national sacrifices undergone for worthy objects, and their intense anxiety

that such sacrifices, when made, shall not be thrown away. Further, it is not likely to be forgotten that those sacrifices, though willingly undergone, were greater than they need have been. There must be in future, as far as possible, an economy of sacrifice. The surest means of effecting such economy lies in the 'intelligent anticipation of events before they occur,' in all those spheres where British interests are apt to clash with those of foreign Powers, and in the reorganisation of our national defences on what Lord Rosebery has called a 'business footing.' To thorough reforms in our military system, based on a searching enquiry into the lessons of the South African war, Her Majesty's Ministers are fully pledged; and the country will look anxiously for the redemption of those pledges, despite all opposition which may be encountered from reactionary and interested faction. But attention to the army must not be allowed to act detrimentally on what, after all, is of still greater importance—the navy—without which the finest army in the world would be, to us, a useless encumbrance. Other Powers are straining every nerve to place themselves on a level with us, and it is certain that our boasted superiority is not what it was five years ago. Mr. Goschen's administration has suffered from grave defects, which it will be the duty of his successor to rectify. Absolute security at sea—which we no longer enjoy—is the first requisite for this nation.

Perhaps the best assurance of longer foresight in foreign affairs, and consequently of prompter and more decisive treatment of what appear to be fresh developments, as they arise, would be found in the separation of the offices of the Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is impossible that any human being can nowadays find time for the adequate discharge of the duties of both these posts. One or other will inevitably be neglected; and it is the first which has suffered in Lord Salisbury's hands. While the Foreign Secretary has been generally strong and successful, the Premier has been wanting. Indeed, it might almost be said that we have done without a Prime Minister during the last five years. The magnificent general vote of confidence which Lord Salisbury has received should facilitate his decision to enhance his great powers for the public service by delivering himself from one or the other half of what is realised on all hands as being an impossible burden.

Emphatic, however, as has been the nation's answer, in the sense desired by the Ministry, to the main question placed before it at the Dissolution, it would be idle to deny that the voice of the counties is given much less strongly in their favour

than that of the boroughs. Unionist losses outnumber the gains in the agricultural constituencies and in some of the mining and semi-urban industrial districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. These losses produce, indeed, hardly any appreciable effect on the huge Government majority in England—seven to two in the boroughs, two to one in the county districts; but they tell their tale. They show at least that the Unionist weakness lies in the more thinly populated districts, and is a growing one there. This should warn the Unionist party that when, as may happen a few years hence, Imperial questions are, or appear to be, less urgent than at present, the issue between the two parties may and probably will turn on judgments, just or unjust, of their capacity for the prosecution of domestic reforms. Before that time comes it will be necessary for the Unionist Government to clear themselves of all liability to reproach for indifference on such questions as temperance, the housing of the poor, and educational reorganisation. That, by dealing boldly with these subjects, the Unionists will secure the rural vote cannot be confidently predicted; but at any rate they will have established their claim to the support of the great majority of those citizens who are concerned for the internal strengthening, by sober and moderate reforms, of the fabric of this kingdom.

The Liberals, even if they succeed in imperialising themselves as a party, cannot shake off, in the minds of prudent citizens, the suspicions arising from their past associations with the Irish Nationalists and their subversive projects against the Church and the House of Lords. All these, however, have of late been kept a good deal in the background; and it is as earnest social reformers that Liberals have desired to be compared with the Unionists to the disadvantage of the latter. It will be entirely the fault of the Unionist party, if, writing five years hence, a friendly critic like Mr. Whates is not able to pass a more favourable judgment on the correspondence of their legislative performances with the expectations raised at election times than that contained in his interesting and useful book. Probably in no election in recent times have so few domestic questions been raised, or so few domestic pledges given by either side, as in that of 1900; but Unionist leaders would be woefully deceived if they persuaded themselves that no attention need be paid to domestic affairs on that account. Such a fault would not only entail punishment on them, but might involve grave risk to the Empire by installing their opponents both in office and in power.

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